Henry D. Cooney

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES

OF

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

VOLUME I.

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DEDICATION AND PREFACE.

THE first words of this work were written in New York, July, 1897, and consisted of its dedication

"TO ELLEN DANA CONWAY.

"In response to your desire, my wife, I undertake to record the more salient recollections of my life. It is a life you have made happy, and never unhappy save by the failure of your health: its experiences during forty years have been yours also, and on the counsel and judgment which have never been wanting at my side I can happily still rely in living over again in our joint memory the events deemed worthy of record.

"Let me obey my own heart, and secure the favour of many hearts that have known your friendship and witnessed your life, in America and Europe, by writing your name on a work as yet unwritten, to which—because it is an enterprise near your heart—I now dedicate myself."

This dedication is now to a memory.

My wife died on Christmas Day, 1897. But the joint memory on which I had depended has not been altogether wanting; among her papers I found a sort of journal, and in this and her letters to relatives she has continued to help me.

Many valued friends in America and Europe, and even several journals, have also called for my reminiscences, and I have felt it a fair demand on the closing years of a surviving witness to developments and events which have made momentous chapters of history. The wisdom or unwisdom of a new generation must largely depend on its knowledge and interpretation of the facts and forces that operated in the generations preceding, from which are bequeathed influences that become increasingly potent when shaped in accepted history. The eventualities of life brought me into close connection with some large movements of my time, and also with incidents little noticed when they occurred, which time has proved of more far-reaching effect than the immediately imposing events. I have been brought into personal relations with leading minds and characters which

already are becoming quasi-[illegible] figures to the youth around and already show the usual tendency of such figures to [illegible] themselves with mythology. But as the psalmist asks, who understand his own errors? Perhaps none of us completely; when, as life draws to a close, a man sees more clearly the road he travelled, he can understand many of his errors; and if they not due to any loss of ethical position or of any ambition for his acquirements of results and of men, however erroneous, he part of his testimony, if given with the same independence and [illegible]

I might, perhaps, have sufficiently met the general interest narratives of this kind by writing a history of my own times, in of an autobiography. This would have saved me from the di of using the personal pronoun "I" so much, and the unpleasant (*quorum magna pars fui*). But a public teacher, so far as he understand his errors, should try and correct them. In my mi of a half-century I have passed onward or been placed, on as advocacy of conflicting beliefs and ideas. A pilgrimage proslavery to antislavery enthusiasm, from Methodism to thought, implies a series of contradictions. One who starts twenty to think for himself and pursue truth is likely to di at seventy that one third of his life was given to error, another to exchanging it for other error, and the last third to efforts to the errors and undo the mistakes of the other two-thirds. experiences may indeed be of interest or importance to only a circle, but out of this circle may arise one or another whose influ may become large. If one has published works that may be q on opposite sides of serious issues, he is under obligation to point the steps by which he was led from one to the other, even th he may know of none that his silence would mislead.

I know well that my work is unsatisfactory. It could not po be either chronological or complete. To master thoroughly report rightly the memories distributed in thousands of papers accu lated in two eventful generations by a participant in their storm sions would require another lifetime. Among innumerable ments some inaccuracies can hardly be escaped, especially when of those whose scrutiny was needed are in their graves. Neverth I have through nearly four years assiduously sat at my task, sp no pains to be exact and just; and I now send forth my work the solemn feeling natural to an old author uttering his last wo mankind.

M. D.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

CHAPTER I.

My Own People—The Browns and Stones of Maryland—Thomas Stone, signer of the Declaration—Moncures, Daniels, and Conways of Virginia—Peytons and Washingtons—The Liberal Principles of my Forbears.

THE lonely corner of the world where I was born (17 March, 1832) is in Stafford County, Virginia, about fifteen miles from Falmouth. My parents were Walker Peyton Conway and Margaret Eleanor Daniel, married in 1829, he being then twenty-four, she twenty-two. I was their second child. The name of my birth-house, long gone to decay, was "Middleton," chosen no doubt by my mother, whose great-grandfather, Dr. Gustavus Brown, so named his American residence in Maryland, after the family homestead near Dalkeith, Scotland. This physician, Laird of Mainside, settled in Charles County, Maryland, in 1708, and by his second wife, the widow Margaret Boyd, *née* Fowke, of Staffordshire, had two children: Dr. Gustavus Brown, of "Rose Hill," and Margaret, who married the Hon. Thomas Stone of Maryland, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas and Margaret Stone resided near Port Tobacco, in a mansion called "Havre de Venture," and had two daughters; one of whom, Mildred, married Travers Daniel, Jr., of the Virginia Legislature, the other, Margaret, his brother, Dr. John Moncure Daniel, U.S.A., my mother's father.

The father of these brothers, Travers Daniel of "Crow's

Nest," had married Frances Moncure, daughter of Rev. John Moncure, whose wife was Frances Brown, daughter of Dr. Gustavus Brown of "Rose Hill."

The Moncures were of French origin, the family, according to tradition, having been swept into Great Britain by the troubles following the Reformation, with which they sympathised. My great-great-grandfather, John Moncure, went to Virginia (1733) from County Kincardine, Scotland. The name in Scotland is Moncur, and supposed to be from "*mon cœur*," the coat of arms being three hearts. I suspect the name of having been bestowed symbolically by some assembly of French Protestants on their warm-hearted pastor. One of John's daughters, Anne, married my great-grandfather, Walker Conway, whose first name was borne by my father. I am thus descended from two of the old rector's daughters, and whenever I enter France I feel the heraldic hearts bounding in me.

The Daniel family, connected by Hayden with the Daniels of Wigan, County Lancaster, England, first appear in Virginia in 1634. They had large grants of land, were generally professional men, and active in the affairs of the colony. My great-great-grandfather, Peter Daniel, when presiding justice of Stafford County, announced to the governor of Virginia that he would resign his office rather than administer the Stamp Act, a step rendered unnecessary by its repeal. His wife was daughter of Raleigh Travers, by his wife Hannah Ball, half-sister of Washington's mother.

The founder of our Conway race in Virginia was Edwin, who with his wife—*née* Martha Eltonhead—came from England in 1640 and settled in Lancaster County. He was a kinsman of Viscount Edward Conway of Conway Castle and Killeltah, and used the arms: *Sable on a band argent cotised ermine, a rose gules between two annulets of the last.* Crest: *A Moor's head sidefaced ppr., banded round the temples ar. and az.* Motto: *Fide et amore.* The Virginia race is extensive, and has intermarried with most of the historic families of Virginia.*

* General Conway of the American Revolution was a Frenchman. The English General Conway, who in the House of Commons first moved the withdrawal of George III.'s armies from America, was a kinsman of the Virginia Conways.

Virginia democracy forbade us to derive from our ancestors any dignity. But now and then a few fruits fell from the forbidden family tree in the shape of anecdotes or traditions, which I picked up. Several of these related to the "Precious Stones" of Maryland, as my mother fondly called them. The first of that family in America, William Stone, had come to Virginia, and was induced by Lord Baltimore to become the governor of Maryland, where he arrived in 1649. This selection was made because the Catholic Proprietary desired a Protestant governor free from prejudice against Catholics. Governor Stone's task was to open the doors of Maryland to all religions. The Puritans flocked to Maryland; but Cromwell's commissioners, sent to Virginia, claimed Maryland, and in trying to defend the charter of the Proprietary (1655), Governor Stone was wounded and thrown into prison, and would have been executed, but "was after saved by the Enemies owne souldiers." Such is the account of his wife, Verlinda Stone, whose narrative of these events in Maryland, addressed to Lord Baltimore in England, is not only a document of historical importance, but written with notable literary ability.

The error of the governor and council was that they went to parley with the invaders, accompanied by a small party of soldiers. The messengers they sent were held. The Protector's commission ought simply to have been asked for their authority by the governor himself, unarmed. His descendants became leading men in Maryland. Thomas Stone, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was Maryland's darling statesman. In his home at Port Tobacco, "Havre de Venture" (still in the family, 1903), he drafted a republican constitution for Maryland. Thomas Stone was elected to the Constitutional Convention of 1787, but never took his seat. Just then his fair sky was fatally overcast; his young wife died from the sequels of inoculation. He sank into melancholy, and his physician persuaded him to visit Europe. For that purpose he engaged passage on a packet at Alexandria, but on the eve of sailing died—of a broken heart.

Trumbull, in painting the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, has engraved on the American mind a scene that never occurred, the Congress never having signed in a body

but in a straggling way through seven or eight months. Trumbull has also included the portrait of a Livingston who did not sign, and omitted that of Thomas Stone, who did sign. The artist excused this by saying that he could not find Stone's portrait—but he could have found it by inquiring for the signer's heirs. The portraits of Thomas Stone and his wife were carried by their daughter Margaret to Virginia when she married my grandfather, and by my mother's gift they now belong to my sister Mildred, the wife of Dr. F. A. March of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

My grandfather, Dr. John Moncure Daniel, while studying medicine and surgery in Edinburgh, made the acquaintance there of a boarding-school girl, Miss Niven, daughter of an English naval officer. The youth called on her several times in the free Virginia fashion, but discovered that the young lady's name had been compromised by his visits. Thereon he promptly proposed to marry her; and as she was already enamoured, and her lover's social credentials were excellent, no difficulty arose in Edinburgh. But "Crow's Nest," Virginia, was in distress. Travers Daniel, shocked that his son should marry before entering on his profession, or even reaching his majority, insisted on a postponement. The son gave a score of reasons why that could not be; the father became stern, and wrote that the lady would wed a penniless man; the young man answered that where honour was involved money weighed nothing. So the young surgeon came to Virginia with his bride; and when his father saw the beautiful little lady his heart went out to her. He set his son well up with house and office at Dumfries, Virginia. But the lady died within a year, and her name only remained in our family, being that of her husband's eldest daughter by his second wife, Margaret Stone. The last time I ever saw this beloved aunt, Jean Niven Crane, we sat together reading the letters that passed between father and son in that affair at Edinburgh.

The second Dr. Gustavus Brown in Maryland, brother of Mrs. Thomas Stone, resided at "Rose Hill," near by, and established there a medical school. He was a devoted friend of General Washington, and there is a tradition that the General occasionally escaped from the

down the river to "Rose Hill." My mother told me of her grand-uncle's night ride when a messenger from Mount Vernon summoned him to attend Washington in his last illness. Two horses were broken down in that gallop to the landing opposite Mount Vernon, where he arrived seven hours before Washington's death.

The General, who had escaped guns and swords in a seven years' war, succumbed to the lancet. So Dr. Gustavus Brown believed, and wrote, January 2, 1800, to Dr. Craik, Washington's family physician, that he thought their bleeding the sufferer was the fatal mistake. Thenceforth he discarded the lancet altogether.

My paternal great-grandparents, Dr. Valentine Peyton and Mary Butler Washington, his wife, resided at "Tusculum," several miles from Stafford Court House, and their home was famous for its luxurious hospitalities and festivities. The history of the Peyton family both in England and Virginia is told in the work of Mr. Chester Waters, "The Chesters of Chicheley." Dr. Peyton was a brilliant man intellectually, a man of the world, a fine flute-player, and his wife distinguished for her wit and her elegance of dress and manners. She was the sister of Colonel William Washington, who during the Revolution declined the title of General, saying, "There can be but one General Washington." Their father was Baily Washington, son of Henry, who was son of John, the brother of General Washington's grandfather, Lawrence. George Washington's great-grandfather was thus Mrs. Peyton's great-great-grandfather.* General Washington appointed Colonel William Washington commander of the entire South when war with France was expected.

Mr. Francis Galton's works on Heredity put before me in a new form the catechetical question, "Who made you?" Only when I was beginning to turn grey was any curiosity awakened in me to know how it was that I should carry the names of three large families into association with religious and political heresies

* See the will of Henry Washington, published by Hayden (*Virginia Genealogies*, p. 519), and the will of Mrs. Martha Hayward, sister of Colonel John Washington, the immigrant, discovered by Worthington C.

[illegible] Virginia, [illegible] at distant [illegible] Who [illegible]

When [illegible] I reflected on an incident that occurred when I was about twelve. I was at the home of John Wheatley of Wheatleysville, Culpeper County, Virginia, where my grandfather Cosner's sister, when my grandmother was on a visit. Uncle grandfather, John Mercure Cosner, certainly looked old. He was a scholar (graduate of Williams and Mary, I think) and a man of means. While reading on the veranda one evening these words spoken by grandfather to his brother-in-law: "I cannot believe that the father of mankind would ever be so doing out this world knowing that he would be damned." I could hardly appreciate the remark, but it was uttered in my memory, and also the silence of deep at uncle Wheatley. Years thereafter I learned that in some way grandfather Cosner had a religion different from that of others. He and grandmother never talked to me about religion, nor about keeping the Sabbath, and saying my prayers. Although a worshipper of Agnes Chow's general during his later years, he attended no church, nor were he and grandmother ever "converted." There was Methodist preaching in the court house every Sunday, but grandfather never attended, and generally passed the morning in his office.*

In 1858 Dean Cosner, deputy sheriff of Northumberland County, Virginia, was fined several thousand pounds of tobacco for non-attendance at church. He gave no explanation for his absentedness. Probably he was one of those liberal churchmen who preferred getting their Sunday mental food from the free-thinking prelates Tillotson and Jeremy Taylor. Although Dean Swift was the only outspoken anti-clergyman of the eighteenth century of that grand race of clergymen in England, it found a nest in William and Mary College, Virginia. The antinomists were known as the "Illuminati", and, although after the Revolution their light

* One Sunday when leaving his office for church, he saw a gentleman [illegible] out of the city, so the place because he had devoted the morning to a mental method of going to church, he took the "Sabbath-breaker" to his house and entertained him several days. The guest was A. Thomas Kirkpatrick, the Transcendental philosopher, who told me the story.

was hid under the democratic bushel, even in my time—ah, had I known it!—there remained some representatives of the "Illuminati," such as grandfather Conway.

I have found, too, that my maternal forbears, the Daniels, were not all orthodox. My mother's uncle, Walter Daniel, left a Bible in which there is in his writing a marginal note to Judges i., 19: "The Lord was with Judah; and he drave out the inhabitants of the hill country; for he could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron." Uncle Walter adds: "Not omnipotent after all!"

My great-great-grandfather, John Moncure, for twenty-six years rector of our parish (Overwharton), died in 1765, but left his legend which lasted over a hundred years. Descended, according to a tradition, from a Huguenot whose conscience led him from joyous France to the bleak hills of Calvinism and Scotland, he migrated to Virginia in youth as a teacher, and though he was persuaded by an aged parson, Alexander Scott, to return to England for holy orders and help him in Overwharton parish, John could never make himself other than a merry fox-hunting gentleman, assiduous cultivator of literature, flowers, and of gay young people. He was a famous whist player. One Saturday evening when his game was interrupted by a deputation of farmers requesting that he would next day pray for rain, he promptly said, "Yes, I'll read the prayer, but it isn't going to rain till the moon changes."

Can I not pick my sceptical soul out of these old people?

I came also by my antislavery principles fairly. My great-grandfather, Travers Daniel, of "Crow's Nest," presiding justice of Stafford County, was an ardent emancipationist, and had not the laws of Virginia hampered the manumission of negroes in various ways, he would have liberated his slaves. He imported from England in his ship *The Crow* (whence "Crow's Nest," name of his house) window curtains representing Granville Sharp striking chains from negroes, and displayed them around his house. Neighbours warned him that his slaves would be excited by the curtains and leave him, but he simply replied that it would be a relief. He died in 1824. My mother remembered the curtains.

Travers Daniel and General Wood married daughters of

Rev. John Moncure, and no doubt had the sympathy of their father-in-law in anti-slavery work. General Wood was an eminent governor of Virginia, and from 1798 president of the Virginia "Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and protecting those Illegally held in Bondage." This society was affiliated with the original society formed in Philadelphia under the presidency of Franklin just after the publication, March 8, 1775, of Thomas Paine's plea for immediate emancipation.

Such was my prenatal constitution. I was born of people opposed to slavery, and when in my twenty-second year my *ville* seemed to many Virginians that of the Prodigal Son, it was the new proslavery Virginian who was the Prodigal, while my part was that of the father at home mourning for the wanderer.

Our patriarchal Peter Hunstead, who had belonged to my mother's father, was never weary of telling me of the frightful blizzard on my birthnight, when between midnight and morning he rode the fifteen miles to Falmouth and the same distance back with the doctor.

My mother told me that it was for a time doubtful whether I would live. There was not one Catholic in the county to ascribe my preservation to birth on the day of St. Patrick. But probably no Catholic country witnessed, in the same year, 1832, a wilder outbreak of popular superstition than that which throughout our county responded to the memorable display of "shooting stars." The ignorant people leaped with notable unanimity to the belief that Judgment Day was at hand, and crowded to the door of every dissuadable preacher, imploring intercession and prayers.

CHAPTER II.

Our Homestead "Inglewood"—School—Conway House, Falmouth—Our Mulatto Hero—Falmouth and its Millionaire—Party Contests—Family Legends—My Conway Grandparents—"Erleslie"—Methodism.

In my second year my father purchased a large farm and homestead two miles out of Falmouth, called "Inglewood," and it is there that my remembrance begins. Through life it has remained with me as a "Lost Bower," and the only house I ever built (Bedford Park, London) bore that name. "Inglewood," Virginia, was a two-storied frame house, with a long veranda, opening on two acres of sward and flowers enclosed by an evergreen hedge. Beyond the hedge on one side was an orchard of white heath peaches, on the other many varieties of apples. In our fields grew melons, in the woods huckleberries, chinquapins, hickory nuts; and indeed I can think of no charm wanting to our little Avalon. My brother Peyton, two years my senior, and myself had the freedom of the adjacent farms—"Sherbourne," residence of a spinster cousin, Sarah Daniel; and "Glencairn," home of a beloved uncle and aunt (Richard Moncure, whose wife was my father's sister), their many children being our constant playmates.

But before all the playmates I remember the comely coffee-coloured face of my nurse, Maria Humstead, nearly always laughing, as if I were a joke. Her affection was boundless, and her notions of discipline undeveloped. "Come, Monc, 'fess your faults," and an outbreak of laughter, were all that met my infant mischief.

My father and uncle Richard Moncure united in providing a teacher for us—Miss Elizabeth Gaskins (originally Gascoigne), a niece of grandfather Conway. To this gracious lady, who instructed me five years, I owe much. Her school was held for a time in my father's office in our garden. The earliest incident in my memory is of my father and uncle Richard visiting the

school. I was lifted to a table and read sentences from a primer. The praise they gave me, and our teacher's love, planted a new fruit in our paradise. I was then probably in my fifth year. Then a log schoolhouse was built halfway between Inglewood and Glencairn.

My next remembrance is seeing my newborn sister, Mildred, who was born January 28, 1837.

My more consecutive memories begin with a tragical day in 1838, when from the schoolhouse window we saw Inglewood wrapped in flames. My parents were at the house of a neighbour; the only member of our family in the house was my year-old sister, whom our nurse Maria deposited in a field remote from danger. The house was reduced to ashes.

We then moved into Falmouth, where my father bought the residence afterwards known as Conway House. It is a brick house fronting the Rappahannock, the largest residence in Falmouth. It was built by a Mr. Vass, of Dutch family, and the wallpaper in the drawing-room was a continuous scene in Rotterdam, with a canal in which women were washing clothes, children playing beside it, and burgers plying on it. This decoration lasted until the house was used as a war hospital, 1862-65. At the back the house opened through porches on a flower garden embowered with aspens and fig trees, there being also a superb Judas-tree; beyond the outhouses the vegetable garden, bordered with box and myrtle, extended to a succession of steep terraces, with midway an arbour of roses, morning glories, and honeysuckle—the haunt of humming birds.

These terraces were relics of fortifications built in 1675 against the aborigines, this being the origin of Falmouth. The military heritage of the little town was displayed a hundred years after its foundation; it was the first place in Virginia to raise a company against Great Britain. Thirty-six years later the colonial belligerency survived only in parades of little boys, in blue and white, with wooden guns, on the hill above our terraces. Alas! how many of them reached manhood only to be laid in the Confederate cemetery!

A sister was born, and named Catherine Washington. She lived only ten days. My mother sent for me to come to her bedside, and tried to explain the mysterious event. I remember

vividly her pale face on the pillow, her tears, and her effort to make me comprehend.

My father did not part with Inglewood farm, and we continued to go out there to school, walking the two miles each way daily. We were accompanied by a mulatto youth, Charles Humstead. Handsome, brilliant, merry, with an inexhaustible store of stories and songs, this coloured genius was the most romantic figure of our little world. Along the pathway through the woods his snares and "hare-gums" were set, and rarely failed of their prey. A meadow we had to cross was the haunt of mocassin snakes, and his skill in slaying these dragons guarding our tree of knowledge was wonderful. That indeed was his main function. Advancing ahead of us, stick in hand, treading warily with his bare feet, his eye could not be cheated by the deadly reptile's mimicry of clay, nor did he fail to strike the point on its back that left it helpless.

Charles knew all serpent lore. The tail would not die until sunset, or until it thundered. If rain was needed he hung the snake on a tree. In studying myths of Indra, thunderer and rain-giver, and of the drouth-serpent Ahi, I have often remembered those bits of the oriental fable rehearsed by our coloured comrade in the woods of Virginia.

But alas! we had to part from Charles. He found our little town dull, and the devil tempted him in the form of a rusty fire-engine which had remained in its dismantled shanty many years. It occurred to Charles, aged seventeen, that it would be fun to see the engine work, and he set fire to a dilapidated outhouse near by. Although this small house was not in use, nor near any other, it was claimed that sparks from it might have reached dwellings; and the alternatives for Charles were a severe—possibly capital—punishment, or sale to a plantation far South. Much to the sorrow of our household, Charles was carried away, this being the only instance of my father's selling a servant. After the war I made inquiries for Charles without result, and believe he would have returned to Falmouth had he been living.

Falmouth is a picturesque town, seated amid heights crowned with pretty homesteads, and contained then about a thousand people. It may be a survival of local pride that prevents my

calling it a village. About twenty families might have been described fifty years ago as belonging to the old "gentry." Their houses though not grand were pretty, with tasteful interiors and beautiful gardens. Several families were wealthy, the Crœsus being Basil Gordon, who came from Scotland a poor boy and became the richest man in Virginia. This Basil Gordon, who resided next door to us, was the most picturesque figure of that region. To the end of life he wore the powdered wig and queue, ruffled shirt, flowing white cravat, dress-coat, knee-breeches, shoe-buckles. He had in youth set up a small store for the sale of various articles, and earned money enough to purchase wheat brought in long bonneted wagons from the rich Piedmont region; he had it made into flour in the Falmouth mill, and shipped it on the Rappahannock for England. When a fortune was thus made, his family wished him to give up the tiny shop, but he kept it in order to give employment to his many young relatives who had to be started in business. It was a practical joke among the wags to watch the hour when the old gentleman visited the store, and the clerks were off at his large warehouses, to go in and call for some trifle—such as a half-pound of sugar or coffee—which the venerable millionaire would weigh out with gravity and dignity. His only daughter, Anne, was a famous beauty, and married Dr. John Hanson Thomas of Baltimore. The greater part of Basil Gordon's fortune was inherited by his eldest son, Douglas, an intellectual man, who was friendly to me in my boyhood.

Basil Gordon was well acquainted with Mary Washington, and I was told that he had been a pallbearer at her funeral; also that when her monument was to be erected at Fredericksburg he identified the spot where she was buried. Recently, however, when the quaint and pretty monument of 1833, the most interesting in Virginia, was destroyed by sentimental vandals from other States to make way for an ugly obelisk, the grave was dug into and no trace of any burial or remains found. So that the exact grave of Washington's mother remains unknown.

Falmouth had a rough corner, owing to a superabundance of whiskey. On Saturdays, when it was congested by country-folk, we were not permitted to go into that part. Many of the country-folk had to depend on the subsidy of their horses or

mules to carry them home. My father, presiding justice of Stafford County, was a "total abstainer," and a prohibitionist long before the Maine law was heard of. He made an impressive appeal to his fellow magistrates in court to stop the sale of strong liquors, just after a drunken man, trying to draw water from a well, fell in and was drowned. But the era of paternal legislation had not arrived.

Our region swarmed with those called "poor whites," largely descended, I always believe, from the convict and contract labourers imported from Great Britain in colonial times. Gradually supplanted by slaves, left without occupation, they "squatted" where they could and lived as they could. They became expert in fishing and hunting, and their skill in shooting made them good soldiers in the Confederate War. As concerned their means, they were more benefited by defeat than they could have been by triumph—much more benefited than were the poor negroes. With the abolition of unpaid labour their opportunity for employment returned. Moreover, many of the "gentry" became "poor whites" also, and that phrase is heard no more. It was always a phrase forbidden in genteel families, for these "poor whites" had votes, and I remember a campaign in which my father's candidate (Democratic) for the Legislature was nearly defeated because he (my father) had said, "The masses will follow their leaders."

Party spirit ran high in Stafford County, where the majority of well-to-do gentlemen were Whigs, the majority of voters Democrats. I remember exciting scenes in Falmouth during the presidential campaign of 1840, which resulted in defeat of the Democrats. The Democratic candidate was Martin Van Buren, an aristocratic Knickerbocker, while the Whigs had this time the advantage of a candidate (William Henry Harrison) who, though of the old Virginia gentry, had migrated in early life to the West, and there resided in a log cabin. That log cabin was the ace with which the Whigs trumped the Democracy in our county. The cabin was blazoned everywhere. When the grandson of that Whig President, the late Benjamin Harrison, was a candidate, nothing was said of his grandfather's cabin, but much of the Harrison pedigree.

The party contests were accompanied by bonfires, mass

meetings, and barbecues. The children were warm partisans of their parental preferences, and many a fagot did I add to the Polk-and-Dallas bonfire of 1844. James Knox Polk thus became President, though we Democratic boys of Falmouth frankly admitted that in securing this victory we received aid from adjacent parts of the nation. The defeated candidate was the famous Henry Clay. I remember soon afterwards observing on grandfather Conway's wall a framed letter written to him by Henry Clay, whom he esteemed above all other statesmen. It was a momentous discovery that the two men I honored most—father and grandfather—were antagonistic in a great issue. However, they were both lukewarm in politics. My father had once been the party leader, and represented Stafford in the Virginia Legislature; but one such experience was enough; he declined a second candidature, and contented himself with insisting on the nomination of competent men. He was offered in youth a place at West Point, but declined it, and in later life declined an offer of high office at Washington.

My father, a tall and handsome man, was universally esteemed, and singularly free from ambition. His integrity and prudence caused him to be burdened by the estates bequeathed to his administration and the families left to his guardianship. In youth he had been gay—much in demand at card parties and dances. He was particularly beloved by his Peyton grandparents, and mingled in the festivities of "Tuscalum." But there was among the pious negroes a story which indicated that his grandmother Peyton could not rest quiet in her grave because of the gaiety of "P," as she called him, which she had encouraged. Once, so our oldest negro told me, when he ("Marse Peyton") was returning in the night from a frolic, and riding past the graveyard, his grandmother came out and walked beside him some distance, entreating him to become religious. (The old lady herself was not confirmed until she was sixty, and her children were never confirmed at all.) Of course, I never mentioned this tale to my father, who scorned every superstition not found in the Bible.

That a gay and handsome youth of high social position should all at once unite himself to the poor and ignorant Methodists, of course implied a miracle, but I have a notion that

the ghost story had been gradually transferred and developed from an incident grandfather Conway related to us of himself. While studying law with Judge James Henry of Fleete's Bay, he was sent on a horseback journey to Stafford Court House. His journey was broken at an inn, where in the early morning, before he had risen, he saw a young lady pass through his room and vanish. At the Court House he was invited by Dr. Peyton to meet the judge and lawyers at his house in the evening. When he entered, there stood the lady of his vision, daughter of his host. "I knew at once that she was to be my wife; and there," he would add, pointing to grandmother, "there she sits." Grandmother was apt to add some playful explanation.

If any lady was influential in my father's "conversion," she was not from a graveyard, but was Miss Margaret Eleanor Daniel, who became his wife. Her father died while serving as army surgeon in the War of 1812, leaving her to the care of her stepmother—an amiable lady whom I well remember—who placed her under the care of John Lewis of Llangollen, my mother's uncle by marriage, who trained young men for college.* He supervised her education with care, but his wife (my mother's aunt) was a tyrannous Calvinist. My mother told me that she was kept in a sort of hothouse of Presbyterianism; and when her precocious soul revolted against the dogma of predestination, it was decided that she was ill and must be bled. Calvin was thus surviving in Virginia, and still demanding the blood of all gainsayers. It may readily be understood that she would not be suffered to wed a gay and worldly youth, and also that falling in love with a pious young lady would naturally sober such a youth.

At the time of my parents' marriage, May 28, 1829, the Episcopal Church was nearly defunct in our Overwharton parish. Of its three churches—Potomac, Aquia, and Cedar church in Falmouth—the former had fallen into ruin, Aquia was without regular services, and Cedar church turned into a grain storehouse

* John Lewis published a volume of poems, and also a clever tale of the Great Kanawha, *Young Kate; or, The Rescue.* About 1846 he moved to Kentucky, where he died in 1853, and where his descendants still reside. His affection for my parents led him a few years before his death to make the then difficult journey from Kentucky to Falmouth.

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cake and molasses, bonny-clabber, preserves. Our aunts attended us, and near by sat "grandma"—tall, stately, eyes sparkling with humour, her head crowned with a snowy turban, clasped with a ruby and a rose.

My grandfather's first love was for Agnes Conway Moncure, but these lovers were double first cousins, and their elders regarded the consanguinity as too close for marriage.* Agnes married John Robinson, clerk of the Circuit Court of Richmond.† Affectionate relations between the Robinsons and my Conway grandparents continued to their death, and I was told by a relative that whenever Mrs. Robinson visited her Moncure relatives in Stafford County, my grandmother used to find some pretext for sending her husband over to the place of her sojourn without accompanying him. He must stay away a day or two while she got the house ready for Mrs. Robinson's visit! The Hon. Henry Clay was in youth a deputy clerk under John Robinson.

The school taught by cousin Betty Gaskins became large, various neighbours being permitted to send their children. I could not mingle quite freely with either boys or girls. My brother Peyton and I were the only Methodist children, and even in my eighth year I was precocious enough to feel that I had a soul. This poor little soul shrank from the careless frolic of my playmates, who no doubt regarded me as a milksop. But I had the compensation of the special friendship of my aunt Harriet Eustace Conway—only four years my senior—to whom the whole school looked up. She died early, and is enshrined in my memory as a perfectly beautiful being.

My parents, well read in Methodist theology, held strong views against fatalism, but there is a fatality also in the "free will" faith: it involves being constantly looked after. The Presbyterian children, whose conduct and destiny were already fixed, enjoyed more freedom than we who were every moment determining our eternal weal or woe. We were under a rigid

* Walker and Anne Conway, brother and sister, married John and Anne Moncure, brother and sister, these being the parents of the lovers, who were born in the same neighbourhood in Stafford County.

† They were the parents of the late Conway Robinson, of Washington, jurist and historian, and Moncure Robinson, of Philadelphia, eminent civil engineer and railway president.

[illegible] Sunday sc[illegible] permitted on that day—[illegible] "being prohi[illegible] small affairs, ac[illegible] and we lived [illegible]

[illegible] Falmouth was [illegible] which were held there [illegible] by the town [illegible] the same engra[illegible] of name, accus[illegible] the [illegible] elegantly dresse[illegible] people, of [illegible] Mr. Father had no materials to m[illegible] materials were [illegible] and the m[illegible] of the garden [illegible] of the ditch. [illegible] handsome [illegible] among those dang[illegible]

[illegible] and had a fine soprano voice; [illegible] for singing [illegible] that religious [illegible] the harpsichord second treble [illegible] of the distant females of Palestine, [illegible] Falmouth hal[illegible] of our garde[illegible] and our figures, [illegible] materials of a p[illegible] of things far off and never [illegible]

CHAPTER III.

Our Servants—"The Preacher's Room" in our House—Folklore—The Falmouth Witch—Watch Night—Methodist Régime—Camp-meetings—Immersion of the Blacks—Treatment of Slaves—Reading the Bible—The Serpent—Visiting Richmond Relatives—Entertainments in Fredericksburg—The Tournament.

THE rod was spared in our home, as well for servants as for the white children. My parents regarded coloured people as immortal souls, and we were trained to treat them with kindness. Every Sunday an hour was found for us—white and black children together—to be taught by my mother the catechism and listen to careful selections from the Bible. In some way this equal treatment of slaves got out, and some officious men came with a report that my mother was teaching negroes to read, which was illegal. It was not true, but it was prudent to avoid even the suspicion of such an offence in the house of a magistrate; so the mixed teaching ceased. But the cause was kept from me, and about that time I taught one of our slaves—Peter Humstead, about twenty—to read. Why he asked to have his lessons in the wood-cellar I did not understand. I must add that my lessons were not given gratuitously: Peter knew my weakness for fine clothes and contracted to give me a splendid necktie, duly paid and by me displayed—the first mannish thing I ever wore. I have a dim remembrance that this finery brought some ridicule on me, and was not enjoyed long; but Peter Humstead learned to read.

My mother's prayers were earnest and even eloquent. In the prayer-meetings in our basement she was always called on after my father to pray, and in his absence she conducted family prayers. Her voice was sympathetic and her command of language wonderful. Had she been born a Quaker she would probably have been a famous minister in that society. In the Methodist "Love Feasts," where the "experiences" uttered

were usually cant, my mother opened her heart with almost passionate fervour.

A large room was set apart in our house as "The Preacher's Room," and it was rarely unoccupied. The solemn black garb, white cravats, and broad-brims of these guests impressed me; two of the most pious were discovered to be impostors, but the majority were honest, hell-fearing men. Once there stopped with us for a day or two a preacher dressed in extremely coarse homespun, and without any buttons—John Hersey by name. Some of us could not help laughing at his appearance; but he told my father that in early life he had run into debt, which he was endeavouring to pay; he was determined to limit himself to the barest necessities of life, both as to food and clothing, until he had repaid every cent. In later years I heard him—still in homespun garb—preach an eloquent sermon in Georgetown.

The Rev. Jesse White had the look and reputation of a saint. One day when he was seated with my father in our front hall, a man rushed up the steps and said to Mr. White, "I am grievously tormented by a devil; I beseech you cast him out of me." The meek minister said, "My friend, I have no such power." "Oh, yes, you have," said the possessed one; "you have only to order him, he will obey." The preacher, by an impulse, cried, "I charge you come out of him!" "Thank you," said the man, "the devil has quite left me," and with a bow went off smiling.

Our Falmouth folk-lore was mostly of the familiar kind—one or two houses "haunted," an occasional ghost reported; but the serpent-lore impressed me because of my firm faith that the Devil was a serpent. A horsehair left in a tub of rainwater would turn to a snake; a snake could charm a bird into his mouth; any deficiency of milk in a cow was ascribed to the "cowsucker" (black snake).

At Tappahannock, lower down on the river, an approaching defeat of the Democratic party at an election was heralded by a phantom scow floating on the river with negroes singing and dancing on it.

Iron rings were worn to cure fits. (George Washington mentions without comment the use of an iron ring [illegible]

Vernon to cure Patsy Custis.) Various herbs were used to cure warts, the herb after application being always buried.

Once the seventeen-year locusts swarmed in our woods, devouring the green tissue in every leaf. On each wing was the letter "W," betokening "War," and their united cry of "Pharaoh" prophesied the plagues of Egypt. The locusts came near enough to the Mexican War and to the deadly Spotted Tongue plague that scourged our county, to appear prophetic. But the greatest sensation was caused by the comet of 1843. There was a widespread panic, similar, it was said, to that caused by the meteors of 1832.* Apprehending the approach of Judgment Day, crowds besieged the shop of Mr. Petty, our preaching tailor, invoking his prayers. Methodism reaped a harvest from the comet. The negroes, however, were not disturbed; they were, I believe, always hoping to hear Gabriel's trump.*

Belief in witchcraft prevailed among the "poor whites," and negroes, but I never heard of a coloured witch or wizard. Our Falmouth witch was one Nancy Calamese, who lived alone in a small shanty just outside the town. I remember her as a small, thin woman of sixty, with sharp features and a hunted look in her large grey eyes. She could hardly appear in the village without being shunned, and at length the suspicion that she had bewitched several persons caused her to be railed at and stoned on the street. Nancy had a sharp tongue for her pursuers; she drank pretty deeply; but she was never charged with any crime, and her means of subsistence were unknown. No one could tell whence she came, and there was about her a distinction of some kind, as compared with the "poor whites," which seemed to the latter uncanny. The persecutions of this woman excited the sympathy of my mother, who now and then visited her, and told me that she found everything neat in Nancy's shanty, a pretty flower-bed behind it, and the woman herself fairly intelligent. Finally, however, life became intolerable for poor Nancy Calamese. One afternoon, on my return from school,

* My cousin, Augusta Daniel, told me of one woman who declared in meeting that she had heard Gabriel's trump. There were murmurs of incredulity, and she began to weep at having her word doubted. But the preacher said, "After all, brethren, perhaps Gabriel did give the

I saw a crowd gazing out on the Rappahannock River, where Nancy was steadily wading on, and presently perished. Her history was never known.

My parents were impatient with contemporary superstitions. There was a large house, long uninhabited, on a hill across the river, where our servants said they had seen lights in the night. I mentioned this to my father, and he said, "Jack o' lantern probably," and went on with his papers, leaving me to wonder who Jack was, and what kind of lantern he had. That night I suffered the nightmare of being seized by a goblin, shut up in a lantern, and hurried through the air to the lonely house. It was too terrible to be forgotten, but I was ashamed to mention it. We were taught that belief in ghosts and witches was vulgar, and I sometimes wonder what my parents thought of biblical ghost-lore and the witch of Endor. An instance occurred of a young lady's belief that she had committed the "unpardonable sin," and it was spoken of by my parents as insanity. A very pious Methodist "sister" was said to have attained "entire sanctification," an experience recognised by Methodism; but my parents, much as they esteemed her, were silent, and I feel certain that they regarded it as morbid.

Watch Night was kept in the basement of our house. A minute before midnight of the departing year we all knelt (the servants with us), and, kneeling until after midnight, sang the New Year's hymn, whose opening verses are:—

Come let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year
And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Some years later we kept Watch Night in the church, but the occasion and the hymn never affected me so much as when we knelt and sang in our basement.

Although my father took his Methodism so seriously, he had a fine sense of humour, and many a hearty laugh did he give us

the revivals he saw a man stagger a little as he went up to the "mourner's bench" to be prayed for. Beckoning Mr. Petty, my father said, "Take that man away, he's drunk!" Petty replied, "Indeed, brother Conway, if we don't get some of these people when they're drunk, we'll not get them at all!" Another story related to a little place called "White Oak," in which it was said not one sober man or woman could be found, and where all sins were considered customary. At length, however, the Methodist preachers—assisted, perhaps, by the comet—got up a revival at White Oak, after which a congregation was organised. But there was difficulty about appointing officers; every "convert" proposed had been notorious as a drunkard, rogue, or wife-beater. After several had been set aside, a man arose and said, "Brethren, it 'pears to me that ef the Lord wants a church at White Oak, he's got to take the materials to be found at White Oak." This suggestion prevailed, and White Oak began a reformation that ultimately improved it off the earth.

But while my parents were amused by its grotesque side, it was I am certain, mainly the work of Methodism among these humble and often laughable people that they valued. Methodism was a temperance organisation, and the only one in our county; it was the only active society for charity and humanitarian effort; it had little or nothing to do with dogmas, but a great deal to do with morality. And in Stafford County it mainly rested on my parents and my three Methodist aunts. None of these realised the way in which I was taking these things to heart nor the extent to which I was burdened by the otherworldliness of our negroes. I was encouraged to take healthy recreations—swimming, fishing, skating, shooting—and restrained only from cards and dancing; but I was sadly serious. I clung to the preachers, to my elders, and sang hymns about the vileness of a world I had not entered, and about death.

The world is all a fleeting show
  For man's delusion given:
Its smiles of joy, its tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
  There's nothing true but heaven.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,

Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away.

Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er

Hark from the tomb a doleful sound
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie!"

The great function of the year was the Methodist Camp-meeting. My father always had the largest tent in the selected forest, and for over a week there was a grand barbaric picnic. The tents were pitched around a large amphitheatre, where there were benches for several thousand, under arches of small lamps stretched between the trees. Immediately in front of the platform—on which sat a score of preachers—there was a large enclosure for the "mourners." There were three sermons daily, each followed by a prayer-meeting, but the great scene was at night, when there occurred a pitched battle with Satan to rescue souls. The loud excited singing of the throng was thrilling; the preachers walked about the platform crying, "Now is the accepted time!" "Call upon him while he is near!" etc. Brethren went up the forest aisles, watching for any sign of emotion, any bowed head, and one after another "under conviction" was led up to the "throne of grace" to be welcomed by shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" Every now and then amid the loud pleadings of prayer there was a scream out of some terrified heart, some pale face falling back in swoon or trance, the crowd of curious gazers pressing forward to see. My own curiosity often led me to go behind the platform; there the negroes received such crumbs of grace as fell from the white penitents' table. Nevertheless with these crumbs they had a paradise unknown to white Dives; they had few or no mourners, all of them being long ago "converted," and all now in ecstasy. Their spiritual clock always struck noon.

But Dives came to dislike these camp-meetings; they involved the demoralisation of farm service for the week. And religious people remarked another kind of demoralisation among the

whites; there was a large flow of whiskey on the outskirts, a good deal of horse-trading, and the increase of piety was said to be purchased by an increase of immorality. I have my doubts about this, and on the whole have rather regretted the gradual extinction of the happy festival.

It has always remained with me a pleasant reflection that the simple-hearted negroes escaped the dogmatic discords of our religion. As we were remote from all heresies, Catholic or Protestant, the only burning issues were—Sprinkling *versus* Immersion, and Free Will *versus* Predestination. The Baptists were predestinarian, the Methodists represented Free Will, but the negroes were both Baptist and Methodist; they clung to immersion and clung to the Methodist hymns and ecstasy. Thus did each coloured brother and sister easily reconcile the irreconcilable.

The immersion of the coloured people was always a picturesque and affecting scene. Dressed in white cotton—fabric of which their chain was made—they moved under the Sunday morning sunshine across the sands opposite our house to the river, and there sang gently and sweetly. There was no noise or shouting. The rite was performed by a white minister. After immersion each was embraced by his or her relatives. There was more singing, and the procession moved slowly away. White converts were immersed separately from the negroes, but they were few, and the performance was by no means so impressive.

No cruelty to negroes occurred in the houses or on the farms of any families in which we were intimate. Servants were sometimes flogged, but with no more severity and with less frequency than white children. A certain man who dishonoured the name of a reputable family by lashing his slave so severely that he soon after died, so shocked the county that the tradition of that manslaughter remains to this day. I remember well my father's efforts to bring the manslayer to justice—unavailing because only slaves witnessed the tragedy. Fury rarely overbore the slaveowner's need to keep his property in good condition. The only instance of brutality that I personally witnessed was at Stafford Court House, where a coarse man had charged four female slaves with an attempt to poison him. There was no real evidence, and some believed that it was an effort to obtain

for the elderly and unmarketable women the payment the county must make if they were executed. When the women were acquitted their owner took them out to his cart, bound them by their wrists to the back of it, ordered the driver to go on, tore down the dresses from their backs, and lashed them with a raw-hide until the cart disappeared on the road. A crowd witnessed this scene, and though there were mutterings none could interfere. The horror made an ineffaceable impression on me, though I was too young to generalise on it.

Deeply engraved also on my memory is a small, prison-like building in the centre of Falmouth, known as "Captain Pickett's," where negroes were sent to be flogged. The captain was the town constable, and one of his functions was to whip negroes when their owners so ordered. Although warned by my parents against loitering about "Captain Pickett's," this whetted my curiosity, and with other boys I heard the imploring tones of the sufferers. I remember the captain silently walking up and down in front of his grim house, with his iron-grey hair and beard, never smiling, never uttering a word from his compressed lips. When I had left Falmouth, and thought of him as the local figure-head of an evil system, I heard of his suicide.

It was many years before I could do the poor captain justice. As a matter of fact, the old constable was simply presiding at the last relic of the whipping post. The long dilapidated stocks were still visible near the churchyard, where they had stood at the door of Cedar Church. The whipping-post had hid itself in the constable's office. But I now have reason to believe that in that lonely den many a stripe fell gently, and that Captain Pickett hung himself simply because the shame of being an official negro-whipper became intolerable. The whipping-post ended with Captain Pickett. The last tidings I had of his building was that it was used as a storehouse of Federal bombs.*

Although the slavedealers gathered their harvests in our

* A man belonging to a wealthy citizen (Murray Forbes) had to be flogged on some complaint of a neighbour. Mr. Forbes intimated to Captain Pickett his hope that he would be merciful. Pickett said, "Mr. Forbes, there is not a more tender-hearted man in Falmouth than I am." The negro told his master, "Captain Pickett told me to 'holler,' and I hollered, but the cowhide fell on the post."

region, it was in large part surreptitiously. It was socially disreputable for a man to sell slaves to them, or indeed to part the members of families on his estate further than by hiring them to neighbours. Hiring-day in Falmouth was not often marked by unhappy scenes, as the increase of slaves in every homestead made it more comfortable for many of them to find new homes. The troubles arose when the death of some gentleman in debt necessitated the sale of his property.

The word "slave" was not used. We spoke of "free negroes" and "servants." Those were the happy days of inconsistency. Our Fourth-of-July orators talked grandly of the enormity of taxation without representation," and the right of every man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; but the bondage of millions of dusky human beings was never thought of as a thing even to be explained in those days. For myself I did not know our servants were slaves, and daresay I repeated in the kitchen my favourite school declamation ending "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" Also, I have a vague remembrance of envying the little blacks their greater freedom; most of them had nothing to do but roam and play.

My brother Peyton and I were on affectionate terms with the servants. They helped us in all our little projects, such as raising poultry and pigeons. Considerable patches of ground were given us on the Inglewood farm, where we competed as to which could raise the finest melons. We had varieties of water-melons and "muskmelons," which we sold at high prices to our father, and at table showed our high appreciation of their excellence. The only particular pet I ever had was an ugly duckling; it was wounded by a rat and had to be killed, and I was so heartbroken that I never ventured to have another animal pet. My affections were lavished on my little sister Mildred, five years younger than myself, and our tender relation to each other remains unbroken by the eventualities of life.

I won some distinction among Falmouth boys for skill in making willow whistles and playing on them, and for plumping marbles. I also had several other fair accomplishments, especially in making tiny mill-wheels in imitation of that which turned my father's cotton-factory. But I was not popular

a poor creature beside my handsome and dashing brother Peyton, always ready to wrestle or fight—things I hated. I worshipped rather precociously the beautiful ladies of Falmouth, and numerous aunts and cousins from the country, of whom some were always visiting us. I did their errands and attended on them with eagerness, and they were so gracious to me that I cared little for the boys. Moreover, I was beginning to form friendships with people met in story-books. Much as I disliked playground squabbles, I found it pleasant to assist at the slaughter of dragons. It was an era in my childish life when I journeyed with Christian to the Celestial City, past Apollyon and other foes not yet belonging to Fairyland. By fairy tales in "The Child's Own Book," by the "Arabian Nights," by "The Pilgrim's Progress," dreams were built on the stuff of me; I was surrounded with a sleep—a source of dreams—and my little life was rounded out thereby.

If I could have found the Bible, as I did the "Arabian Nights," among the old volumes, mainly medical, shelved in our bedroom (they had belonged to grandfather Daniel's library), as an unknown book, perhaps I should have found equal delight in it. But the sanctity attached to it, the duty of getting it by heart, the daily impressed belief that it concerned my salvation, made it a sealed book. Joseph and his Brethren, Moses in the Bulrushes, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, were all pale beside Aladdin, Ali Baba, and the rest, amid whom fancy could roam with free wing.

The Bible was associated with blue and red tickets convertible into other religious books. At Sunday school a certain number of Scripture verses recited from memory were rewarded with a blue ticket; a certain number of blue tickets secured a red one; a certain number of the red—if I recall the colours correctly—enabled the holder to acquire any volume he might select from prize shelves prettily supplied by the Methodist Book Concern. I began with Genesis and memorised straight on, omitting nothing except perhaps long genealogies, and this was continued for years. I do not remember having been prevented by any teacher from reciting the obscene passages, and I was too Arcadian to discover anything indecent in the Bible. The Hindus say, "He that has no wound may touch poison."

There was a little book in our house entitled "Keeper in Search of his Master"—the story of a lost dog's suffering from hunger and maltreatment—over which I shed burning tears. From it I gained some sense of the feelings of animals, and from the tales of Maria Edgeworth I learned more about the value of kindliness and generosity than I got from the Bible.

I think the first thing that impressed me in the Bible was the snake in Eden. My horror of snakes was indiscriminate; the first duty of man on seeing that crawling devil was to kill it. Dr. Adam Clarke in his Commentary, a favourite book with my father, suggested that before its sentence to crawl the serpent was a kind of ape. My father told the anecdote of a preacher, who cried, "If you don't repent, Dr. Clarke's ape will catch you!" He was amused, but I was shocked by the theory and the laughter. Levity was out of place in such a grave matter.

Travelling circuses sometimes visited Fredericksburg, and once—once only—I was permitted to go. What was my horror on seeing a young woman handle a huge serpent affectionately! Here were Eve and the Devil. I knew what was meant by my father's dislike of "sinful amusements"; my conscience took his side, and I never petitioned to go to another circus.

Another time my father startled me. He was conversing with some preacher and said, "I do not think Solomon's Song ought to be in the Bible at all." What my feeling was I cannot of course, remember, but the incident stands in my memory after sixty years.

Cousin Elizabeth Daniel, daughter of United States Justice Daniel, sometimes came to us from Richmond for a visit. She was distinguished for her intelligence and culture. No doubt she remarked the interest with which I listened to her conversations with my mother, which were chiefly on authors—Dickens, Scott, Byron, Southey, Moore, and others—and took notice of me. When I was about ten this cousin, after one of her visits, requested me to write to her. So began a correspondence which continued several years. I developed some thoughts by the effort to express them, and exactness of statement by the extreme pains I took in writing to the accomplished lady who

honoured me with her attention. Above all, some faith in my homely and shy self was engendered in me by her extended letters. These were not condescending nor patronising, but written as to a friend. Being herself an Episcopalian, she never wrote on doctrinal topics, but generally about books.

Probably I was just a little secularised by this interchange of thoughts unconnected with religion. Also I found the Methodist régime sufficiently elastic to admit not only the luxuries of our table, but beautiful moonlit evenings on the Rappahannock. The ladies carried their guitars, the gentlemen their flutes. There, silently crouched beside some affectionate aunt or cousin, I learned Moore's melodies by heart, and old Scotch songs—never to be thought of thenceforth as mere poetry, but as my heart's honeydew. Late in life, in printing something about Virginia I spoke of "the crystal Rappahannock." I learned that some aged people there regarded the river as normally muddy, and that indeed might be expected of a stream coming from the mountains, and at Falmouth dashing over falls. All I can say is that in early boyhood I used to see sweet faces and pure skies in its waters, and feel certain that it was then the crystal Rappahannock.

The great and sensational events of our early boyhood (brother Peyton and myself) were two visits to Richmond. What splendour! On the first visit we stayed at the house of Justice Daniel, who was at home, and he and his wife (she was a daughter of Edmund Randolph, first attorney-general of the United States) and their daughters Elizabeth and Anne, and their brother Peter, were gracious and charming to us. Our cousin John Moncure Daniel, then studying law in Richmond, took us about to show us the capital and other notable things. Richmond was thenceforth the city called Beautiful, and it remained so after a subsequent visit to our young cousins in the home of uncle Travers and aunt Susan Daniel. There was a *soupçon* of worldliness there too, refreshing to our little Methodist souls, for they taught us a card game ("seven-up"). We had never seen a pack of cards before, and it was many a year before I saw another.

Public amusements were unknown to Falmouth. Once when a band of "Buy-a-broom" girls in picturesque costumes went from door to door with their little white brooms, it was as ex-

citing as an opera. I can see them now with their strange faces, their graceful gestures, and hear their song :—

Buy a bro-o-m, buy a bro-o-m !
Buy a bro-o-m, buy a bro-o-m !
O buy of the wandering Bavarian
A Broom !

They carried off our pocket-money, and left a lot of worthless sticks terminating with shavings, but also left a melody that I can sing to-day. Once we had in Fredericksburg astronomic lectures with magic lantern from Dr. Lardner. Another course was from Dr. Goadby of London on zoölogy ; in one of these he made a statement about rats that I never forgot. He said the rat had humanlike tastes ; if two jars of preserves—one sweetened with loaf sugar, the other with brown—were left near rats, they would consume the loaf sugar preserves before touching the brown sugar jar. My idea of the rat was revolutionised. I should not myself be so particular.

Now and then a famous singer stopped for one or two evenings and sang in Fredericksburg Town Hall. Henry Bishop was long remembered, and I almost shudder now in recalling his dramatic rendering of " The Maniac," and one or two other thrilling compositions of his.

The Tournament was still an institution in our neighbourhood. It took place annually in a long lane on the Spottsylvania side of the river. The young men from various counties, mounted on their decorated steeds, tilted at the suspended ring, and the victor received his wreath, kneeling, from the Queen of Love and Beauty, surrounded by her maids of honour on a splendid platform. These were the beautiful and refined ladies of northern Virginia. It was an important social event, and the chief relic of the ancient fair and horse-race for which our region was once famous, but on which the kill-joy preachers had frowned. The puritanical spirit steadily blighting the gaieties of old Virginia did not long spare the Tournament and the annual ball.

CHAPTER IV.

Fredericksburg Academy—Charles Dickens in Virginia—The Law Courts—Judge Moncure—Falmouth Church—John Minor—The Methodist Conventicle—St. George's—First Religious Emotions.

In my tenth year I was sent to the "Fredericksburg Classical and Mathematical Academy," the principal educational institution in northern Virginia. The academy grew out of the school founded by the admirable clergyman of French descent, James Marye, to which George Washington went just a hundred years before. Our principal, Thomas Hanson, taught Greek and Latin in the central building, other studies being in the wings under two assistants. The "scholars" were of many counties, and most of the historic families of Virginia were represented, though probably few of the youths knew or cared about their ancestors. I believe I was the youngest pupil, the ages ranging mostly between twelve and seventeen. The academy was under the auspices of St. George's Church, whose venerable rector, Dr. Edward C. McGuire, occasionally visited us.

The Falmouth contingent was large, and there was some "chaffing" between them and the Fredericksburg scholars. These called our village "Hogtown," alleging that hogs were seen in the streets, and we retorted with "Sheeptown," with what connotation I cannot remember. But this exchange of epithets caused no fights, albeit among us (about 200) there was a normal proportion of bullies, and fisticuffs were not uncommon in the acre lot behind the school. Our recess games were chiefly chermany and bandy ("hockey"). An accidental blow from a bandystick on my right eye laid me up in darkness, with leeches. Though there was no visible sequel at the time, the eye became dim in after years, and finally became near-sighted.

Most of us were preparing for some college, and the keys to every college were Latin and Greek. To these our time was

mainly given, our readings being in "Græca Majora," and in school editions of Latin classics. I liked these studies, but hated mathematics. I found delight in "The Scholar's Companion," from which we learned the Greek and Latin origin of many English words. My distinction was in penmanship; it was agreed that no rival could equal my pen-printing of German and other ornamental lettering. Once grandfather Conway asked me to show him some of my penmanship. I prepared with pains imitations of the signatures of himself, of my father, and uncles. "Wonderful indeed," he said; then patting me on the head, he added with a smile, "Yes, it is perfect, and I hope you'll never do it again!" I wondered, but his word was law, and my facsimiles ended.

Mr. Hanson—"Old Tommy"—was an excellent teacher. He kept a switch beside him, but rarely used it, and his assistants were not permitted to inflict corporal punishment. He often made occasion to stimulate our sense of honour and instruct us in conduct and kindness. There was no religious teaching beyond the daily opening with Scripture and a scarce-audible prayer. Equality prevailed among us. No one had any advantage in belonging to any wealthy or historic family. The ancestral cult which arose with the national centenaries was unknown. Never did I heard George Washington or any other American celebrity held up as an exemplar. And this was the case not only in our school, but in the community; with the exception that Mary, the mother of Washington, was held up as a model of piety, and a place pointed out near her monument where she was said to have retired for prayer.

I got high marks in Latin and Greek, but had no enjoyment in the books read. Later I found among the old books of grandfather Daniel English translations of Virgil's "Æneid" and Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and read them with delight, though I had gone through both in the original without much interest save in the mark I was to get. Mr. Hanson, who had enthusiasm for classical literature, fancied, I think, that he had in me a ten-year-old appreciator of the same. Sometimes on returning to the school after recess he might have observed me at my desk and supposed that the playground was left for the charms of Cæsar or Horace. But it was for pastimes with "Oliver Twist."

"Little Nell," or other creations of my Prospero, whose masque filled our prosaic streets.

Charles Dickens came like one of our Rappahannock freshets, which once or twice rose high enough to float logs in our wood-cellar. Methodist prejudices against novel-reading were in this case floated, and I remember my parents laughing and weeping over the books of "Boz" while I was only old enough to build infant romances out of Cruikshank's illustrations. Dickens supplied our homes with new fables, phrases, types. Our neighbour Douglas Gordon broke a small blood-vessel laughing over Pickwick, and we pitied him not for the lesson, but because his doctor forbade him to read Dickens. My baby brother Richard acquired by his infant excitability the sobriquet "Tim Linkinwater."

In 1842 news came that Charles Dickens had arrived in America, and presently it was announced that on a certain day he was to pass through Fredericksburg on his way to Richmond.

He was to come by steamboat from Washington to Aquia landing, thence by stage to Fredericksburg, alighting only for lunch at Farmer's Hotel. The prospect of setting eyes on the greatest man in the world filled me with such emotion that my parents agreed that I might in their name ask Mr. Hanson for the necessary permission to leave school a little before the midday recess. The usage when we wished to leave the schoolroom temporarily was to stand silently before the master. This I did, but he happened to be irritated by someone in the class he was hearing, and motioned me off. On my endeavouring to say I had permission of my parents he ordered me to my seat. Thither I returned, jumped out of an open window, seven or eight feet from the ground, and reached the inn just as the author was alighting. On my return to school just after recess, there was a dead silence; my leap had been observed by many, and none knew the reason for it. Mr. Hanson stood pale and agitated, for I had been hitherto obedient. My brother Peyton was absent, and I was too much dazed by the situation to arrest by any plea the impending switch. It was the only flogging I ever received in school, and feeling that it was unmerited I bore it without a word or a tear.

But *lest* [illegible] *lest* [illegible] The dear old

master when he learned the whole story was more troubled than I was, for I had got a good look at Dickens. During my remaining five years in the school he treated me with a sort of affection, and when I left and entered college in my sixteenth year he announced the fact in school, and uttered a eulogy on my conduct and diligence.

My most lasting education in all those years was in the law courts, and in listening to discussions of cases in our house. My opportunities were of the best. Two of my father's brothers were prominent lawyers, John Moncure and Eustace, and the latter became an eminent judge. My grandfather Conway, clerk of the county, had been educated for the bar. His eldest daughter married Richard Moncure, afterwards the Chief Justice of Virginia. On my mother's side, her uncle Peter Daniel was a justice of the United States Supreme Court, and her brother Travers Daniel, long attorney-general of Virginia, had a wide reputation for learning and eloquence. My father's position as presiding magistrate of the county brought many lawyers to our house for consultation. When some great case was to be argued in Fredericksburg, especially when one of my uncles was to speak, I was permitted to go to the courthouse at cost of a brief absence from school. My vacations were mostly passed at "Erleslie," and in the court-house I found my theatre, and witnessed many a comedy and tragedy. I can still hear the ringing laughter attending the efforts of lawyers to trip each other, or the witnesses. Face after face of the prisoners rise before me. Opposite the court-house was the gaol, a whited sepulchre to my eyes, from whose small grated apertures looked murderous phantoms. I see them brought out, handcuffed, and follow them to the court-room, and feel the awe of a fellow-man dragged prematurely before the bar of God, where the balances are produced, and all the deeds of his life cast into their scale. It was of course the murder cases that made the deepest impression. The juries consisted of men whom I was accustomed to see in their commonplace work, but after I had seen them in court with faces intent for hours in trying to get at the fact and the truth, these neighbours were never common again.

In murder cases it was necessary that uncle Richard Moncure, the prosecuting attorney, should be confronted with a powerful

advocate, and when one had to be appointed by the court the defence was often entrusted to the elder John L. Marye of Fredericksburg. He was in appearance as French as his great-grandfather James Marye, who came from Europe to preach to the Huguenots in Virginia and founded St. George's Church in Fredericksburg and the first school there. From Marye's interestingly homely countenance there was unsheathed in pleading a spirit which often filled me with wonder. When he appeared in the Stafford court-room everybody knew that some prisoner's case was hard to defend. It was said that before entering on his final speech in defence, Marye slipped over to the inn and drank two cups of a fear-producing tea. The pathos and the tears invariably came.

I remember a speech by Marye in which a question of interpreting a person's compromising utterance was raised. The advocate warned the jury against taking words at foot of the letter, and claimed that the prosecutor (uncle Richard), good churchman as he was, would not venture to take literally the words of Jesus, If a man smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other. "And," he added, "if a thief were to steal my honoured friend's cloak, would he give the rogue his coat also?" Uncle Richard made no special reply to these words, and they sank deep into my mind.

While at the bar uncle Richard steadily refused to advocate any case, whatever the fee offered, in which he detected any injustice. This was so well known that when he did undertake any case it was generally equivalent to a judicial decision. The lawyers were said to be much relieved when he was transferred to the bench.

Again and again, as prosecuting attorney, did he take some criminal, unable to procure competent counsel, under his protection, and see that in the face of public prejudice justice did not swerve. I remember vividly a scene of this kind. A very brutal rogue, notorious for his violence, had killed a man, and there was general satisfaction that the county was now to get rid of him by the gallows. He was a criminal of very repulsive appearance, and his defiant glare around the court-room excited horror and wrath. The crowd already saw the noose round his bull-like neck. Uncle Richard arose and calmly said, "May it

please your Honour, I mean to prosecute this man for murder—in the second degree." Murmurs of surprise and anger were heard. During this manifestation the prosecutor said not a word, but seemed to be absorbed in arranging his papers. When he began his speech it was with sublime sentences concerning justice. Then he proceeded to show that it was a case of homicide which, albeit guilty, was committed without any deadly weapon, and that there was no evidence of deliberation.

In my novel "Pine and Palm" I have disguised in "Judge Stirling" traits of this beloved uncle, whose greatness of mind and character raised above me a standard to which I have always paid homage. There was such intimacy between him and my father and their families, that this uncle's house, Glencairn, was another home to me. No word of unkindness, thoughtlessness, or of depreciation, ever came from him. Affectionate, simple, full of sympathy and humour, we could always approach him; and occasionally, when on his way to his office, in a separate building, he would pause a few moments to join in our outdoor sport.

There was a wide impression in the county that Chief Justice Moncure was a child outside his profession; and among the illustrations of this it was told that on seeing his negroes removing a cider-press, he undertook to help them by supporting a cross-beam with his shoulder, in order that it might not be broken by a fall. In this effort he struggled until his face was red, and at last cried, "I can support it no longer—it must fall—get out of the way!" His shoulder was withdrawn, but the beam remained fixed in the air, and it took the workmen some time to get it down.

On one occasion a deputation of jurists journeyed from Richmond to Glencairn to consult him on some important matter, and found him in his front garden, green bag in hand, playing puss-in-the-corner with the children—among these being a little negro boy, who was just calling out, "Now run, Mars' Dick!"

Among the many legends concerning the later life of this Chief Justice one tells that when he was very ill at Staunton, where the court was sitting, and felt his end near, he reminded his wife that their pecuniary circumstances had been much reduced since the war, and begged her not to carry his body to

Glencairn for burial. The State, he said, would defray the expenses of his burial wherever he died, and the cost of the removal of his body to Stafford would be heavy. His wife, overwhelmed with grief, said that she must refuse what might be his last request. In vain he entreated, and at length exclaimed, "Then I'll not die here at all!" And sure enough he arose and lived several years after. He died in 1882, and was buried in the family graveyard at Glencairn.

Uncle Richard perceived my fondness for reading, and sometimes took me to his office and sat me in a corner with a book. One afternoon I was absorbed in an old law book on Medical Jurisprudence, which contained examples of mental and moral delusion. Optical and other spectres were raised and laid, ghosts legally analysed, and the problems of responsibility dealt with in a lucid way which enabled me to take some steps in real thinking.

Sometimes uncle Richard talked to me about our academy, my favourite studies, my schoolmates, of whose parents or ancestors he related pleasant anecdotes. Of religion he never spoke to me. He was the most eminent layman of the Episcopal Church in northern Virginia, and represented St. George's parish in the great church conventions, but he rarely conversed about doctrines. He hated all intolerance. When someone spoke sharply of a clergyman's leaning toward "Mariolatry," uncle Richard said, "If we reverence Jesus we would naturally reverence his mother." When I last met him after becoming a Unitarian, he treated me with the wonted affection, and made no allusion to my change of faith.

One judicial action of Chief Justice Moncure is of historical interest in connection with slavery. Our neighbour, Mrs. Coalter, bequeathed freedom to her numerous slaves. But after the clause of liberation the will said that if her negroes preferred to remain in slavery they might select their masters. The husband of the heir contended that the clause giving the slaves this choice, not legal in Virginia, invalidated the liberating clause. The case reached the Court of Appeals, and a majority of the court sustained the heir's contention; the negroes—to whom Mrs. Coalter, as was proved, had long promised freedom—remained in slavery until liberated by the war. Chief Justice

Moncure vehemently pronounced the decision contrary both to law and equity. His minority opinion is now supported by every jurist in Virginia. The case was decided not long before the Secession, when the Southern people were infuriated, and to this feeling the injustice is generally ascribed. The outrageous wrong was reported in the Northern papers, and it is the more important that I should record here this protest of the Chief Justice.

The only church in Falmouth was (and is) a "Union" house. Catholics and Unitarians were unknown in our region, and I remember no Episcopalian service in Falmouth; but between Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, the village had two and sometimes three sermons every Sunday. Now and then some peripatetic propagandist appeared. I remember the impression made on me by a female preacher, the only one I ever heard in Virginia. A good-looking man sat beside her in the pulpit, but uttered no word; the lady—middle-aged, refined, comely—arose without hymn or prayer, laid aside her grey poke-bonnet, and gave her sermon, of which I remember the sweet voice and engaging simplicity. I also remember that a hypercritical uncle, Dr. J. H. Daniel, praised the sermon.

The walls in the vestibule of Falmouth church were thickly covered with caricatures of various preachers and leading citizens pencilled by irreverent youths while waiting to escort the ladies home. Probably the contrarious dogmas set forth from a "Union" pulpit may have had a tendency to keep clever youths from taking any of them seriously. Among our elders there was a keen interest in the controversies which I think must have usually characterised the sermons, for I do not recall one that contained anything for a child. The discussions in our house about "Calvinism" piqued my curiosity. My parents were once much amused by a narrative given them by learned John Minor, on one of his calls, of which I managed to get in after-years an exact version. A Presbyterian preacher visited him (John Minor) to remonstrate against his abstention from church, alleging the unhappy influence of his indifference to religion.

"But how am I to acquire interest in religion?" said I.

"Through the influence of the Holy Ghost," said he.

"How am I to obtain that influence?"

"By prayer."

"What! can my lips move the Holy Ghost?"

"The Holy Ghost moves you to pray."

"It appears that I cannot get religion till I pray for it, and I cannot pray for it till I've got it."

The congregations in Falmouth included the élite, but it was different in the Methodist conventicle in Fredericksburg. I do not suppose that anyone attending the present neat Methodist church there remembers the room where their predecessors assembled. It was a low-roofed shanty built of planks by John Cobler. "Father Cobler" had been a carpenter and a local preacher to the town in 1780, but having married a widow possessing slaves it was decided that he must not preach. He manumitted the slaves, but did not resume preaching. I remember his benign look, serene face, and bald head. I recall but one preacher—a square-jawed man with grating voice. With the exception of our family and uncle Eustace Conway and John Cobler, the attendants were mostly poor and ignorant. The women generally wore drab gowns and Quakerised bonnets. There was no choir, and no organ; the hymns, led by a good man with a cracked voice and a tuning-fork, were crooned in unison.

It was pleasant to drive over in our big round coach and back. But I saw my cousins and playmates on their way to the fine churches, and in my tenth year going to the meeting-house began to be a half-conscious martyrdom. I have a vague remembrance of humiliation by some boys' jeering references to Methodists. Several times I had been taken by relatives to the Episcopal church, and it was a family joke that I declared myself an "organ Christian." I was painfully precocious, and old enough to be troubled by the contrast between our Methodist and our social environment. I was not happy in this double life. I envied my playmates their sparkling worldliness and their indifference about their souls. In fair weather I walked over to "meeting" and passed the doors of the two handsome churches—St. George's and the Presbyterian—to the poor quarter called Liberty Town, to kneel amid squalors and dream of beauty.

However, towards the close of 1841, the Methodists completed their new church, and "Cobler's" was turned over to the negroes. But still there was no organ. Happily there was no Christmas service in the Methodist church, and on that day I went to St. George's. The ancient church, which had stood for a hundred years, and which the Washingtons and other historic families had attended, possessed an antique dignity not discoverable in the present edifice.

I remember vividly my first Christmas in St. George's (perhaps my eleventh year). How beautiful it all was! I sat in the cushioned pew with beloved relatives, near the rector's wife (granddaughter of Betty Lewis, Washington's sister), and surrounded by elegant people. The church was festooned with evergreen, which seemed to find voice in the "Gloria" with its soft and tender duet, "Thou that takest away the sins of the world." My heart was at peace, and I was prepared to listen to the gospel of peace as it came from the lips of the child-like old rector. Dr. McGuire, with his noble countenance, with charming simplicity—without heat or gesture—read a poetic discourse, picturing a world at peace, when a new star was kindled in the sky. Then from the choir broke forth the Christmas hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." That carol came to me as if from the very angels on the first Christmas day. Just above the red screen was visible the lovely face of the chief singer—whose tender voice carried the song into the depths of my heart.

Often had I read the story in the New Testament; I could repeat every word of it from memory; but then and there the glad tidings first reached me. I had never before seen the young singer who led the choir. I afterwards learned that her name was Ella Rothrock, and am told that she married and is living (1903) in Philadelphia. She is not likely ever to know that her voice first raised for a boy she never saw the star of a love for "all mankind."

Shepherds, angels, star, long ago turned to a fairy tale; the happy tears unsealed by glad tidings of joy for mankind have changed to tears of grief at tidings of war and woe for mankind; yet when past seventy I listen to the melodies that then moved me, above them all comes the voice of the singer of

St. George's church repeating with new meaning the burden of the carol:—

> "Fear not," the angel cried (for dread
> Had seized their troubled mind),
> "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
> To you and all mankind."

To this song my heart responded in boyhood, my reason responds to-day. Religion, whose end and aim is not human happiness on earth, is a cruel superstition.

After this memorable Christmas experience I observed that the Methodist "meeting" ended sooner than at St. George's, and that by enterprise I could reach the gallery there and hear the last hymn. My parents were too wise to object to my device. I was indeed allowed now and then to attend the whole service, and was trained by that choir—above all, by Ella Rothrock's singing—to a passionate love of sacred music.

To our great delight my sister Mildred developed musical taste and a sweet voice. There was a good music teacher in Fredericksburg, and my father bought a fine piano. So fast as sister learned her notes I also learned enough to play hymn tunes. I got the St. George tune-book and found the tunes that charmed me—first of all the "Gloria in Excelsis," and "Nativity," then old "Hotham," "Olympia," "Bethlehem," "Mornington," "Dundee"—one that had delighted me being actually named "Conway." I learned to play them all. I set my mother, sister, aunts, to singing them, joining in myself with a fervent second.

CHAPTER V.

Dickinson College—The Faculty in 1847—Professor McClintock and the Slave-hunters—Student Life—My "Conversion"—Northern and Southern Methodism.

I WAS sent to college too soon. My elder brother had gone to Dickinson College at Carlisle, and so desired to have me with him that I was taken from the academy. I had barely turned fifteen when I became a Sophomore, and four months later was advanced to the Junior class. I was the youngest in these classes.

The college Faculty was not surpassed in ability by any in America. One chair indeed was inadequately filled—that of mathematics. Its professor (Sudler) was learned, but had not the art of teaching. Although it was a Methodist college, best teachers had been secured without regard to doctrinal views, two of them, I believe, not being members of any church. One of these was William Allen, professor of chemistry, afterwards president of Girard College.*

Spencer F. Baird, afterwards chief of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, was never a Methodist, and his wife was a Unitarian. He was a professor of zoölogy.

The classical department was represented by Dr. John M'Clintock and Dr. George R. Crooks, afterwards of Drew Seminary, who were Broad-church Methodists and original thinkers.

The professor of mental and moral philosophy, and of English composition and rhetoric, was Caldwell, who might have been a great man had he not died early.

At the head of these brilliant men was Robert Emory, who

* While president of Girard College Allen married a Unitarian lady of Boston. This was after I had become a Unitarian minister, and before the marriage I was consulted by the lady's pastor concerning my old professor's character! Happily I was able to give the man of whom I once stood in awe a good recommendation, and especially felt sure that he had not enough orthodoxy to trouble a Unitarian wife.

to every student was an ideal college president. In personal presence, in his manners, at once gracious and dignified, in his simplicity, and the sweetness of his voice, he had every quality that could excite young enthusiasm. Robert Emory's biography of his father, Bishop Emory, is a scholarly work, but it can convey no idea of the engaging personality of our president. When he called on my brother and myself, I cannot remember what he said, but after he left we were ready to die for him.

Professor Caldwell used to impress on us the importance of weighed words, exact statement, and tones sympathetic with the sense. His criticism of our compositions, or of our accentuation in reading, was uttered with such sweetness that the effect was always encouragement. We last met Professor Caldwell on February 28th, 1848. He told us there would be "no more Monday morning recitations, as he was going away." Soon after we heard of his death. So ended the work to which many congregations have been indebted that never heard his name.

It was fortunate for us that there was in the Faculty a man of such versatility as Allen, who in addition to his own chair (chemistry and physics) undertook the principal part of the subjects Caldwell had to give up. Memorable were Allen's instructions in rhetoric and logic. The text book was Whately's, but Allen was an abler man than Whately, and often took us on excursions away from the books. His fundamental principle was that the object of all eloquence is to carry one's point. The finest writing or speaking that doesn't help to carry one's point is no eloquence at all, but the reverse of it, distracting attention from the one purpose. I remember also an admirable talk he gave us on imaginative literature, especially fiction. He knew the kind of fiction that told the truth; "and, gentlemen, whatever people may say against novels, such a work is always worth reading."

We called Professor Allen vulgarly "Bully Allen," classically "Corpus," on account of his rotund dimensions, and his large ruddy countenance, suggestive of the typical John Bull. His faults as a professor were that he occasionally experimented on students, and did not always keep his temper. In a recitation on rhetoric he once asked me a question about "debating societies"; though it was apparently from the Whately open before

him, I had found there nothing on the subject, and shook my head. He then propounded the question to another of the class, who answered fluently. Allen then drily said, "The subject is not alluded to in the edition used by the class," and the poor student's erroneous reply revealed that he had not studied the lesson assigned. Allen tried a galvanic trick on one of our class (Auchmuty), inviting him to take hold of the handles of a battery. The shock caused Auchmuty to yell and jerk, the battery being smashed, causing fun to the class and visible anger in the professor. I wrote a description of this scene in magniloquent Homeric measure, which amused some fellow-students, and I suspect was heard of by Allen, who seemed cross with me for a week.

Baird, the youngest of the Faculty, was the beloved professor and the ideal student. He was beautiful and also manly; all that was finest in the forms he explained to us seemed to be represented in the man. He possessed the art of getting knowledge into the dullest pupil. So fine was his spirit that his explanations of all the organs and functions of the various species were an instruction also in refinement of mind. Nothing unclean could approach him. One main charm of spring's approach was that then would begin our weekly rambles in field, meadow, wood, where Baird introduced us to his intimates. About some of these—especially snakes—most of us had indiscriminate superstitions. Occasionally he would capture some pretty and harmless snakes, and show us with pencillings their difference from the poisonous ones. He even persuaded the bolder among us to handle them. He kept a small barrel of these pretty reptiles in his house, and his little daughter used to play with them, till once some lady entering the room gave a scream. After that, so ran the story, the child had the usual horror of snakes.

After Professor Baird went to reside in Washington I had opportunities of seeing him and his family often. Mrs. Baird was a lady of fine culture and much wit. Baird was very lovable in his home, and to the end of life he remained a man in whom I never discovered a fault of mind or heart. He awakened in me a love of science, to which I had previously given little thought.

Dr. M'Clintock made Greek studies interesting, and Professor

Crooks had much skill in teaching Latin. We studied in Manuals compiled by them jointly, and it used to be said that to enter the kingdom of heaven one must study his Bible carefully and his "M'Clintock and Crooks" prayerfully.

Among the assistant teachers was Otis Henry Tiffany, afterwards widely known as an attractive pulpit speaker in Baltimore and New York. Another, Devinney, had a reserved manner, and the students thought him "icy"; but his young wife died, and Devinney sank into melancholy and did not long survive her. It was rumoured that he took his own life.

Professor M'Clintock was a much occupied man. His scholarship and literary accomplishments brought his pen into much demand for the *Methodist Quarterly*, of which he became editor later, and other publications. He kept abreast of theological and philosophical inquiries in Europe and America. We were all proud of his reputation and careful not to encroach on his time. He was the last man one might expect to see mixed up in any disturbance, and there was wild excitement when on a bright June afternoon (1847) rumours spread of a fatal riot led by this same professor!

One Kennedy of Maryland had discovered his three fugitive slaves in Carlisle, and in an attempt to rescue them when led out of the court-room he was mortally wounded. My friend Emory M'Clintock, F.R.S., son of the professor, possesses the documents in this once famous case. On June 2nd, Professor M'Clintock, casually passing the court-house, was told of the trial of the fugitives, and entered. Finding by speaking to the judge that he (the judge) was not acquainted with a law just passed, M'Clintock went home and brought a copy of it. On his way out of the court-room he saw a white man raise his stick over the head of a negro, to whom he said, "If you are struck, apply to me, and I will see justice done you." When M'Clintock returned with the new law, the case was already decided, and the fugitives were being led out to a carriage. Then occurred the riot. M'Clintock kept entirely out of it, and started homewards, stopping a moment to ask the doctor if Kennedy was badly hurt, and to express regret, and another moment to protect a woman. "Near the court-house corner," he states, "I saw two men holding and apparently abusing an old negro woman. I asked her if

they had authority. The woman jumped towards me and threw her left arm round me. I released myself, and then told the officer that if he arrested the woman wrongfully, he did it on his own responsibility, and I should see justice done to her. The woman said that she had done nothing, but only attempted to get her old man out of the *melée*, for fear he should be hurt. The officer said he saw her strike. I then asked, 'Did you see her strike?' He said hesitatingly, 'At least I saw her raise her hand to her head,' and then I think he let her go. In a short time after I returned home."

There was probably not an abolitionist amongst the students, and most of us perhaps were from slave States. My brother and I, like others, packed our trunks to leave college. A meeting of all the students was held in the evening—in the college chapel—at which President Emory spoke a few reassuring words; but we Southerners, wildly excited, appointed a meeting for next morning. At this meeting (June 3) we were all stormy until the door opened and the face of M'Clintock was seen, serene as if about to take his usual seat in his recitation-room. There was a sudden hush. Without excitement or gesture, without any accent of apology or of appeal, he related the simple facts, then descended from the pulpit and moved quickly along the aisle and out of the door.

When M'Clintock had disappeared there were consultations between those sitting side by side, and two or three Seniors drew up resolutions of entire confidence in the professor, which were signed by everyone present (ninety), and sent to leading papers for publication.

Being then little over fifteen, I could not appreciate all the reasons why thenceforth M'Clintock was to me the most interesting figure in Carlisle. The calm, moral force of that address in the chapel, the perfect repose of the man resting on simple truth, I appreciated; to this day whenever I think of him there arises that scene in the chapel. It was to be some years yet before I could recognise the picturesqueness of the scene, and see shining above his head the testimony in court of his enemy, Edward Hutt; "M'Clintock was the only white man by the negroes." One white gentleman at least in the Carlisle of 1847 was capable of concern about the negroes! It would not have

been easy at that date to find a professor in any American college willing to shield negro slaves.

It was fortunate that the celebrated trial of Dr. M'Clintock took place during vacation. When we returned after summer it was to find our professor triumphant over a conspiracy of politicians—all pro-slavery—to get him into prison or drive him out of town. Witness after witness, perjurer after perjurer, came forward to testify that M'Clintock was with those who struck down Kennedy, had said to the fallen man that he was served right, etc. Those acquainted with M'Clintock knew this testimony to be false, but how could it be disproved? A well-known citizen, Jacob Rheem, testified that he was told by a man that he had overheard two men say they were resolved to drive M'Clintock out of Carlisle. The overheard conversation indicated a conspiracy, but Rheem could not remember the name or locality of his informant. M'Clintock's lawyer, Hon. William Meredith, tried in vain to get some clue, but when all seemed hopeless, Rheem sprang forward and pointed to a man just entering the court-room, and cried, "There's the man!" The stranger, called to the stand, fully corroborated Rheem. This new witness lived miles out of Carlisle, and his entrance at that moment, without knowing that his testimony was wanted, extended that testimony to Providence also.

The countryman's exposure of the conspiracy against M'Clintock greatly impressed the students and the community, but was not needed to clear him. Several lawyers not anti-slavery testified that at the time when he was alleged to be in the riot he was some distance off talking with themselves. The trial only bequeathed a heavy case against slavery. It was the doom of that institution that every step it took outside its habitat left a track of blood. One slaveholder seizing negroes seeking liberty outweighed the benevolence of ten thousand kind masters whose servants clung fondly to them.

We had a college "infidel"—a Junior named Willard. I do not remember any spirit of propagandism about him, but he was regarded as a curiosity, and students sometimes grouped themselves around him and plied him with questions. I was several times a silent listener, but cannot recall any of the questions or answers. I remember the grave look and calm voice

of Willard, and also a certain wondering respect manifested by the questioners and listeners. I was as yet without any inner ear to appreciate such discussions. But I find in a little skit of mine ("Dura Studentis," autumn of 1847) read in the *Bouquet* (a college periodical read in the chapel but not printed) sentences which probably referred to him: "The Mahometan system of forcing into the mortal corpuses of bored students the principles of natural and revealed religion—virtue and all—is got in vogue. Though he (the Junior) be an infidel here he is forced to give utterance to the clearest and most conclusive arguments in favour of Christianity, and—though unwilling—is forced to become either a convert or a hypocrite."

When those words were written I was a new Junior and not consciously sceptical. I can account for the sentences only by supposing that some incident had occurred in connection with Willard's recitations in Paley's "Evidences" and Butler's "Analogy." I would naturally have been attracted by his independence. A few months later I was myself a "convert."

The aim of our professors was not to make us preachers, but to make us leaders of men, whatever our avocation. We were trained to write and speak with care, and to avoid anything like the heat and rant which so easily beset the preacher.

The sermon that made the deepest impression on me at college was one by Professor Crooks on Charity; his text was the whole of 1 Cor. xiii., after reading which he exclaimed, "What a coronet of brilliants around the brow of Charity." He then proceeded to explain that the word translated charity is *αγαπή*, love, and proceeded to give Love a beautiful coronet of his own. Whether then, or before, or afterward, a great love for Crooks sprang in my breast. I presently had him for my "patron," and I never knew a better man. Our friendship continued through life, and his death bereaved me of one from whose affection no doctrinal differences could ever alienate me.

There were too many sprees among the students, but I remember none supposed to be habitual tipplers. There were advantages on the side of sobriety and gentlemanly conduct—notably the prospect of reception at the *soirées* of Miss Payne's Seminary for young ladies—they were, of course, all beautiful—and perhaps even of sharing their occasional rambles. And

indeed the society of Carlisle generally was very attractive and accessible to gentlemanly students.

The few sports we had were such as would be regarded as puerile in these days of college athletics. We even played hop-scotch! The prizes of a college career in those days were not only scholastic, but also intellectual, and many types of individual mind and character were developed. These were chiefly displayed at the Saturday declamation, when the chapel was crowded with ladies.

To me it was indeed a revelation to find so many great men and refined ladies belonging to a sect which in Fredericksburg was in dismal contrast with the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches. To hear such learned and polite people talking about "conversion" led me to think seriously about it. I knew that my parents were anxious that I should be "converted," and that nothing could cause greater joy in our household than the tidings that I had "experienced religion." So I went to the "mourner's bench," under no fear or excitement, having determined on the step in my own room.

After my graduation (1849), I wrote some notes about Carlisle, among them the following:—

About the first of the year (1848) they were holding prayer-meetings down at Mr. Nadal's church, and after a few nights had one mourner. As soon as I heard that there was some prospect of a revival, I got my lessons well early in the afternoon and went down there with the full determination to go up to the altar to be prayed for. As soon as the invitation was given I went forward. My going up shocked a great many people, and soon that night there were many other students, among them my brother Peyton. I myself had very little feeling or conviction of anything. But I was *resolved* never to stop from that moment until I enjoyed religion in my heart, if there was such enjoyment to be had. My feelings were roused full soon enough, and I had little cause to complain of apathy. In my own room in the afternoon of the ninth day of January I first felt peaceful, and professed religion two Sundays after by joining the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The immediate fruits were that I took a class in the Sunday school, sang in the choir, and became active in the college temperance society. Then my health broke down, and my sixteenth

birthday found me in bed with chill and fever. My father came on and took me home. On our way he was visited in Baltimore by Rev. Dr. Bond, famous as the leading writer in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the great organ of Methodism. Their talk was on church politics, which were then assuming a very serious character. Slavery had already divided the Methodist Church. The great Baltimore Conference extended through northern Virginia, and was making herculean efforts to maintain its hold there in the face of the rising pro-slavery agitation. Everything, as Bond well knew, depended on my father, and by that long conversation I learned the whole situation, and by what efforts he was holding the churches in our region loyal after the secession of the "Methodist Church South."

CHAPTER VI.

Politics in Virginia—Rev. Norval Wilson—John Moncure Daniel, Editor of the *Examiner*—My First Appearance in Print.

ALTHOUGH after reaching home I recovered from illness, it was decided that I should not return to college until after summer vacation. Thus I had early in my seventeenth year five months in which to study things not taught in academy or college. Good opportunities came. My father's partner in the cotton-factory, Warren Slaughter, a very intelligent gentleman, invited me to go with him in his buggy on a tour through several counties—Fauquier, Culpeper, Loudoun. We visited villages and homesteads in all of which Mr. Slaughter had relatives or friends, and I made many pleasant acquaintances.

Another tour was with my uncle Eustace Conway (afterwards judge) in his buggy, to attend courts in Stafford, Prince William (Brentsville), and Fairfax. The presidential contest between Lewis Cass (Democrat) and General Zachary Taylor (Whig) was in full blast, and at Brentsville I heard speeches from several political orators of Virginia. After its morning session the court adjourned till next day; at two a bell was rung, and a crowd assembled in the grove, where arrangements had been made to give a hearing to Congressman Pendleton; but the Democrats would not let their opponents have it all their own way, and had secured the attendance of Hon. John S. Barbour, Sr., the most famous orator in Virginia. The debate was opened by two able Warrenton lawyers—Payne (Democrat), and Chilton (Whig). Chilton was the Virginia nobleman who volunteered to act eleven years later as counsel for John Brown after the raid at Harper's Ferry.

My father had been a delegate in the national convention that nominated Lewis Cass; my uncle Eustace was an ardent Democrat; so was I, of course; but a note in my diary shows that bias did not quite blind

one of the finest political speakers I have ever heard; he possesses great fluency, much ingenuity, and ready wit. His speech was delivered beautifully—declamation unexceptionable—but his arguments specious." Of course! "He was followed by Mr. J. S. Barbour in decidedly the ablest speech I ever heard. Barbour is a perfect orator. He has vast stores of information, and cannot be beaten at argument. His reply was the most scathing thing I ever heard. I regret, though, that he was so personally severe on Mr. Pendleton."

Next day uncle Eustace took me to call on Barbour at his inn. We found him in a dressing-gown, his gouty foot swathed on a chair, his talk—well, the shining sword of yesterday had gone back to its scabbard.

The whirligig of itinerancy brought to our pulpit in 1848 a minister very different from any previous preacher—Norval Wilson. He was a well-bred man of fifty years. Although intellectual power looked out of his light grey eyes, it was from a somewhat caricaturish body. Small-headed, thin-visaged, beardless, with beak-like nose and receding chin, tall, lank, his movements awkward yet withal refined, Norval Wilson was a figure to excite curiosity. But never did preacher speak to my inmost soul like this man. He was almost inaudible when beginning his sermon, and his voice never rose to a high pitch; but as he proceeded his eyes kindled with a strange fire, his tremulous tones came as if from æolian chords in his breast, and my heart lay like a charmed bird in his hand. There was no rhetorical trick, no sensational phrase, none of the stock stories of the pulpit, but convictions personally and profoundly thought out and uttered with few gestures and self-forgetting simplicity. His mission was to the individual heart; his word came from the depth of his heart, and deep answered unto deep. Our eyes at times filled with happy tears. When the enchantment ceased I longed to clasp his knees.

But during my five months of vacation in Virginia (1848) I came under another influence not favourable to my religious emotions—that of my cousin John Moncure Daniel. His father of the same name, my mother's eldest brother, a physician in Stafford, was a classical scholar; his mother (*née* Mitchell), whose marvellous beauty I remember, had some Spanish blood. Dr.

Daniel had recognised the genius of his eldest son and personally attended to his education. But both parents died prematurely, and their children found homes with their relatives. John had already found welcome in the Richmond home of Justice Daniel, his father's uncle, with whom he studied law. But he had such a capacity for study that without in the least neglecting legal studies he mastered uncle Peter's excellent library, which included the best old English literature, also many French classics. In this cultured home John gained his rare equipment for a literary career; had he been born in Old or New England, he would no doubt have become eminent as a man of letters. He had a fine imagination, a critical appreciation of music, and a style of writing equal to that of the best French writers—simple, lucid, artistic.

My cousin gave up the law because of his passion for literature, and was appointed librarian in one of the Richmond libraries. He wrote articles on literary and political affairs, and was invited to assist in editing the *Richmond Examiner* (Democratic). It was not long before this journal was known as "John M. Daniel's paper," and he became its owner and sole editor. It was the most famous journal ever published in the Southern States. It represented a new and formidable personality in politics. Slavery was harmonised, by a theory that Africans were not strictly human beings, with the most radical democratic equality. Scientific essays were cited, and Carlyle's latter-day pamphlet, "The Nigger Question," omitted from the American edition, appeared in the *Examiner*. The *Examiner* was always full of brilliant literature. It was the first Southern paper to review and applaud Emerson, Hawthorne, and other Northern writers, and now and then extracts were given from the anti-slavery writers, especially Theodore Parker. Daniel gave employment to Edgar A. Poe, some of whose poems first appeared in the *Examiner*. There was, however, a sinister side to the *Examiner*. It was as relentless as brilliant in its partisan attacks, and its frequent vivisection of politicians brought my cousin into many duels. I think he fought nine pistol duels, and although no hurt resulted to any antagonist—he had no skill with any weapon—it is my belief that he lost his prospect of domestic happiness by the reputation thus acquired. He was attached to a very

lovely lady, Miss Eliza Barbour, daughter of the orator already described. I knew her well, and have always believed that his suit might have succeeded had not her brother (afterwards senator) been frightened by the personalities and duels. He never married.

In the summer of 1848 the *Richmond Examiner* was filling our whole State with talk. Its press could hardly supply the demand. At every table, at every street corner, the subject was Daniel's last article. His wit, his brilliancy, admitted by friend and foe, fascinated me—I was seven years his junior—not without causing uneasiness to my father, who recognised in his brilliant nephew a seductive cynicism.

I had for some time been fond of writing, but had never ventured to offer anything to a journal. The first piece of mine ever printed was an obituary with some verses on the death of Eustace, aged four years, son of my uncle Eustace Conway; it appeared in the Fredericksburg paper (the *Democratic Recorder*) April 21, 1848.

But presently I was tempted to try something in the John Daniel vein. Uncle Richard Moncure was induced to accept nomination for the Legislature, in order that he might act on a committee to revise the Virginia code. He had no desire for legislative life, and to go even for a session must involve sacrifices in his profession; a good deal of indignation was therefore excited by the exceptional efforts of the Whigs to defeat him. His opponent was Charles Francis Suttle, six years later famous as the owner of the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns.

The chief precinct in Stafford County was Falmouth, and uncle Richard requested me to act as clerk at the election, which occurred April 27, 1848. The two dollars paid me for it was the first money I ever earned. Uncle Richard was elected, but the Whigs were sore, and I should have done better to let the matter rest. But the comedy of the election scene moved me to write a squib for the Fredericksburg paper, in which Mr. Suttle's corpulence was alluded to, his name punned on, and one of his supporters, not named, made fun of. This supporter was a worthy neighbour, a bachelor I believe, whose vote was challenged on the ground that he was not a householder. His claim to be a householder rested mainly on the circumstance that he

kept a cat. The discussion of this cat, the demand for authorities, all went on in the most serious and even stormy way, for the contest was critical, and this gravity made the scene so comic that an impish desire to describe it got hold of me. My little piece, "Richard is Himself Again," signed "Stafford," appeared in the Fredericksburg paper, and the first echo I heard was that young Falmouth Whigs were going about, horsewhip in hand, to discover "Stafford." Falmouth was seething about the skit, all the more because it was copied in the *Richmond Examiner*, and pronounced "lively." That did not compensate me for my father's ridicule of it, richly merited, and his discovery by my burning face that I was the culprit. This, my second venture in print, brought me chill-and-fever for my May Day.

The Fredericksburg paper (the *Democratic Recorder*) was edited by our relative, Samuel Greenhow Daniel, who had given up his profession (law), but I did not let him know the authorship of the skit just referred to, nor of others which I began to send in. My only confidant was my sister (in her twelfth year), to whom every piece was read. She invariably approved, and I cautiously dropped my manuscript in the paper's door-box. I wrote versifications signed "Cleofas II.," and tales signed "Alphonso III." One of these, "Scholarship," represents a Senior invited by a Freshman, a beau, to visit some pretty young ladies. The Freshman, in conversation with the ladies, airs some bad Latin, the Senior corrects him, but only to be himself put to confusion and apologised for before the ladies by the impudent Freshman. I mention this because twenty years later I witnessed at Stockholm, Sweden, a play with the same *motif*. Another of my stories was "Outaliski's Revenge," and opens with a tribute to the picturesque ruins of Potomac church. Of this church not one stone is now left upon another, but I can remember two walls with fine arches and windows. In my tale the merciless master-builder ("Hughes") has under him in building the church "Outaliski" and his son, last of the aborigines in Stafford, compelled by poverty to labour under some contract. Outaliski's son, forced while ill to do work heavier than he could, is struck by Hughes, falls, and dies. Outaliski continues his work, but when he and Hughes are together on the finished tower, the red man hurls the white tyrant to the earth,

then slays himself on his son's grave. The first solemnity in Potomac church was the funeral of Hughes, the second that of Outaliski. This was reprinted in the *New York Herald* as a veritable old legend, but it had no foundation at all.

But now the presidential campaign—as we rightly call it, for it is a war-born quadrennial revolution—reached an acute stage. I became much enlisted in the contest, and wrote a number of pseudonymous articles in a satirical vein. Such partisanship was not favourable to the piety of a young convert, but this was not the worst of it; it was the main part of our democratic case against the Whig nominee (Zachary Taylor) that he refused to pronounce himself adverse to the rising schemes in the North for restrictive legislation against slavery. For the sake of one party victory, which we did not obtain, we must needs fire the Southern heart, irritate it against the North, and sow tares like the devil.

CHAPTER VII.

College Life—President Peck—A Practical Joke—Reading—A Winter Adventure—Editing the *Collegian*—First Love—Orations at Graduation—My Secretaryship of a Southern Rights Society—My Public Lecture in Fredericksburg—Law Student and Deputy Clerk in Fauquier—Writing for the Press—Cities wrought by Emerson—Visiting Washington—Listening to the Great Senators—My first Pamphlet, "Free Schools in Virginia"—A Camp-meeting in Loudoun—A Banquet at Warrenton to our Senators.

In September, 1848, I returned to Carlisle alone, my brother's health having failed. I was youngest of the Seniors. Our speeches at Saturday declamation were original compositions. I straightway made a partisan speech, in the humorous vein, which was answered by Whig students. There was no ill-temper among us, but to politics were due many recitation room failures. We were a miniature of the whole country; culture and presidential elections are not harmonious. For myself I had returned to college somewhat demoralized by the political campaign, and especially by an engendered anti-Northern feeling. John Daniel had asked me to write for the *Richmond Examiner*, and I went about Carlisle searching out something to ridicule or assail. The low condition of the free negroes made one letter, and tipsiness of students at Christmas another. I wrote only two of these crudities, I am glad to say, and there was truth in both, albeit exaggerated in my inflated Southernism.

Unfortunately the college also was demoralized that autumn. The institution, bereaved of President Emory, had gone on smoothly enough while the presidential functions were entrusted to our beloved M'Clintock, but on an evil day Rev. Dr. Jesse T. Peck was elected. Our immature minds could not appreciate his good qualities, while his large paunch, fat face, baby-like baldness, and pompous air impressed the whole college as a caricature. He had been a school teacher, and called us "boys," and we thought him inclined to discipline us like boys. Several

incidents occurred, one involving my chum, Henry Smith, another myself, which stirred my dislike of Peck into wrath; and I tried a practical joke on him, which brought me remorse, and is mentioned here only because it has become a college tradition.

Several erroneous versions of this incident have appeared, and others besides myself have been connected with it. I am, however, the only culprit. A Methodist Conference was to gather at Staunton, Va., and President Peck was to read there a report on the college. Staunton was famous for its lunatic asylum, whose physician was Dr. Stribling. Under an assumed name, I wrote to Dr. Stribling that a harmless lunatic had gone off to Staunton, who imagined himself president of Dickinson College, and fancied he had a report to make to the Conference. Dr. Peck's appearance was described minutely, and Dr. Stribling was requested to detain him in comfort until his friends could attend. As Dr. Peck was travelling with other Methodist ministers, I could not suppose that the missive would have any result beyond raising a laugh on him; but Dr. Peck was met by Dr. Stribling in his carriage, and supposed that such was the arrangement of the Conference for his entertainment. Of course the deception was soon discovered at the asylum. I perceived that Dr. Peck was convinced that I was the guilty one, and it must have been through him that my name became connected with the affair.

This was my first and last attempt at a practical joke. More than forty years later, when honoured at Dickinson College with a literary degree, I entered our venerable Union Philosophical Society, and the proceedings were suspended in order that I might be asked to give an exact account of the Staunton-Peck story. It was to me like being called up at Judgment Day, and after telling the story I remarked that though my eschatology might be unorthodox with regard to eternal punishment, the perpetuity of that affair was enough to show that in the world there is a sort of endless punishment. I found somewhat to my dismay that the legend was the thing by which I stood best in college traditions. For Dr. Peck appears to have gone on accumulating the students' ill will until at length he was removed, and later made a bishop.

After the November election (1848) I turned to literary

studies, reading especially the old English novelists. The new school of writers—Goethe, Emerson, Channing, George Sand, Hawthorne—were not in our libraries. At Dickinson College American literature consisted of Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, Irving, Paulding, Cooper, Prescott, R. H. Dana, Bancroft, Sparks, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Sigourney, Caroline Lee Hentz, and a few others, chiefly women, whose verses were widely read.

Byron had been forbidden me in my boyhood—for I was a precocious reader—and the phase of life when I might have enjoyed him passed. In later life my mother was distressed to find that I felt no interest in Byron. I was not much attracted by Walter Scott's novels or poetry, though I eagerly read his criticisms on other writers. John Daniel was an enthusiast about Shakespeare, but by the slowness of my appreciation of him I can recognise how much of the child was in me along with precocity in one or two directions.

I cannot remember that my religion had much to do with either theology or the Bible. Within four months after my "conversion" I wrote a piece for the Frederickburg paper entitled "Curiosity," and find in it such levity as this: "You may talk about Eve's curiosity entailing death and misery on the human race—and such like—but don't tell me; is not desire for knowledge praiseworthy? Was not Eve assured, on the authority of Monsieur le Devil, that if she would eat the apple she would be a more sensible woman than she was then—what else?"

This was written when I was about sixteen, and I cannot discover in my notes anything leading to such a tone. I had never seen an unorthodox book.

In childhood we were forbidden to go barefoot after September for fear of catching cold, but one year I went off to a lonely place and disported my bare feet in the snow. No ill-effects resulted, and I had taken a step toward independence. But at college I had a serious encounter with Nature. A classmate of ability, John Henry Waters, afterwards scientific professor in Missouri, invited me to go home with him (Hartford County, Maryland) for the Christmas holidays (1848). We had to make the two days' journey in a half-covered buggy. Numb with cold, we stopped for the night at a country inn, and were

warmed by whiskey punch. This was my first taste of anything alcoholic, and after that I took my first cigar—without a qualm, moral or physical. I once published my belief that a true history of tobacco would be a history of constitutional freedom, and perhaps I might have added that in each American's first cigar there is a personal declaration of independence. By the blessing of tobacco we defied Zero, and passed a happy week in Maryland. But in returning we were overtaken by a fearful blizzard. The snow piled itself in great drifts, our wheels became clogged, and our horse began to give out. Half frozen as we were, it is probable that we were saved serious results by the necessity of pushing the buggy. At length the traces broke, we both mounted the one horse, and leaving the buggy, struggled on about two miles before we saw a house. There we found shelter and help in afterwards recovering our buggy. "We had an extremely hard time of it," says my diary, "but I know it has done me good—made me more self-reliant."

Early in 1849 I persuaded the students to start a monthly periodical. *The Collegian* lasted until vacation. I do not know whether there exists any file of the five numbers except that in my possession. I was the editor, but had a good staff. Several of the assistant professors contributed to it, and Professor Allen gave me a metrical translation of Cleanthes' Hymn to Jupiter. I have personal reason to congratulate myself that the articles were anonymous, mine being mostly trash; for the task of critical selection from the contributions of others allowed little time for taking pains with my own.

Also I fell in love. I was just seventeen, and this love was the second of my births. Catharine, sister of President Emory, though born on the same day as myself, was more mature in mind. She consented to an occasional correspondence after my departure, but not to a betrothal.

At the anniversary of our Union Philosophical Society I was appointed to deliver the "comic" speech; my piece, "The Philosophy of Language," was a tissue of bad puns, the puerility of which was perhaps less than the solemnity of my "oration" at the College Commencement. This subject was "Old Age," and the *Carlisle Herald* said "it was a badly chosen subject; as the orator is a very young man, all his theory is so, and no

more. He has not an atom of experience of the pleasures and pains of old age."

Had I been old enough to take that criticism to heart, I should not now have to look back upon so many early years in which I impressed congregations with error, and was praised for eloquence—the eloquence of inexperience!

My graduating oration was suggested by an anecdote told me by my friend Charles C. Tiffany, that Channing, when sixty, was asked what he had found the happiest period of life, and replied, "Sixty!"

Tiffany, now an eminent archdeacon in New York, was a Junior when I was a senior, but to him I looked up, for in general literary culture he was our most accomplished student.

Besides work on *The Collegian*, I wrote in the spring of 1849 five articles for the Fredericksburg paper, on "Old Writers of Fiction," those selected being Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Ann Radcliffe, Horace Walpole. There is nothing original in these articles. I refer and defer a good deal to Scott, Ferrier, and Hazlitt. I do not know how I realized what I said incidentally in the last article (1849) of Maria Edgeworth: "She has done more in inculcating principles of morality, humanity—aye, of *religion* (though no direct mention of this latter is made in any of her works) than any authoress in the nineteenth century."

The breaking up of college life was sorrowful. On my last night there I did not go to bed at all, but hovered around the home of my beloved.

My selection of "Old Age" as the theme of my graduating oration strikes me now as pathetic. I graduated when about three months past my seventeenth birthday, or just at the time when I should have entered the college. I felt the burden of youth.

My only enthusiasm was for literature, but what channel was there in Virginia for that? None.

Although my father was in good pecuniary circumstances, he had a right to expect that I would select some profession, and I troubled him by continuing to write small pieces for the Fredericksburg paper and the *Richmond Examiner*, and one or two tales published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. John Daniel paid for what I wrote in the *Examiner*, but there was no

prospect of finding in the South any support from unpolitical and untheological literature.

It was a time when a "Young Virginia" was rising up to promulgate the philosophical, sociological, and ethical excellence of slavery. In this direction able pamphlets were written by Beverly Wellford of Fredericksburg (now an eminent judge in Richmond) and George Fitzhugh of Port Royal, while a religious propaganda was carried on by the Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, of the Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. William Smith, president of Randolph-Macon College (Methodist).

My father's moderation and his theoretically anti-slavery principles were rapidly becoming old-fashioned. He was troubled by the efforts of the younger generation to capture me, as I had by this time acquired some local reputation as a writer. My uncle, Judge Eustace Conway, was the personal friend of the South Carolina senator, John C. Calhoun, then the high priest of "Southern Rights," a statesman whose intellectual face, which I remember, and whose character comported little with the belligerent secessionism for which his constitutional principles were unconsciously preparing the way. John Daniel, extreme as he was, opposed Calhoun's demand for a constitutional amendment, guaranteeing to the Slave States an "equilibrium" with the Free States, a demand which, he said, "gives colour to the charge of desiring disunion." Nine years later this kind of radicalism receded into reactionism under the rage excited by John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry.

My father and his younger brother Eustace had taken up opposite positions in the Methodist dispute about slavery, and a Southern Methodist church was built in Fredericksburg, uncle Eustace supplying the means. Personally the brothers were never estranged, and if they could have agreed on church politics the history of Methodism in Virginia might have been different; for Fredericksburg was the chief battlefield of the "wings," and my father and his brother were the lay leaders. Uncle Eustace was a favourite speaker in the presidential campaign of 1848. I remember some politician saying to him, "I never carry my pew into politics, nor politics into the pew." "I carry both into both," replied my uncle. But I was not yet up to that; I stood by my father in pew politics, with my uncle in party politics.

A few months after my graduation I was invited to attend a meeting in the law office of Thomas B. Barton, whose son William (afterwards judge) was the chief mover in the matter. The object of the gathering was the formation of a Southern Rights Association. Only about a dozen were present, but they were persons of large influence. Some asserted the right of secession, though no immediate action of the kind was advocated. I was flattered by being appointed secretary of the meeting, but cannot find my notes of the proceedings. Extreme pro-Southern resolutions were passed.

My father heard of this meeting, and a few days later, when we were riding together to Stafford Court House, asked me about it. I told him all that had occurred; he went on in silence for some moments, then said quietly, "Don't be the fool of those people! Slavery is a doomed institution."

How often have I remembered these words! Yet at the time they only mystified me. Slavery seemed to be as permanent a fact as the Rappahannock River; neither my father nor any of the Methodists were proposing to abolish slavery, and I was inclining to the view that the opposition to it was merely traditional.

In the following year (1850) Fredericksburg society began to take notice of me. Certain writings were recognised as mine, and were discussed. Meanwhile I was beginning to feel restless and eager to enter upon some kind of occupation. My parents did not understand this, and one day I disappeared from home, much to their consternation. I went to Richmond in order to see John Daniel, and find whether he could employ me on the *Examiner*. When I entered the office Edgar A. Poe was just leaving it. John Daniel said that if I had finally broken away from home and made up my mind to devote myself to journalism, he would give me work, but he would not seek to influence me in the matter. He would continue to pay me for what I might write. My uncle Eustace Conway was in the Legislature. He and his family made my brief sojourn pleasant, but he persuaded me to return home.

An incident in Richmond made a deep impression on me. On Sunday morning I accompanied uncle Eustace's wife and her sister, Fanny Tomlin, to the old Episcopal church on Shockoe Hill,

and after the benediction my aunt stopped to speak to the clergyman and his family, with whom she was acquainted. We were in the vestry, and there the clergyman invited us to enjoy the remainder of the bread and wine he had just been using in the Communion Service. I was shocked by the swiftness with which the bread and wine had lost their sacredness.

Immediately after leaving home I had sent a note to my father saying where I had gone, and that I did not mention it to him beforehand because I was afraid he would prevent my going. I staid away only a few days, and on my return found him angry. Nevertheless he recognised that a crisis was reached. He had really been hoping that I would adopt the ministerial profession, but now suggested studying law. I agreed to that, and soon afterwards he heard that Colonel William Fowke Phillips, clerk of Fauquier County and a learned lawyer, was in want of a deputy clerk. For my services Colonel Phillips offered me residence in his home and supervision of my law studies.

While these arrangements were going on privately, I was honoured by a number of gentlemen in Fredericksburg with a request to deliver a lecture in the town hall. This lecture was given in the evening of March 1, 1850. Alas! still under the burden of youth, I selected for my theme "Pantheism." The large hall was crowded with the finest people of our region, among whom, however, only the clergymen knew the meaning of Pantheism. Not even they saw the danger in my respectful sentiments towards Pantheism, and Pope gained applause for his couplet:—

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole
> Whose body Nature is and God the soul.

Orthodoxy was delighted with my illustration of the Trinity by the three primary colours blended in light. On the whole I appeared to get through fairly well, and received congratulations, but two days later W. H. Fitzhugh, a sagacious lawyer, said, "You will make yourself unpopular by speaking above the vulgar comprehension."

Unpopular! I had no desire for popularity, no dreams of anything beyond writing what would please certain intellectual people in Virginia and Carlisle.

On March 3 I received from our Fredericksburg preacher, Norval Wilson, a certificate of church membership. In giving it to me he said, "St. Paul before he preached tarried three years in Arabia—now Warrenton may be your Arabia."

The next day I went to Alexandria, and from there travelled to Warrenton on a stage coach. I find in my journal this entry: "Read in the coach, from the *Richmond Examiner*, 'The Great Stone Face'; the writer of it, Nathaniel Hawthorne, is a striking writer. Man of great reflection."

On March 9, James Duncan, a handsome young Methodist preacher, staying at the house of Colonel Phillips, read to us Daniel Webster's famous seventh of March speech. The reader's voice was musical, and the impression made upon me by the speech is thus recorded: "Heavens, what a Titan is Webster! I should like to see his dust subjected to chemical analysis after he's dead." While I was writing this, the best Northern men were in mourning for that same speech. Emerson was saying of his former idol, "Every drop of his blood has eyes that look downward." John Daniel printed in the *Examiner* Theodore Parker's scathing discourse upon Webster's speech, and pronounced Webster an "elephantine coward."

The home of Colonel Phillips was a pleasant, old-fashioned house in a pretty garden. The family consisted of his two daughters and widowed sister. The ladies were Methodists, but Colonel Phillips ignored all churches. No efforts were spared by these ladies to make my new home happy. The colonel was a superb old gentleman in appearance, and a radical Democrat. He was exact in his office, and my work there was an instruction in precision; the change of a word might involve much. I studied law with much interest, and closely followed the pleadings and trials in the court house. The lawyers were able; Robert Eden Scott, James Marshall (kinsman of the famous Chief Justice), Inman Horner, Samuel Chilton, William Payne, kept up the high traditions of the Virginia Bar.

The Hon. Robert E. Scott charmed me by his fine personality and manners, but he was the leading Whig, and "Young Virginia" being politically infallible, I listened to his public speeches mainly to describe their fallacies in the *Examiner*.

Alas, what a poison is partisanship! My uncle Eustace, who

was a lawyer first and a politician after, and my father, who was above all a magistrate, were able to honour such jurists as Judge Scott and his son Robert, but in my new zeal I resented the course of the latter in the Virginia Legislature (1848) on the Slavery question. My uncle Eustace had introduced into the Legislature resolutions hostile to the "Wilmot Proviso," then before Congress. These resolutions affirmed that any such restriction on the equality of Southern institutions would justify secession of the Slave States from the Union. Robert Eden Scott led the opposition to these "Conway resolutions," as they were called, but the gallant statesman was defeated. Though he and uncle Eustace remained good friends, Scott was vehemently attacked by the Southern "fire-eaters," and defeated at the election that followed. In 1850 he was again a candidate, and on March 25 addressed the people in the court-house at Warrenton. I have in my scrapbook of crudities my report of this address in the *Richmond Examiner*, interlarded with flings at the speaker, to whose great and brave thought I was blind. He began by a noble deprecation of party spirit, which he declared a more potent influence than that of religion or morality, and warned the people that any attempt to erect a Southern Confederacy would end in their ruin.

Here, then, in Robert E. Scott was a real nobleman, representative of the best traditions of Virginia, and I knew it not. His tall, dignified figure, his fine blonde head and face, his charming candour and simplicity, are visible to me across the more than half century elapsed since I last saw him. This admirable man went on suffering political defeat and humiliation for his independence and fidelity to his principles, and was one of the many honourable Virginians who carried their State against secession, after the election of Lincoln, but were forced to succumb by the President's calling on Virginia for troops to fight South Carolina. Robert E. Scott did not take up arms in the Civil War, but was killed by a company of Northern soldiers because he remonstrated with them for exploiting his homestead.

At Warrenton there was a small Episcopalian church with a good preacher (Mr. Norton), and the Methodist church there being hostile to our Baltimore Conference, I often attended Mr. Norton's, and taught a class in his Sunday school. On

Sunday afternoon it was my chief happiness to sit in the gallery playing on the little organ, alone except for the old negro sexton who blew the bellows for me, and found delight in the music.

I read the law-books rapidly, and copied carefully, but there were sometimes two or three days in the week when there was nothing for me to do. Now and then I rode over to the Fauquier Springs to see Miss Rebecca Green (afterwards Mrs. Shackleford), who played finely on the piano and introduced me to Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber. One piece, "Muzetto de Nina," wild, dreamy, pathetic—inspired me to write a romance. I called it "Confessions of a Composer."

O my poor dead self—aimless, morbid, passionately longing for it knew not what—pass to thy lady's cremation! For I cannot recognise myself in this spirit's blank misgivings as it moves about in worlds unreal.

An illness in April was followed by a return to Falmouth for a few weeks, and there I entered upon a spiritual crisis of whose import I was long unconscious. One bright morning I took up my old flint-lock gun and wandered down the left bank of the Rappahannock. In earlier years I had been fond of shooting, but had not touched a gun for nearly two years, and perhaps took it on this occasion to try and revive in myself some of the boyish spirit that had left me. For I was listless and unhappy. I had begun to feel a repugnance to the idea of being a county lawyer, and was interested only in literature. With my flint-lock I took along an old volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*. At the top of the first hill below Falmouth, and about halfway to the old mansion called "Chatham," there is near the road a pretty spring, from which I drank, with a folded leaf for my cup, and sat down to look at the scenery. The road was little used, and I was rather startled by some rustling in the bushes. Two mulatto children had come to get water in their cans—a boy and a girl of seven or eight years—and, as befitted the warm day and their Arcadian age, both entirely naked. Adam and Eve could not have been more unconscious than these pretty statuettes of yellow bronze. I talked with them a little, found them rather bright, and, when they had disappeared, meditated more deeply than ever before on the condition of their race in America.

I then turned to my "Blackwood." In the number for December, 1847, the first article was entitled "Emerson"—a name previously unknown to me. The very first extract—it was from Emerson's essay on History—fixed itself in me like an arrow :—

> It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures—in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius—anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for better men ; but rather is it true, that in their grandest strokes we feel most at home. All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself.

Precisely what there was in these words to influence my life I cannot say. I have a vague remembrance of sitting there beside the spring a long time meditating on Emerson's use of the phrase "true of himself." What "self" was this ? Clearly not the same as "soul," with which I was so familiar.

Whatever may have been the questionings, some revelation there was. A spiritual crisis, as I have said, though it concerned only myself. Through a little rift I caught a glimpse of a vault beyond the familiar sky, from which flowed a spirit that was subtly imbreeding discontent in me, bereaving me of faith in myself, rendering me a mere source of anxiety to those around me. And what was I doing out there with a gun trying to kill happy little creatures of earth and sky ? Was it for this I was born ?

There is a legend that old Governor Spottswood, wishing to introduce the English skylark into Virginia, brought over a shipload of them and set them free in our meadows. I had heard it talked of in my childhood, and one day felt sure that I heard the notes of a marvellous bird, and saw it ascending toward the sky. My story raised a smile when I told it at home, and I had to agree that no skylark survived from those brought over nearly a hundred and fifty years before. But it was no fancy that now in my maturer life Emerson had set free in my heart a winged thought that sang a new song and soared—whither ?

I went home and laid aside my gun, never again to be touched. I thought again and again of those naked little mulattoes at the spring, whose minds were no doubt as pretty as their bodies, but without a stitch of knowledge. I remembered how my mother had been warned not to teach coloured folk to read. I recognised on the streets debased faces of white people, their poverty of mind and body. They appeared worse off than the coloured people. Above them all my inner skylark sang:

> Glad tidings of great joy I bring
> To you and all mankind

But who more powerless than I to bring glad tidings to anybody!

Straightway I went to Chester White's bookstore, Fredericksburg. "Emerson's Arithmetic" was in stock, but Emerson's Essays unknown. However, the bookseller procured a copy of the "First Series," and I was deep in it when John Daniel passed a few days in Fredericksburg.

I had remarked that since I had come upon the track of Emerson, cousin John had been writing about him in the *Richmond Examiner*. What I never knew until lately was that John had made an effort to found a liberal church at Richmond, and had actually delivered a sermon to a small company in the long-closed Universalist church there. In our talk in Fredericksburg he urged me to go into journalism. "Whatever you do," he said, "don't be a preacher. It is a wretched profession. Its dependence is on absurd dogmas. The Trinity is a theological invention, and hell-fire simply ridiculous." He wrote for me a list of books that I ought to read, and among them were Emerson's works. I told him that I had got hold of Emerson. I find notes of that conversation (spring of 1850):

We got to talking of Emerson. He asked me which of his writings I liked best. I said I had read few, but of those I had been most fascinated by the Essay on Love. He said he liked that better than any other. "It should not," he said, "be called an essay nor a treatise, nor anything of that sort; there is no name for so divine a thing—not even poem. It is more like a fine, glorious strain of music. The heavens are opened in it, and you see everything." He asked me how I was agreeing with Poe. I said I had read him, and

was growing, I feared, in love with "Eureka"; but I was surprised that in an article in the *Southern Literary Messenger* he had called "Eureka" the Parthenon of Reason. "So it is," he answered, "with the assumption of intuition he makes." We conversed on Poe's poetry. "'The Raven,'" says John, "is as one of Beethoven's sublime overtures." I have noticed that in his comparisons John finds nothing that he thinks so high as comparing a thing to music. This shows his great soul. It reminds me of Plato calling all the grandeur of Nature music.

When this talk occurred I was just beyond my eighteenth year, and had not really entered on any theological inquiry. This I suppose may account for the fact that what my cousin said about the Trinity and other dogmas made no serious impression on me at the time. There was a cynicism in his contempt for the clerical profession with which I could not sympathise, while the problems that absorbed me were more fundamental than any creeds. Or so it seemed to me. But I was filled with wonder by John's conversational power and his vast information. I was too young to realise the loneliness in Virginia of a young man—he was in his twenty-fifth year—of such genius and scholarship. I considered him, with his famous *Examiner*, able to say what he thought and make himself heard, the most enviable man in Virginia. What I could not see until too late was that here was a heart full of love, a mind akin to Emerson, bound fast to the *rôle* of fighting politicians with pen and pencil. John Daniel's cynicism was largely the result of his spiritual loneliness.

Before returning to Warrenton I passed nearly a week in Washington. It was an exciting week in Congress, the so-called "Omnibus" bill being before the Senate—a bill made up of compromises on all points relating to slavery. I heard speeches from Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, also Senators Foote, Soulé, Berrien, Clemens, Yulee, and would have heard Cass if he had spoken loud enough. As it was, there was nothing to relieve my disappointment at finding only greatness of paunch in that man whom my father had nominated for the presidency, and for whom I had hurrahed myself hoarse. A year later I recognised a certain massiveness of head and strength of countenance in Senator Cass.

It was on May 21, 1850, that I first heard Webster. It was

in answer to the Southern Senator Yulee, who arraigned President Taylor for sending an armed cruiser to the coast of Cuba. The President, he declared, had no constitutional right to perform any warlike act without the consent of Congress. Webster came down on Yulee as softly and as crushingly as a trip-hammer. The ship was really sent to watch the filibusters preparing on the coast of Florida to seize Cuba. Webster did not pronounce the word "filibuster" at all; he declared that the United States was friendly with Spain, and so long as that country did not transfer Cuba to any other country, it was the duty of our government to see that no movements hostile to Spain were fitted out on our coasts. He spoke for about twenty minutes, sonorously, but without heat, and the Senate listened breathlessly. He stood there like some time-darkened minster tower. He was an institution. I do not remember any reply.

Two days later (May 23) I witnessed the skirmish between Henry Clay and Senator Soulé of Louisiana. Soulé was the finest product of the old French elements in his State; he was handsome, free from mannerism, and his French accent rather agreeable. He spoke for more than an hour, and commanded the closest attention—justly, for his was almost the only speech against the "Omnibus" that rested the case simply on argument. His arguments were sometimes original, and he was interrupted by Foote and Downs, Southerners who knew their section was getting the lion's share by the pretended "Compromise," but he was never confused. Henry Clay was visibly agitated, as he well might be, for his darling measure was brought into the presence of the new proslavery spirit of the Young South, to which the Union was not an end but a means. When Soulé had finished Clay sprang to his feet and charged him with expressing disunion sentiments. Several voices cried "No," and Soulé quietly and modestly said that it was perhaps due to his imperfect English that Clay had so misunderstood him. Clay had not misunderstood, but succeeded in what he aimed at; namely, to secure a repudiation of "disunionism" from the much-applauded orator. He then apologised. Daniel Webster I remarked listening closely to Clay, and once he made a suggestion to him. Clay said that if Soulé desired he would agree to modify a clause so as to declare that a territorial legislature should pass no laws

"either to admit or exclude slavery." Webster interpolated, "respecting the establishment or exclusion of slavery." "Certainly," cried Clay, deferentially repeating Webster's phrase.

As the secretary of the first Southern Rights Association formed in northern Virginia, I was delighted with Soulé, and wrote a note about him to the *Richmond Examiner*. From my seat in the gallery I searched out the historic figures in the Senate, most of them victims on the altar of the great idol—the Union. Clay, Cass, Webster, had offered their souls on that altar, and their bodies were fast following their perished hopes of presidency. Two of the ablest senators present were soon to lose their senatorial lives—Benton and Corwin. They had perceived that it was not the small band of abolitionists demanding peaceful disunion, but militant and aggressive Slavery, that was besieging the Union.

The seat of Calhoun was conspicuously vacant. I had seen that aged senator when on his way to South Carolina, never to return. He was welcomed at our Fredericksburg station with an address of homage by my uncle Eustace Conway, in behalf of the town. It no doubt consoled his last days that Benton had lost his election to the Senate, but there was this great man from Missouri still making his sparkling speeches. I thought him the grandest man in the body, speaking with a clearness, dignity, and simplicity that quite charmed me.

Ewbank's Patent Office Report, a volume of essays by Horace Greeley, and Horace Mann's Report on the Schools of Massachusetts, were acquisitions made in Washington that week. On my way to Warrenton I sat perched on the stage with these companions, becoming aware of the existence of a great world where people were cultured, well to do, and engaged with manifold schemes for the improvement and happiness of mankind. Horace Greeley wrote in warm sympathy with socialism, and his *Tribune* made me acquainted with all the theories and enterprises of Robert Owen and Fanny Wright which were then filling the Northern air. I discussed these subjects with the young men of Warrenton, and with Richard Smith, a teacher and able editor of the town paper, "The Flag of '98," and soon felt that I was an object of misgivings. I was studying Emerson, too, and remember a long and heated discussion in Judge Tyler's house with his son Randolph and others on Berkeley's idealism,

in which I maintained the non-existence of matter against al their ridicule.

August 11, 1850. Sunday. A lovely day without—but quie Sabbath thoughts are keen to me. Took a very long walk from town alone, and out toward the house of the late Judge Scott. Though much, and took the idea of writing an Allegory on the subject of mind voyaging the unsafe boundless ocean of speculations. Came back and read Hawthorne's delightful "Twice-told Tales" till churc time.

On the following day, having heard that my dear friend Professor Marshall and his wife, from Carlisle, had arrived a Paris, Va., I rode twenty miles to see them. Alas! they brought me tidings that my beloved at Carlisle was in decline from con sumption, and that our marriage must no more be thought of The only comment in my journal is "O God, O God, what cloud!"

In my various rides through this part of Virginia, I had seen a beautiful country, fertile, healthy, abounding with game, also with birds of song and of brilliant plumage. But everywhere swarmed the indigent white people, displaced, reduced to idleness by the slaves who supplanted them in farm and household their wretched cabins crowded with children growing up in ignorance, vice, and hopelessness. Many of these children—I sometimes stopped to talk with them—were comely, as if there lingered with them traits of well-bred ancestry. For many of them there was not even a Sunday school within reach, and they could not read. Horace Mann's Massachusetts Report on Free Schools had given me eyes to see the deplorable condition of Virginia educationally, and the purpose arose in me to begin a propaganda for free schools in our State. I find a note of September 16, 1850: "Was taken sick while writing a pamphlet on Education."

In 1850 a convention assembled in Virginia to revise the Constitution. I was convinced that for lack of free schools our State was falling behind the other great States of which she was once leader, and worried over some letters written from Virginia by Horace Greeley to his paper. I wrote a letter to the *Tribune*, which answered me editorially, and declared, September 7, 1850: "Never will Virginia's White children be generally

schooled until her Black ones shall cease to be sold. Our friend may be sure of this."

I gave in my pamphlet a table of eleven counties in Virginia which had adopted school systems exempting the poor children from payment. These reported fair success, but the *Tribune*'s paragraph was quoted to stimulate Virginia pride.

The pamphlet bore the following inscription :—

[TO THE STATE CONVENTION OF 1850.]

Gentlemen : Trustful that you will "hear me for my cause," which is that of our State and our Humanity according to my earnest conviction, I dedicate these pages to you "with whom is all our hope."

THE WRITER.

Warrenton, Va., October, 1850.

Although uncle Greenhow Daniel, editor and owner of the *Recorder*, reduced the charges for printing my pamphlet to the lowest figure ($50), it was the heaviest expenditure I had ever made out of my own savings. About 500 copies were printed, and not one was put on sale ; I sent them to every newspaper, public man, professor, preacher in Virginia, whose address I could learn.

The personal response to my pamphlet was gratifying enough, but the scheme was entirely ignored. Of course, those it was intended to benefit—the poor whites—could not read, and never heard of it. I had written in a painstaking way, and invested my subject with facts and items about our State of general interest, and in later life I have learned from one and another that the essay did produce some effect on influential men. But the social, physical, and financial conditions of Virginia at the time were little comprehended by me, in my nineteenth year. There was little or no longing for education among the poor whites—probably more among the negroes. I was expecting echoes where there were no hills.

But this I did not admit at once. I had used a medium which might be very good to teach the taught, but not to awaken and move the uninstructed and the indolent. The people could be reached only by the living voice. In the August of this year I had attended a very large Methodist camp-meeting in Loudoun County, and passed several days there. Here I had been surrounded by Methodists who were the gentry of that region, wealthy,

refined, educated, and saw what a tremendous force Method
was in Virginia. I also witnessed the effect on large assemb
producible by sermons. I was deeply moved by all this. I
that I had a message for those masses of people, and
could it be delivered, unless from the pulpit?

The star-and-stripe cult was not known in the mid-year
the nineteenth century. I felt some pride in Virginia as the mo
of States and statesmen, but found it difficult to credit Webs
Everett, and other Compromisers with any real sentiment al
the Union. After the "Omnibus" Bill was passed, a ban
was given at Warrenton to our (U.S.) senators, Mason and Hun
to which I subscribed because they were our senators. I
esteem for R. M. T. Hunter—a modest and learned gentlema
but Mason was a hard, arrogant man. He was the hero of
"fire-eating" Southerners because he had cracked the whi
"King Cotton" over the North, and brought them to t
knees in uttermost abjectness. He had framed the Fugi
Slave Law, and the Northerners had consented to become sl
hounds and hunt down men and women escaping from bond
Not many recoveries of slaves were anticipated, but Mason
hailed as the victor. This was the tone of the banquet at W
renton.

Mason had brought with him to Warrenton the "rene
Quaker," Ellwood Fisher, who was going about speaking
writing in defence of slavery as the true foundation of soc
Colonel Phillips brought those two to his house, where I
some conversation with them. I do not remember anythin
the conversation, except that I disgusted Mason by expres
sympathy with Senator Dodge's "Homestead Law," by w
it was proposed to give homesteads in the territories to fam
that would reside on and cultivate them; also by trying
interest him in free schools. He disclaimed interest in
schemes. And I, on my part, was not interested in the p
politics and politicians of our region which he discussed
Colonel Phillips. I was interested in humanity, in the educa
and salvation of the people; I was interested too in the n
race as a race, and not as merely a number of pawns on
board where politicians were playing a game of South a
North. Although I had reached a theory of the inferiorit

that race to the white race, I was dealing with the subject seriously, was searching for principles, and I had not enough sectionalism to admire the proud provincialism of Mason.

Soon after General Zachary Taylor was inaugurated in the presidency he passed through Fredericksburg. I saw him and wrote in the paper some ridicule of him. When he died I was in Warrenton. He had given indications that his administration would not be altogether favourable to slavery, and I heard a good many pro-slavery radicals express their satisfaction with his removal by Providence. It was also whispered about that Providence might have employed a poisoner. These things shocked me. I had not liked the President, but the spirit that rejoiced in his death belonged to an atmosphere of enmity I never breathed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Education and Slavery—A Mob Murder—The Agassiz Theory of Rac
My Essay on the Negro Race—My Real "Conversion"—T
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—A Disappointment in Love—The Shadrach Case in Congr
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My mere Virginianism had received a number of blows du
my residence in Warrenton—notably by the mob murder o
free negro named Grayson, at Culpeper Court House. The
had been sentenced for murdering a Mr. Miller, but the evide
against him was weak, while the local demand for a victim
furious. The Court of Appeals had ordered a new trial, to t
place at Warrenton. Grayson was taken from gaol by a
of several hundred—who, as their victim was nobody's prope
met but feeble resistance—and hanged, protesting his innoc
to the last. On this I wrote in the Warrenton paper, July
1850: "The whole affair would read better among the rec
of the Spanish Inquisition, or of the feudal age of Britain, t
by the light of the full noon of the nineteenth century."

The innocence of Grayson was afterwards established,
that of most victims of the bloodhounds called lynchers wo
be by fair trial.

This was the only case of the negro murder called "lynching" that I ever heard of before the Union war, and it caused indignation throughout the South.

I never up to that time had heard any person say a word against the rectitude of slavery. The nearest to it was what my father had said, "It is a doomed institution." It was too close to my eyes to be seen. That it would ever end was not even prophesied by its Northern antagonists. Now, however, when a moral cause—universal education—had taken possession of me, slavery barred my way in every direction. Before my radical Jeffersonianism the negro stood demanding recognition as a man and a brother; else he must be treated as an inferior animal.

At this moment the new theory of Agassiz appeared—that the races of mankind are not from a single pair. I had conversed with Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution on the subject, and found that he agreed with Agassiz. In June, 1850, Agassiz delivered a lecture on the subject in Cambridge, Mass., which was expanded into a long article in the *Christian Examiner* for July. In this manifesto the professor argued only by implication against the unity of human species; but where he feared to tread my crudity rushed in. It was not the vanity of a youth under nineteen, but a spirit struggling for existence amid fatal conditions, which led me to announce in the Franklin Lyceum (Warrenton), of which I was secretary, a theory that the negro was not a man within the meaning of the Declaration of Independence. All of the other members, though not anti-slavery, exclaimed against the "infidelity" of the theory, though none answered my argument that negroes, if human, were entitled to liberty. My eccentric views were talked about, and I found myself the centre of a religious tempest in little Warrenton. If the negro was not descended from Adam he had not, like us whites, inherited depravity. And wherefore our missions to non-Caucasian races?

I sat down as wrangler of the new theory, surrounded myself with books on races, mental philosophy, and Biblical criticism, and achieved fifteen closely written letter pages to prove that mankind are not derived from one pair; that the "Caucasian" race is the highest species; and that this supreme race has the same right of dominion over the lower species of his genus that

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of several hundred—who, as their victim was nobody's prope
met but feeble resistance—and hanged, protesting his innoce
to the last. On this I wrote in the Warrenton paper, July
1850: "The whole affair would read better among the rec
of the Spanish Inquisition, or of the feudal age of Britain, t
by the light of the full noon of the nineteenth century."

The innocence of Grayson was afterwards established,
that of most victims of the bloodhounds called lynchers wo
be by fair trial.

This was the only case of the negro murder called "lynching" that I ever heard of before the Union war, and it caused indignation throughout the South.

I never up to that time had heard any person say a word against the rectitude of slavery. The nearest to it was what my father had said, "It is a doomed institution." It was too close to my eyes to be seen. That it would ever end was not even prophesied by its Northern antagonists. Now, however, when a moral cause—universal education—had taken possession of me, slavery barred my way in every direction. Before my radical Jeffersonianism the negro stood demanding recognition as a man and a brother; else he must be treated as an inferior animal.

At this moment the new theory of Agassiz appeared—that the races of mankind are not from a single pair. I had conversed with Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution on the subject, and found that he agreed with Agassiz. In June, 1850, Agassiz delivered a lecture on the subject in Cambridge, Mass., which was expanded into a long article in the *Christian Examiner* for July. In this manifesto the professor argued only by implication against the unity of human species; but where he feared to tread my crudity rushed in. It was not the vanity of a youth under nineteen, but a spirit struggling for existence amid fatal conditions, which led me to announce in the Franklin Lyceum (Warrenton), of which I was secretary, a theory that the negro was not a man within the meaning of the Declaration of Independence. All of the other members, though not anti-slavery, exclaimed against the "infidelity" of the theory, though none answered my argument that negroes, if human, were entitled to liberty. My eccentric views were talked about, and I found myself the centre of a religious tempest in little Warrenton. If the negro was not descended from Adam he had not, like us whites, inherited depravity. And wherefore our missions to non-Caucasian races?

I sat down as wrangler of the new theory, surrounded myself with books on races, mental philosophy, and Biblical criticism, and achieved fifteen closely written letter pages to prove that mankind are not derived from one pair; that the "Caucasian" race is the highest species; and that this supreme race has the same right of dominion over the lower species of his genus that

he has over quadrupeds—the same right in kind but not degree.

This elaborate essay was not printed, and I had forgot that it was ever written until fifty years later it came forth fr other wrappings of my dead self. It is dated "Warrenton, V Dec., 1850." It vaguely recalls to me the moral crisis in my l Whether it was the dumb answers of the coloured serva moving about the house, cheerfully yielding me unrequi services, or whether my eyes recognised in the completed es a fallacy in the assumption of a standard of humanity not w ranted by the facts, the paper was thrown aside. The so-ca "conversion" of my college days had been a boyish delusi the real conversion came now at the end of 1850. I had cau a vision of my superficiality, casuistry, perhaps also of the c with which I could consign a whole race to degradation. I not remember whether or not my theory of negro inferiority v consciously altered, but an overwhelming sense of my own feriority came upon me. The last words of my Warrenton di are, "Had a violent fever that night." The fever was mer and spiritual more than physical; when it passed away it l me with a determination to devote my life to the elevation a welfare of my fellow-beings, white and black. The man Nazareth had drawn near and said, "What thou doest to least of these my brothers, thou art doing to me."

In December, 1850, a note to my father told him that I h abandoned all idea of practising at the bar, that I should home at Christmas, and should apply for admission to the Ba more Methodist Conference as a minister. Parents, relativ friends, were amazed. By my writings in the Virginia journ and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, I had acquired sufficie reputation to gain me a good position in Richmond journalis I had studied enough law to take my place at the bar, and havi eminent relatives in that profession my success in it seemed to assured. I was not in poverty and was moving in the best soc circles. Why then this sudden resolution to become a Method preacher? It was long a mystery to myself, but Emerson w at the bottom of it. I knew by my experience to what depth teacher's word might strike in an open heart. O that I co be even in a small way able to uplift fainting hearts and gui

the groping as that great spirit had uplifted me, and was now opening a fair horizon before me!

Had I got hold of Emerson's Address to the Cambridge Divinity graduates I might have discovered the inconsistency of his philosophy with any form of orthodoxy; but I had only his first and second series of Essays. These did away with the bounds between sacred and secular by making both sacred. So free from theological negations are these Essays that they leavened my Methodism imperceptibly by idealising the whole of life as Methodism over-sanctified it. His transcendentalism corresponded with Methodist transcendentalism at various points. The personal character of spiritual life, soul finding the divine in the solitude of the individual life, the mission ordained for every human being—these are interpretations of the Methodist doctrines of miraculous conversion, the inward witness of the Spirit, progressive sanctification, and the divine "call" to the ministry. I believe that my study of Emerson's Essays raised Methodism in my eyes, for this religious organisation was, in Virginia, alive, earnest, and not much interested in dogmas. I cannot remember ever hearing a Methodist sermon about the Trinity.

Just after I had resolved to enter the ministry a letter came from Kate Emory giving a cheerful account of visits to her friends in Maryland, and with no intimation of ill-health; but she said our correspondence must cease. I had just begun to study Hebrew (with Rev. Dr. McPhail, Presbyterian), and the works of Wesley, Adam Clarke, Watson; but all books were dropped, and I went off to Carlisle to learn my fate. She who was to decide it was thin and pale, but no considerations of health affected me in the least. She had been teased about me, my letters had become warm enough to frighten her, she cared for no other man so much, but she could as yet only offer me her friendship. So I went off to hope, but with a dull feeling of hopelessness wrote in my journal, "Man was never made, I believe, to go or look backward."

On my homeward way I passed a week in Washington. "Senator Hunter smuggled me into the Senate lobby so that I heard the great debate on the Boston riot." This was on February 18, 1851. Three days before, when the fugitive slave Shadrach was on trial in Boston, the case was postponed till

next day, and at that moment about forty coloured men swarmed into the court-room, Shadrach became undistinguishable among them, and was spirited away to Canada. Not a blow was struck. "Nobody injured, nobody wronged, but simply a chattel transformed into a man," wrote Garrison in the *Liberator*, but the incident caused excitement in Congress and was described as a "riot." The new Fugitive Slave Law was beginning to bear its fatal fruits. Only a few months before I had been assisting at the banquet given at Warrenton to its author, Senator Mason, but now for the first time discovered that the new law was of serious importance. I shall never forget the wrath that shrivelled up the already wrinkled face of Henry Clay, nor his sharp voice, as he leaped forward and cried, "This outrage is the greater because it was by people not of our race, by persons who possess no part in our political system, and the question arises whether we shall have a government of white men or of blacks." * I was not anti-slavery, and did not doubt at the time that it was a murderous attack on the court, but Clay's speech and manner grated on me, and I was more pleased with the speech of Jefferson Davis. The Massachusetts Senator Davis had tried to soothe the wrath of the compromisers who had predicted the reign of peace to follow their "Omnibus Bill"; but when he alluded to the "common sentiment" in Massachusetts against the rendition of fugitives, a voice (that of Hale, I think) cried, "Universal sentiment." Whereupon Jefferson Davis said calmly, "If that be so the law is dead in that State. Whetever mobs can rule, and law is silenced beneath tumult, this is a wholly impracticable government. It was not organised as one of force, its strength is moral, and moral only. I for one will never give my vote to extend a single arm of the Federal power for the coercion of Massachusetts." This was in reply to Foote, who said he had private knowledge that the President, Fillmore, had ordered

* In the "Life of Garrison" (vol. iii., p. 176), Clay is said to have used the phrase "a band who are not of our people." The *Congressional Globe* rightly reports the word "race," but for the rest I have an impression that the speech is considerably manipulated in the official report. On May 23 at Albany, Daniel Webster declared the rescue of Shadrach "an act of clear treason," but being, according to Clay, by persons with "no part in our political system," there was no treason in the case.

Commodore Read at Philadelphia to use all of his marine force if necessary to sustain this law, and cited the action of President Washington in marching into Pennsylvania to crush the "Whiskey Rebellion."

I have said that I went to college too soon—barely turned sixteen—but what must be said of my first entrance on the ministry? It was on March 17, 1851, my nineteenth birthday, that I was appointed to Rockville Circuit, Maryland, one of the most important in the Baltimore Conference.

There was excitement among our emotionally pious servants at my entering the ministry. On the eve of my departure one of these, Eliza Gwynn, came late in the evening and desired me to go out to her husband, Dunmore. He met me in a little porch and said, "Mars' Monc"—but I will omit his dialect—"I have had a vision. I saw you standing on a hill, and one came and blew a trumpet, and there came many people from the South; and another came and blew a trumpet, and a great number came from the North; and one sounded a third trumpet, and many came from the East; and a fourth trumpet, and a multitude from the West; and a host was around you, and to them all you spoke the word of the Lord."

I had no such ambition for myself as Dunmore had for me, and had misgivings as to even a fair success. The vision made on me only an impression of the love our servants bore me. Out there under the stars these humble people, whom I had been pronouncing not quite human scientifically, pressed my hand, and invoked blessings on my head. I went off to my room, deeply moved. It was midnight. I so entered on my Methodist ministry. The black man gave me the only consecration I ever received.

Early next morning our hostler brought to the door the handsome horse which my father had purchased for me, with fine new saddle, and the indispensable saddle-bags—well stocked with what might be needed on my two days' journey to Rockville. The only advice my father gave me was against relapse into politics. "Let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds of the earth: seek higher things, my son!"

My road lay past the homes of my near relatives—Glencairn, Carmora, Erleslie—and I little dreamed that it was the beginning

of a journey that would take me so very far away from them all. At Stafford Court House I received an ovation from my Methodist uncle (Valentine) and aunts, my grandparents being too gracious to reveal any regrets they may have felt at my adopting such a profession.* At Aquia Church, weird in its solitude and dilapidation, I paused for a time, and tried to picture my great-great-grandfather, Parson Monroe, perched in the little black pulpit high up a column, and his congregation as they gathered there a hundred years before. He was the only clergyman in our family line, and of all his sermons, written during a long ministry, not one sentence is left. But the spiritual bequest may be all the more important for being unwritten.

I stopped at old Pohick church, to which the Washingtons occasionally came from Mount Vernon, and where Rev. Mason Weems, who called himself rector of Mount Vernon, sometimes preached. First biographer of George Washington, originator of the cherry-tree fable, laughed at now, Weems was yet a striking figure in his time. Bishop Meade, whose preaching I remember, and others whom I knew, had kindly memories of Weems.

The road I was travelling was more lonely than in Weems's time (there was no railway to Washington), and there was in my boyhood a legend that robbers had their quarters in Aquia church. If so, they must have long before sought some more frequented highway. I was startled at meeting one wayfarer between Pohick church and Alexandria—a poor Corsican with hand-organ, to whose tunes I listened.

Rockville Circuit was flourishing, and required hard work for two preachers. My senior was the Rev. William Prettyman. Methodist itinerancy usually required that the junior (unmarried) minister on a circuit should have no fixed abode; he was supposed to live on horseback, with his wardrobe and library in his saddle-bags; and otherwise to be entertained in the houses of the "brethren" near each meeting-house. But a room was provided for the junior in the cottage of the widow Wilson, a mile out of Rockville. Thither I could always repair when I desired not to be a guest. Sister Wilson was a motherly hostess, the cottage and garden pleasant, and I was always glad

* "April 1.—I left grandpa's on this ominous day for my circuit."—*MS. Journal.*

to get back to their freedom and pretty walks. But I could rarely stay anywhere more than a day, as there were about ten appointments to be filled each week, and these meeting-houses were distant from each other five, ten, fifteen miles.

My first sermon was given in a small private house, "brother English's," at 3 p.m. Saturday, April 6. Text, Gen. xlix. 18, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." My first sermon in a church was the next morning, April 7, at "Goshen," on Gen. iv. 9, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The junior preacher is an annual, and his first appearance an important event. Goshen was far away in the woods; but the region was populous, and when I rode up that Sunday morning I was appalled by the number of vehicles. And when I looked down on the crowded seats and felt every eye fixed on me, I had a sort of pulpit-fright. I felt that there would be a disappointment. Had a written sermon been admissible I might have had confidence, but one small page held all my notes.

I knew nothing whatever of anyone before me. Were they educated? Were they fond of rhetoric? They were apparently well-to-do people, and some impression was on me that a good many belonged to fashionable churches. Not one of them knew that I was about to give my first sermon in a church. I had taken pains with the sermon, and suppose there may have been some response, for I find that soon after I selected it to give on my first appearance in Washington.

Among my old papers I have now and then come upon mouldy skeletons of my earliest sermons. I cannot think what flesh and blood clothed them, but find that I was in morbid reaction against the worldliness my boyhood envied. On one occasion, hearing that some Methodist young ladies had danced at a ball, I preached so severely against such pleasures that the family resented it and joined another church.

CHAPTER IX

My Early Ministry—Probation—Webster in the Supreme Court—The Gaines Case—F. W. Newman's Book on "The Soul"—Studying on Horseback—A Round on Stafford Circuit—Sermon at Falmouth—Samuel Janney—Quaker Meeting—Roger Brooke—Fairhill School—Correspondence with Emerson—Visits to the Widows of John Q. Adams and Alexander Hamilton—Journeys in Washington—Death of my Brother Peyton.

My uncle Dr. John Henry Daniel said to me, when I was leaving home, "So you are going to be a journeyman soul-saver." I did not begin life with that burden on me, and, when it came, was too young to question whether it was part of me—my hunch—or a pack of outside things like that strapped on Bunyan's pilgrim. My pack was symbolised in my saddle-bags, where the Bible, Emerson's Essays, Watson's Theology, Carlyle's Latter Day Pamphlets, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, the Methodist Discipline, and Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, got on harmoniously for a time.

Dr. Daniel's label, "a journeyman soul-saver," told true in a sense; it was really my own enmeshed soul I had to save. I was struggling at the centre of an invisible web of outer influences and hereditary forces. I was without wisdom. How many blunders I made in my sermons, with which I took so much pains, I know not, but I remember a friendly hint from the wife of the Hon. Bowie Davis that a sermon of mine was too "agrarian." In another case the recoil was more serious; it came through my presiding elder, who said, "From what I hear, a sermon of yours on the new birth was too profound." This troubled me deeply. I had supposed that Jesus meant to be profound, and put much study into the sermon, the only favourable response to which was from an aged negro woman, who, long after I had left Methodism, laid her hand on my head and said, "I never knew what the Lord meant by our being born again until I heard you preach about it, and bless the Lord [illegible]"

My early training in law courts determined my method of preaching. In preparing a sermon I fixed on some main point which I considered of vital importance, and dealt with it as if I were pleading before judge and jury. This method was not Methodism. I was in continual danger of being "too profound," and though congregations were interested in my sermons they brought me more reputation for eccentricity than for eloquence. This, however, was not a matter of concern to me. Ambition for fame and popularity was not among my faults. My real mission was personal—to individuals. In each neighbourhood on my circuit there were some whom I came to know with a certain intimacy, aspiring souls whose confidences were given me. However far away I might be, they rose before me when I was preparing for that appointment. No general applause could give me the happiness felt when these guests of my heart met me with smiles of recognition, or clasped my hand with gratitude.

It was an agricultural region, in which crime and even vices were rare. Slavery existed only in its mildest form, and there was no pauper population to excite my reformatory zeal. Nor was there even any sectarian prejudice to combat; the county was divided up between denominations friendly to each other and hospitable to me. My personal influence was thus necessarily humanised. I could not carry on any *propaganda* of Methodism in the homes of non-Methodist gentlemen and ladies who entertained me, even had I felt so inclined, without showing my religion more narrow than theirs.

My belief is that I gradually preached myself out of the creeds in trying to prove them by my lawyer-like method. Moreover, I had the habit of cross-examining the sermons of leading preachers, finding statements that in a law court would have told against their case. At a camp-meeting in 1851 I learned that our presiding elder was about to preach on the resurrection of the body. I slipped into his hand the following query:—

A soldier fallen in the field remains unburied; his body mingles with the sod, springs up in the grass; cattle graze there and atoms of the soldier's body become beef; the beef is eaten by a man who suddenly dies while in him are particles of the soldier's body, conveyed to him by the grass-fed beef. Thus two men die with the

same material substance in them. How can there be an exact resurrection of both of those bodies as they were at the moment of death?

The preacher read out the query, and said, "All things are possible with God." Nothing more. It made a profound impression on me that a divine should take refuge in a phrase. The doctrine in question involved the verbal inspiration of Scripture and the "Apostles' Creed."

I made a note of another thing at this camp-meeting. The Rev. Lyttleton Morgan, an accomplished preacher, declared that in his Passion and Crucifixion Christ suffered all that the whole human race must have suffered in hell to all eternity but for that sacrifice. At dinner some ministers demurred at this doctrine; I maintained that it appeared to be a logical deduction from our theory of the Atonement.

Rockville Circuit being near Washington, I was able at times to pass a few days in the capital, where I had relatives and acquaintances. I attended the debates in Congress, and in the Supreme Court, where I heard Daniel Webster's speech in the famous Gaines case. It was a powerful speech, impressively delivered, but I had sufficient experience in courts to recognise several passages meant for the fashionable audience with which the room was crowded. He was against the appellant, Mrs. Gaines, who was pleading for her legitimacy as well as property, and described his client persistently besieged by litigation as a rock beaten by ocean waves. He drew all eyes on pleasant Myra Gaines, and I remember thinking the metaphor infelicitous. My sympathies were with the lady, and the "rock" might symbolise the stony heart of the man holding on to her property. But I was so interested in Webster's look and manner that, in my ignorance of the evidence, my attention to what he said was fitful, and the speech was obliterated by the strange romance rehearsed by the judges in their decisions. For it was in two volumes, the minority opinion of Justice Wayne and Justice Daniel (my grand-uncle) in favour of Mrs. Gaines being especially thrilling. No American novelist would venture on such a tale of intrigue, adultery, bigamy, disguises, betrayal, as those justices searched through unshrinkingly, ignoring the company present.

On one of my visits to Washington I heard a sermon from the famous Asbury Roszel which lifted the vast audience to

exultation and joy. His subject was the kingdom of God and triumphs of the Cross, and he began by declaring that it was universally agreed that ideal government was the rule of one supreme and competent individual head. This Carlylean sentiment uttered in the capital of the so-called Republic gave me some food for thought at the time; and I remembered it when I awakened to the anomaly of disowning as a republican the paraphernalia of royalty, while as a preacher I was using texts and hymns about thrones and crowns and sceptres, and worshipping a king.

My interest in party politics had declined; I began to study large human issues. One matter that I entered into in 1851 was International Copyright. On this subject I wrote an article which appeared in the *National Intelligencer*. I took the manuscript to the office, and there saw the venerable Joseph Gales, who founded the paper, and W. W. Seaton, the editor. Mr. Seaton remarked that I was "a very young man to be in holy orders," and after glancing at the article said he was entirely in sympathy with it. In that article I appealed to Senator Sumner to take up the matter, and thenceforth he sent me his speeches.

I little imagined how much personal interest I was to have some years later in Gales and Seaton, who were among the founders of the Unitarian church in Washington. I used sometimes to saunter into the bookshop of Franck Taylor, or that of his brother Hudson Taylor, afterwards intimate Unitarian friends, before I knew that there was a Unitarian church in Washington. From one of them I bought a book that deeply moved me: "The Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations. By Francis William Newman." I took this book to heart before I was conscious of my unorthodoxy, nothing in it then suggesting to me that the author was an unbeliever in supernaturalism.

The setting given by Newman's book to Charles Wesley's hymn, "Come, O thou Traveller unknown," made that hymn my inspiration, and it has been my song in many a night wherein I have wrestled with phantoms.

But my phantoms were not phantasms, and brought no horrors into those beautiful woods and roads of Montgomery County. These were my study. I was wont to start off to my

appointments early, in order that I might have no need to ride fast, and when clear of a village, take from my saddle-bags my Emerson, my Coleridge, or Newman, and, throwing the reins on my horse's neck, read and read, or paused to think on some point.

I remember that in reading Emerson repeatedly I seemed never to read the same essay as before: whether it was the new morning, or that I had mentally travelled to a new point of view, there was always something I had not previously entered into. His thoughts were mother-thoughts, to use Balzac's word. Over the ideas were shining ideals that made the world beautiful to me; the woods and flowers and birds amid which I passed made a continuous chorus for all this poetry and wit and wisdom. And science also; from Emerson I derived facts about nature that filled me with wonder. On one of my visits to Professor Baird at the Smithsonian Institution, I talked of these statements; he was startled that I should be reading Emerson, with whose writings he was acquainted. At the end of our talk Baird said, "Whatever may be thought of Emerson's particular views of nature, there can be no question about the nature in him, and in his writings: that is true and beautiful."

A college-mate, Newman Hank, was the preacher on Stafford Circuit, Virginia, and it was arranged that for one round of appointments he and I should exchange circuits. I thus preached for a month among those who had known me from childhood. Though few of them were Methodists, they all came to hear me, and I suppose many were disappointed. I had formerly spoken in their debating societies with the facility of inexperience, but was no longer so fluent.

The culminating event was my sermon in our own town, Falmouth. How often had I sat in that building listening to sermons—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian—occasionally falling under the spell of some orator who made me think its pulpit the summit of the world! How large that church in my childhood, and how grand its assemblage of all the beauty and wealth of the neighbourhood! When I stood in the pulpit and realised how small the room was, and could recognise every face, and observe every changing expression, and when I saw before me my parents, my sister and brothers, with almost painful anxiety in their loving eyes, strange emotions came to me: the first of

my phantoms drew near and whispered, "Are you sure, perfectly sure, that the seeds you are about to sow in these hearts that cherish you are the simple truth of your own heart and thought?" My theme was that every human being is on earth for a purpose. The ideal life was that whose first words were "I must be about my Father's business," and the last, "It is finished."

When we reached home my uncle Dr. John Henry Daniel said, "There was a vein of Calvinism running all through that sermon." "I hate Calvinism," cried I. "No matter: the idea of individual predestination was in your sermon. And it may be true!" My father was gratified by the sermon, but he said, with a laugh, "One thing is certain, Monc: should the devil ever aim at a Methodist preacher, you'll be safe!"

In this sermon, which ignored hell and heaven, and dealt with religion as the guide and consecration of life on earth, I had unconsciously taken the first steps in my "Earthward Pilgrimage." When I returned to my own circuit, a burden was on me that could not roll off before the cross.

Our most cultured congregation was at Brookville, a village named after the race of which Roger Brooke was at this time the chief. Our pretty Methodist Church there was attended by some Episcopalian families—Halls, Magruders, Donalds, Coulters—who adopted me personally. The finest mansion was that of John Hall, who insisted on my staying at his house when I was in the neighbourhood. He was an admirable gentleman, and so friendly with the Methodists that they were pleased at the hospitality shown their minister. Mrs. Hall, a grand woman intellectually and physically, was a daughter of Roger Brooke. She had been "disowned" by the Quakers for marrying "out of meeting," but it was a mere formality; they all loved her just as much. Her liberalism had leavened the families around her. She was not interested in theology, and never went to any church, but encouraged her lovely daughters (of ten and twelve years) to enjoy Sunday like any other day. After some months she discovered that some of my views resembled those of her father, and desired me to visit him.

There was a flourishing settlement of Hicksite Quakers at Sandy Spring, near Brookville, but I never met one of them, nor knew anything about them. "Hicksite" was a meaningless

word to me. "Uncle Roger," their preacher, was spoken of throughout Montgomery County as the best and wisest of men and I desired to meet him. When I afterwards learned that "Hicksite" was equivalent to "unorthodox," it was easy to understand why none of them should seek the acquaintance of a Methodist minister.

The Quakers assembled on first and fourth days, and happening one Wednesday to pass their meeting house, I entered impelled by curiosity. Most of those present were in Quaker dress, which I did not find unbecoming for the ladies, perhaps because the wearers were refined and some of them pretty. After a half-hour's silence a venerable man of very striking appearance, over six feet in height and his long head full of force arose, laid aside his hat, and in a low voice, in strange contrast with his great figure, uttered these words: "Walk in the light while ye are children of the light, lest darkness come upon you." Not a word more. He resumed his seat and hat, and after a few minutes' silence shook hands with the person next him, then all shook hands and the meeting ended.

I rode briskly to my appointment, and went on with my usual duties. But this, my first Quaker experience, had to be digested. The old gentleman, with his Solomonic face (it was Roger Brooke) who had broken the silence with but one text, had given that text, by its very insulation and modification, a mystical suggestiveness.

After I had attended the Quaker meeting several times, it was heard of by my Methodist friends. One of these, a worthy mechanic, told me that Samuel Janney had preached in the Quaker meeting, and once said that "the blood of Jesus could no more save a man than the blood of a bullock." This brother's eyes were searching though kindly.

Roger Brooke belonged to the same family as that of Roger Brooke Taney, then Chief Justice of the United States. His advice, opinion, arbitration, were sought for in all that region. Despite anti-slavery and rationalistic convictions, he leavened all Montgomery County with tolerance.*

* Helen Clark, daughter of the Right Hon. John Bright, showed me a diary written by Mr. Bright's grandmother, Rachel Wilson, while travelling in America in 1768–69. She was a much esteemed Quaker

One morning, as I was riding off from the Quaker meeting, a youth overtook me and said uncle Roger wished to speak to me. I turned and approached the old gentleman's carriole. He said, "I have seen thee at one or two of our meetings. If thee can find it convenient to go home with us to dinner, we shall be glad to have thee." The faces of his wife and daughter-in-law beamed their welcome, and I accepted the invitation. The old mansion, "Brooke Grove," contained antique furniture, and the neatness bespoke good housekeeping. So also did the dinner, for these Maryland Quakers knew the importance of good living to high thinking.

There was nothing sanctimonious about this home of the leading Quaker. Uncle Roger had a delicate humour, and the ladies beauty and wit. The bonnet and shawl laid aside, there appeared the perfectly fitting "mouse-colour" gown of rich material, with unfigured lace folded over the neck, and at a fancy ball it might be thought somewhat coquettish.

They were fairly acquainted with current literature, and though not yet introduced to Emerson, were already readers of Carlyle. I gained more information about the country, about the interesting characters, about people in my own congregations, than I had picked up in my circuit-riding. After dinner uncle Roger and I were sitting alone on the veranda, taking our smoke—he with his old-fashioned pipe—and he mentioned that one of his granddaughters had rallied him on having altered a Scripture text in the meeting. "In the simplicity of my heart I said what came to me, and answered her that if it was not what is written in the Bible, I hope it is none the less true." I afterwards learned that he had added in his reply, "Perhaps it was the New Testament writer who did not get the words quite right." I asked him what was the difference between "Hicksite" and "orthodox" Quakers; but he turned it off with an anecdote of one of his neighbours who, when asked the same question, had replied, "Well, you see, the orthodox Quakers will insist that the Devil has horns, while we say the Devil is an ass." I spoke of the Methodist ministers being like the Quakers, "called

preacher, and gives a pleasant account of her visit to the Friends at Sandy Springs, where she was received in the home of Roger Brooke. This was the grandfather of our "uncle Roger."

by the Spirit" to preach, and he said, with a smile, "But when you go to an appointment, what if the Spirit doesn't move you to say anything?"

Uncle Roger had something else on his mind to talk to me about. He inquired my impression of the Quaker neighbourhood generally. I said he was the first Quaker I had met, but the assembly I had seen in their meeting had made an impression on me of intelligence and refinement. For the rest, their houses were pretty and their farms bore witness to better culture than those in other parts of the county. "That I believe is generally conceded to us," he answered; "and how does thee explain this superiority of our farms?" I suggested that it was probably due to their means and to the length of time their farms had been under culture. The venerable man was silent for a minute, then fixed on me his shrewd eyes and said, "Has it ever occurred to thee that it may be because of our paying wages to all who work for us?"

For the first time I found myself face to face with an avowed abolitionist! My interest in politics had lessened, but I remained a Southerner, and this economic arraignment of slavery came with some shock. He saw this and turned from the subject to talk of their educational work, advising me to visit Fairhill, the Friends' school for young ladies.

The principal of the school was William Henry Farquhar, and on my first visit there I heard from him an admirable lecture in his course on History. He had adopted the novel method of beginning his course with the present day and travelling backward. He had begun with the World's Fair, and got as far as Napoleon I.—subject of the lecture I heard. It was masterly. And the whole school—the lovely girls in their tidy Quaker dresses, their sweet voices and manners, the elegance and order everywhere—filled me with wonder. By this garden of beauty and culture I had been passing for six months, never imagining the scene within.

The lecture closed the morning exercises, and I had an opportunity for addressing the pupils. I was not an intruder, but taken there by Mrs. Charles Farquhar, daughter of Roger Brooke and sister-in-law of the principal, so I did not have the excuse that it would not be "in season" to try and save some of these

sweet sinners from the flames of hell. It was the obvious duty of the Methodist preacher on Rockville Circuit to cry: "O ye fair maids of Fair Hill, this whited sepulchre of unbelief—not one of you aware of your depravity, nor regenerate through the blessed bloodshed—your brilliant teacher is luring you to hell! Those soft eyes of yours will be lifted in torment, those rosebud mouths call for a drop of water to cool your parched tongues; all your affection, gentleness, and virtues are but filthy rags, unless you believe in the Trinity, the blood atonement, and in the innate corruption of every heart in this room!"

But when the junior preacher is made, the susceptible youth is not unmade. According to Lucian, Cupid was reproached by his mother Venus for permitting the Muses to remain single, and invisibly went to their abode with his arrows; but when he discovered the beautiful arts with which the Muses were occupied, he had not the heart to disturb them, and softly crept away. This pagan parable of a little god's momentary godlessness may partly suggest why no gospel arrows were shot that day in Fairhill school; but had I to rewrite Lucian's tale I should add that Cupid went off himself stuck all over with arrows from the Muses' eyes.

However, Cupid had nothing to do with the softly feathered and imperceptible arrows that were going into my Methodism from the Quakers, in their homes even more than in this school. I found myself introduced to a circle of refined and cultivated ladies whose homes were cheerful, whose charities were constant, whose manners were attractive, whose virtues were recognised by their most orthodox neighbours; *yet what I was preaching as the essentials of Christianity were unknown among them.* These beautiful homes were formed without terror of hell, without any cries of what shall we do to be saved. How had these lovely maidens and young men been trained to every virtue, to domestic affections and happiness? I never discussed theology with them; but their lives, their beautiful spirit, their homes, did away with my moral fears, and as the dogmas paled, creedless freedom began to flush with warm life. These good and sweet women, who said no word against my dogmas, unconsciously to themselves or me, charmed me away from the dogmatic habitat.

When I left the Baltimore Conference, the Quakers were

given by many Methodists the character of having undermined my faith, but their only contribution to my new faith was in enabling me to judge the unorthodox tree by its fruits of culture and character. If theology were ever discussed by them, it was I who introduced the subject. They had no proselytising spirit. I thought of joining the Quaker Society, but Roger Brooke advised me not to do so. "Thee will find among us," he said, "a good many prejudices, for instance, against music, of which thou art fond, and while thou art mentally growing would it be well to commit thyself to any organised society?" *

How often have I had to ponder those words of Jesus, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Men do not forsake their God; He forsakes them. It is the God of the creeds that first forsakes us. More and more the dogmas come into collision with plain truth; every child's clear eyes contradict the guilty phantasy of inherited depravity, every compassionate sentiment abhors the notions of hell, and salvation by human sacrifice. Yet our tender associations, our affections, are intertwined with these falsities, and we cling to them till they forsake us. For more than a year I was like one flung from a foundered ship holding on to a raft till it went to pieces, then to a floating log till buffeted off to every stick, every straw. One after another the gods forsake us—forsake our commonsense, our reason, our justice, our humanity.

In the autumn of my first ministerial year I had to take stock of what was left me that could honestly be preached in Methodist pulpits. About the Trinity I was not much concerned; the morally repulsive dogmas and atrocities ascribed to the deity in the Bible became impossible. What, then, was "salvation"? I heard from Roger Brooke this sermon, "He shall save the people from their sins, not *in* them." It is the briefest sermon I ever heard, but it gave me a Christianity for one year, for it was sustained by my affections. They were keen, and the thought of turning my old home in Falmouth into a house of

* When Benjamin Hallowell, the eminent teacher in Alexandria, Va., came to reside at Sandy Spring, I had many interesting talks with him, but found that even his philosophical mind could not free itself from the prejudice against musical culture. The musical faculty, he admitted, had some uses—e.g. that mothers might sing lullabies.

mourning, and grieving the hearts of my friends in Carlisle, and congregations that so trusted me, appeared worse than death. My affections were at times rack and thumbscrew.

I had no friend who could help me on the intellectual, moral, and philosophical points involved. Roger Brooke and William Henry Farquhar were rationalists by birthright; they had never had any dogmas to unlearn, nor had they to suffer the pain of being sundered from relatives and friends. In my loneliness I stretched appealing hands to Emerson. After his death my friend Edward Emerson sent me my letters to his father, and the first is dated at Rockville, November 4, 1851. Without any conventional opening (how could I call my prophet "Dear Sir"?) my poor trembling letter begins with a request to know where the *Dial* can be purchased, and proceeds:—

I will here take the liberty of saying what nothing but a concern as deep as Eternity should make me say. I am a minister of the Christian Religion—the only way for the world to re-enter Paradise, in my earnest belief. I have just commenced that office at the call of the Holy Ghost, now in my twentieth year. About a year ago I commenced reading your writings. I have read them all and studied them sentence by sentence. I have shed many burning tears over them; because you gain my assent to Laws which, when I see how they would act on the affairs of life, I have not courage to practise. By the Law sin revives and I die. I sometimes feel as if you made for me a second Fall from which there is no redemption by any atonement.

To this there came a gracious response:—

CONCORD, MASS., 13*th November*, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I fear you will not be able, except at some chance auction, to obtain any set of the *Dial* In fact, smaller editions were printed of the later and latest numbers, which increases the difficulty.

I am interested by your kind interest in my writings, but you have not let me sufficiently into your own habit of thought to enable me to speak to it with much precision. But I believe what interests both you and me most of all things, and whether we know it or not, is the morals of intellect; in other words, that no man is worth his room in the world who is not commanded by a legitimate object of thought. The earth is full of frivolous people who are bending their

whole force and the force of nations on trifles, and these are baptised with every grand and holy name, remaining, of course, totally inadequate to occupy any mind, and so sceptics are made. A true soul will disdain to be moved except by what natively commands it, though it should go sad and solitary in search of its master a thousand years. The few superior persons in each community are so by their steadiness to reality and their neglect of appearances. This is the euphrasy and rue that purge the intellect and create insight. Its full rewards are slow but sure, and yet I think it has its reward on the instant, inasmuch as simplicity and grandeur are always better than dapperness. But I will not spin out these saws farther, but hasten to thank you for your frank and friendly letter, and to wish you the best deliverance in that contest to which every soul must go alone.

Yours, in all good hope,

R. W. EMERSON.

This letter I acknowledged with a longer one (December 12, 1851), in which I say: "I have very many correspondents, but I might almost say yours is the only letter that was ever written to me."

Early in 1852 Kossuth visited Washington, and enthusiasm for him and his cause carried me there. The Washington pulpits had not yet said anything about slaves at our own doors, but it was easy to be enthusiastic for liberty so far away as Hungary, and so the preachers all paid homage to Kossuth. I stopped at the house of Rev. Lyttleton Morgan, whose wife was an authoress, and her sister, Carrie Dallam, the most attractive friend I had in Washington. With her I went to the New Year "Levee" at the White House, and also to call on the widow of President John Quincy Adams, a handsome and entertaining old lady. I also think it was then and by her that I was taken to see the widow of Alexander Hamilton. Mayor Seaton entered, and in courtly style took her hand in both of his and kissed it, bending low. She was still (her ninety-fifth year) a cheerful and handsome lady, gracious and dignified. Her narratives of society in that city, as she remembered it, sounded like ancient legends. I remember particularly her account of a president's drawing-room in the time of President Jackson. Mrs. Hamilton was, I believe, the first to introduce ices into the country. At any rate she told me that President Jackson having tasted ices at her house

resolved to have some at his next reception—for in those days, so simple and small were the receptions that refreshments were provided. Mrs. Hamilton related that at the next reception the guests were seen melting each spoonful of ice-cream with their breath preparatory to swallowing it. The reception itself was, she said, more like a large tea-party than anything else.

Kossuth was a rather small man with a pale face, a soft eye, a poetic and pathetic expression, and a winning voice. He spoke English well, and his accent added to his eloquence by reminding us of his country, for which he was pleading. I followed him about Washington, to the Capitol, the White House, and the State Department, listening with rapt heart to his speeches, and weeping for Hungary. I find this note (undated): "Kossuth received to-day a large number of gentlemen and ladies, to whom he discoursed eloquently of the wrongs of Hungary. Many were moved to tears, and some ladies presented their rings and other trinkets for the cause of the oppressed. A large slave-auction took place at Alexandria just across the river on the same day." *

But alas! I presently had a tragedy of my own to weep for, the death of my elder brother, Peyton. He had long suffered from the *sequelæ* of scarlatina, but, nevertheless, had studied law and begun practice. During the summer of 1851 he visited me on my circuit (Rockville) and accompanied me to St. James Camp-meeting. He was deeply affected on hearing me preach, and approached the "Mourner's Bench." No "conversion" occurred, and he returned home (Falmouth) in a sad mood. Then there arose in him the abhorrence of dogmas and the ideal of a church of pure reason, absolutely creedless and unecclesiastical, uniting all mankind. Alas, little did he know that his brother, even myself, was at that moment in mortal inward struggle with a creed! But this I learned only after his death. For at

* When this entry was written no word had reached me of the vain efforts of abolitionists to get from Kossuth an expression of sympathy with their cause. The "independence" pleaded for by Kossuth had no more to do with personal freedom than this had to do with the "independence" fought for in 1776 by American slaveholders, who forced Jefferson to strike out of the Declaration its anti-slavery section.

that critical moment he died of typhoid fever March 13, 1852, fourteen days after his twenty-second birthday. There was bequeathed to my later years the miserable reflection that possibly he might have survived the attack but for the lowering of his strength by agitation under my preaching at the camp-meeting.

CHAPTER IX.

Rev. Dr. Smith, Apostle of Slavery—"Grace Greenwood"—Truth and "the Truth"—Frederick Circuit, Maryland—Home and Garden—Black Becky—My Sermon on Peace—Samuel Tyler—Mental Sufferings—First Love Clouded—A Sermon at Carlisle—Essays on Jesuitism—"Without the Camp"—My New Creed—In Baltimore with Unitarians and Quakers—Sylvester Judd—Dr. Burnap—Death of Becky—Leaving Methodism—Partings.

THE Baltimore Conference (February, 1852) gave me Frederick Circuit, now "Liberty Circuit," in Frederick County, Md. Heavy-hearted for the loss of my brother, I started from home, March 26, for my new field.

On the Potomac boat I met Rev. Dr. William Smith (Methodist), president of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, distinguished by his propaganda of a new pro-slavery sociology. We had some conversation, and he asked me, "What is the principle of slavery?" I answered, "It has no principle." He said, "The principle of slavery is clearly the submission of one will to another, and government is inconceivable without it." "Then," said I, "government is inconceivably wrong." He said, "You ought to marry Fanny Wright. The best government is where the two elements of slavery and freedom balance. I only wish I had you in my senior class, to which I lecture on this subject every week."

Thus were the winds sown from which whirlwinds were presently reaped! *

I was not much interested in the territorial restriction of

* A quarter of a century later there came to my house in London a lady from Virginia who had fads that would have astounded Fanny Wright, among others a belief that by a certain moral and mental and physical regimen death might be entirely escaped. My wife became rather fond of her. She wrote a little book on the subject which she wished to sell, and we bought copies to aid her. She was a daughter of Dr. William Smith, the pro-slavery apostle.

slavery, but had called at the house of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey editor of the *National Era*, to see "Grace Greenwood" (afterwards Mrs. Lippincott), who was writing for the paper. In the course of our conversation I told her that the negroes in our Virginia county, and on my Maryland circuit, were not suffering. She advised me to read a story in course of publication in the *National Era* by a Mrs. Stowe, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was long before any noise was made about that novel, and only then that I read it.

It may appear to my reader that the degree of scepticism in my mind was sufficient to prevent my continuing in the ministry. But there were enough relics of Methodism in me to render it a duty to contest every doubt. That, indeed, was the tradition of Methodism, some of whose foremost men had struggled through Doubting Castle. How could I at twenty be absolutely certain that my doubts were not temptations?

Moreover, I had to work out alone the newest and most complex of ethical problems—the obligation of self-truthfulness. Never had I heard from teacher or preacher any exhortation to be true to myself. For "*the* truth"—God's truth, the Gospel's truth—I must suffer any martyrdom, but "truth"—that is, my own inner conviction—unless it confirmed "*the* truth" was defiance of Almighty God, and fidelity to it mere infidelity of a sinful nature.

It was hard as yet to say just what I was rejecting, and whether with further study and experience I might not, like Coleridge, discover that my abhorrence of the dogmas of eternal punishment, human depravity, etc., might not be mere misinterpretation of them. I retained some kind of Satan in my faith, so that my love of the Father was ardent, tender, and my abhorrence of evil as yet without any philosophical apology for it as if permitted by God.

My new circuit was large and laborious. Near a pretty village (Jefferson) was a cottage home for the junior preacher the owner being aged "Mother Rice." The only other person in the cottage besides Mother Rice was a "black but comely" young African, "Becky." She was the blackest person I ever saw, but had no other negroid characters, her features being almost classic. We depended on Becky for everything. A mor

perfect cook, a neater washerwoman, never lived, and a happier heart never beat. Across all the years I can see her sunshiny, ebony face, and hear her happy hymns while hanging out clothes, or weeding the garden.

The garden! Eden had not sweeter roses; every flower was there; it was the haunt of humming-birds. My rooms were on the ground floor, and opened into this garden. I used to manage so as to get a good deal of time in my "Seclusaval," as I called it, and there I read beautiful books that brought heaven into harmony with the roses and humming-birds. Carlyle's "French Revolution" suggested this note: "How strangely, grandly, it reads out here amid sunshine, flowers, birds, simple-hearted countryfolk! Nothing so wondrous as War viewed from Peace." This inspired a sermon on the Prince of Peace. Having occasion to preach for Rev. Henry Slicer in Frederick, I gave them the "Prince of Peace." Whereon this note: "Several committees came to ask if I meant General Scott or General Pierce [rivals for the presidency] when saying I hoped to see the day when we would vote for a man for something better than having 'General' added to his name. I took the Quaker ground, which excited discussion in those that heard, as it must for a while."

Yes, for a while; but some of these questioning friends had sad reason to remember my plea for peace, preached throughout the county. Ten years later their whole region was a camp and their churches hospitals.

As dogmas became dim, while pastoral exigencies remained, I was driven to the deeper study of the human heart, to the real soul in myself and in others, to the conditions and sorrows of life. I made nearer friendships, received confidences, and once christened a child with my own name. An Episcopalian clergyman (I fear even now to name him) discovered that I was not orthodox, and visited me; he was in a similar state of mind.

The only literary man I met in Frederick was Samuel Tyler, who had written a book on Robert Burns, another on the Philosophy of Lord Bacon. I could not get either, but felt sure they were interesting because of a work on "The Beautiful" he was writing, of which he showed me portions in manuscript. The basis of his philosophy of the Beautiful was that Beauty is the

feminine principle of the Universe. He found endless illustrations of this in the feminine personifications of natural beauty—the Dawn, the Moon, Spring, Nature herself—all original, neatly expressed, and pointed with classical quotations.

In my garden, where youth and hope expanded with the morning-glories, and no fruits of knowledge were forbidden, the harmless little garden-snake seemed a symbol of my nascent optimism. In my eighteenth year I came upon "The Celestial Railroad" by one Nathaniel Hawthorne, and was delighted with the travesty of my beloved Bunyan, little thinking then that I should myself ever be filling up the Slough of Despond with volumes of philosophy, or regarding Apollyon as a useful engineer. After that the same magician had beguiled me with "Twice-Told Tales," but now he came into my garden with a volume which made the morning-glories languish and the pretty *Eulæmia optimistica* darken into a viper. This volume was "The Scarlet Letter." But it requires a chapter to describe the effect of that incomparable work in me, and it cannot be attempted. On the portal of the greater world I was entering Emerson had long been set as Michael Angelo's "Morning," and now Hawthorne took the place of "Night." But it was Night frescoed with galaxies and with wondrous dreams. Heroic Hester Prynne, feeling that what the world called her sin "had a consecration of its own," and gradually haloed by her sorrows, inasmuch that the weary and heavy-laden, women especially, brought to her their perplexities and burdens, to find comfort and counsel, was framed in my soul as a picture—and there it is to this day, surrounded with evergreen.

Greatly in need of counsel as to my continuance in the ministry, I confided my doubts to Professor M'Clintock. He agreed with my optimism; it was faith, not scepticism, to believe that "all is for the best." With reference to "Redemption," he thought no particular theory of it was essential. No theological statement had ever satisfied him so much as the voice of Jenny Lind singing, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth!" With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.

But it was my heart that was rebelling against the dogmas. They were not believed because they were not beloved. I was encouraged to hold on in my circuit for a time by finding that

some highly intellectual Methodists like Dr. M'Clintock, though not themselves sceptical, considered mental doubts about doctrines of small importance. And for that attitude I had the authority of John Wesley himself, who when reproached for publishing the life of Thomas Firmin, the Unitarian philanthropist, said, "I am sick of opinions; give me the man's life!"

Dr. Burnap, Unitarian minister in Baltimore, addressed the Union Philosophical Society of Dickinson College in 1852. In that year the members of our class of 1849 received their M.A. degree. At the close of June my father, a trustee of the college, met me there, and he was troubled about the selection of Burnap, though the address was not heretical. His subject, "Philosophical Tendencies of the American Mind," was ably treated, but I was vexed because he made fun of Transcendentalism.

Among the visitors at Carlisle was Dr. Durbin, and at the table of Professor O. H. Tiffany he (Durbin) and Burnap drifted into a discussion to which my father and other guests were attentive. The question between them was, of course, not doctrinal, but related to the general tendencies of religious thought, which Burnap held to be in the direction of larger liberality. Durbin pointed to the Tractarian movement, to the increasing strength of the Church of Rome, and made a vigorous argument against Burnap's view.

On July 4 I preached in the Carlisle church where five years before I joined the church. The distinguished people who had come for the Commencement and the College Faculty were present. My subject was the "cloud no larger than a man's hand." My father and friends praised me, but one was present who probably felt that the passionate feeling in my sermon was partly due to the cloud no larger than a woman's hand. The turmoils in my mind, the increasing probability that I could not remain in the Methodist Church, and the inconceivableness of a freethinker's marriage with the daughter of a bishop and sister of President Emory, had kept me silent for a year. Also I had felt during all that time that if I were betrothed to Catharine Emory, a hostage beyond redemption would be given to orthodoxy. She had with fairness concluded that the affair between us was at an end, and her engagement with my friend Asbury

Morgan had just been announced. There was a subtle lightning in that cloud which struck something in me deeper than the dogmas with which I had been concerned. From some such experience came the motto of our family, *Fide et amore*. My old faith and first love finally crumbled together. The happier love came with a new temple, but Jehovah was not in it.

And already the foundation of the new temple was laid. That same sermon at Carlisle, then and there composed in my anguish, gave the first expression to a vision risen above all my own negations and the systems they denied. The small cloud was to prove its divine origin, not by theologies and sectarian triumphs, but by feeding hearts athirst and an hungered for love and righteousness, and, like the cloud that came from a manger in Bethlehem, diffusing the spirit of peace and goodwill on earth. How many of those who responded to my sermon recognised all its implications I knew not, but I returned to my circuit with new hope and strength. Why should I not raise my little cloud, assert the claims of a pure spiritual religion above all dogmas, and trust to its welcome by other famished hearts like mine? I went back eagerly to my garden at Jefferson—my "Seclusaval"—and began writing out a work long sketched on "Jesuitism." It was published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* in seven instalments, and the historical studies led up to a charge that the evil principle of Jesuitism survived in Protestantism. There was needed a "revival of the protestant spirit"; the right of private judgment must be insisted on, all intolerance of differences of opinion repudiated, and the most poisonous fruits of Jesuitism be recognised equally in Protestantism "when it forbids free thought and free culture among the people." Such latitudinarianism may lead to infidelity, I said, but history shows that more evil and crime result from the suppression than from the recognition of reason, the eye of the soul. "No man was ever injured by truth," said Jerome. And so on, with an extended plea which the Methodist organ printed without alteration or comment.

"I opened," says my journal, "a correspondence with my parents on my scruples concerning the church and my remaining in it. It will every way be sad for them and me, but 'what is that to thee? Follow thou me!'"

On one occasion I was in extreme distress of mind, having to preach at a camp-meeting in the evening. Many distinguished preachers were present, and among them my venerated friend Norval Wilson. I remember my long, solitary walk in the woods trying to think what Christ was left me to preach about in the evening. I felt that Jesus was alive, that he was near me, and that he said, "Poor youth, there is but one thing for you to do. Give up all you have, even your loving friends, and follow your truth as I tried to follow mine, into loneliness and suffering, even unto death. But you are not strong enough for that. You can lament over a figure of romance, the minister without courage to suffer shame beside the woman he loves, branded with a scarlet letter, but you have not the strength even to take the hand of Truth, which involves no infamy. Like a young man I met in Palestine, you will go away sorrowful." Alas, so it was. I said some bold things, but not boldly; they could all turn in the ears of my hearers to affirmations of their commonplace beliefs.

During that sermon I for the first time quite broke down, and my tears prevented me from proceeding for a minute. Encouraging and sympathetic exclamations came from those around me; and after it was all over I walked off into the woods. Norval Wilson overtook me, folded me in his arms, and said, "Monc, I didn't know how much I loved you till you said, 'I feel so weak.'"

Alas, weak indeed! I felt as if I had in my left hand the fabled sword that cleaved iron bars when I needed that sword which passed through a floating veil. I had to pierce hearts that really loved me. I felt Norval Wilson's embrace deeply, but no further words were spoken. He wept with me, then returned into the camp; and I remained where my place lay to the end—"without the camp."

My parents were much agitated by my avowal of doubts and my determination not to continue my ministry beyond the next Baltimore Conference—early in 1853. At the close of October my mental troubles and the distress of my parents began to break down my health, and I arranged for my appointments so as to pass a week with my relatives in Baltimore. My mother's sister Jean was the wife of a merchant there, William Crane, a

leading member of the church (Baptist) of the famous Dr. Fuller. There I was always affectionately welcomed. My many cousins were musical, merry, cultured, and one of them—Anne, afterwards Mrs. Seemuller—reached literary distinction.

To my surprise and delight both Hicksite Friends and Unitarians were holding their annual meetings in Baltimore at the time of my arrival. "I never was more moved than by a sermon from a [Quaker] woman. She was a handsome woman, and the sermon was truly inspired." My journal does not give her name, but I remember that her first name was Violet.

In the conferences of the Unitarian Association the speaker who most impressed me was the Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta, Me. He was the apostle of a new idea among Unitarians—the birthright Church. My intimacy with the Quakers had made this idea familiar, and my ideal church was already one to which every child belonged. It was a joy to listen to Judd's pleading for the general adoption by ministers of the principle that children should be members of their congregations without need of christening, and their faith associated in every child's mind with its innocent gaieties. Sylvester Judd's face was of exceeding beauty; he had a light, clear complexion, blue eyes, and flaxen hair; intellect and kindly feeling were blended in his expression; his cheeks were mirrors to the glow of his enthusiasm, his voice sympathetic with his thought; and there was about his mouth and eyes an infantine expression that rendered the great brow almost a surprise. Judd was an incarnation of the benediction on little children.

At one of the Unitarian meetings I spoke to Dr. Burnap, who remembered our talk at Carlisle. Dr. Dewey was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Burnap, and they invited me to dine with him. Dr. Burnap called for champagne in my honour. Intellectual and kind Mrs. Burnap was cordial, and the two ministers arranged for an interview next day, when they advised me to enter the Harvard Divinity School.

When I returned to my circuit grievous tidings met me. Becky was at the point of death! This dusky Lydia, who devoted her life to the comfort of the preachers, and while legally property owned us all—alas! she was prostrated by some fatal malady.

Becky was to me an ideal. She seemed to be there to let me and other teachers know what the pure African is capable of. Her quick intelligence, her humour, her humility, and simplicity, candour, unselfishness, her perennial happiness, and indefinable qualities that I never knew in any white person, had made her to me a revelation. I was overwhelmed with grief. Becky had to console me. I do not know whether she suffered much or not, for she smiled and conversed brightly, as I sat weeping beside her, and talking to her of heaven.

Heaven? So long as Becky was well and in her beautiful garden she was sufficiently in heaven. Her death was the end of a little paradise. Mother Rice was taken off to her children, and the cottage closed. Probably I was the last minister that dwelt there. I walked about the garden; it was all desolation; had the pretty little harmless snake that taught me optimism relapsed into the old dragon? A terrible confrontation was here! Whence was this death that struck down a happy and useful young woman, and wrought us all such misery? After all, my optimism was academic; it had not included the death of Becky.

The awfulness of the event was universally felt in the neighbourhood. On Sunday, November 15, when I preached the funeral sermon, the church was filled with mourners, and I could hardly get through my sermon. In pouring out my heart at Becky's funeral I for the first time startled any congregation by a heretical thought. "My brethren," so says my diary, "many of them were astonished at my preaching at Becky's funeral that death was not the result of sin. I had not dreamed of the unusualness of the thought with them. I was sorry I had said it. I maintained my point, albeit they were astonished at my doctrine."

Various incidents determined me to delay no longer my resignation. I remember one particularly. I had preached at Urbanna, my most cultured congregation, and as I was leaving a lady whispered gently, "Brother, you seemed to be speaking to us from the moon."

I might have suffered less had I confided to that dear friend the trouble I was in, but the pangs of my new birth were too severe. I could not think; persons and incidents dominated

heart and mind; how I dreaded to lose the affection of those sweet women and children!

My final month's round of appointments was a succession o heartbreaks. My last sermon was preached on December 4 a Jefferson, where lay Becky in her garden, my theme being "Eternal Joy." So says my diary; perhaps it was of joy seen through tears. Next day I passed at Urbanna with families o lovely people. Exchanges of gifts, singing of favourite ballads evening company, made my last day on Frederick Circuit, and on it my diary inscribed:—

"What would I think of myself if these little girls ceased t love me!

"Farewell! O how sad to go off! I bade them all good bye—gave Annie a kiss—left! I shall not soon forget you all.

"My horse almost knocked my head off by nearly falling I was thrown."

My homeward journey lay through Rockville Circuit, wher I passed a day with my Quaker friends, who did not quite lik my plan of going to the Divinity School. "They fear my cree will be *made up*." Uncle Roger feared I was going to assist i building a sort of Babel, but could not refrain from a joke o the fiery names of leading Unitarian preachers—Bellows, Furnes Sparks, and Burnap. My diary notes "a difference of opinio [with W. H. Farquhar] on the subject of Supernatural Christianity I cannot yet give it up. It is too grave a thing to give up quickl and immodestly. I must study it." I alluded to this subje in a conversation with Roger Brooke, who said that a memb of Congress visited the neighbourhood many years before ar placed in his hand a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," sayin "See if you can answer that!" "I read it," said uncle Roge "and told him that Paine had simply attacked the abuses Christianity and I was not concerned to answer him." I do n remember the name of the member of Congress. I had nev seen the "Age of Reason," and could not then appreciate t incident.

When the papers announced my withdrawal from the Methodi church, it may be that some of those dear people thought of m as having aspired to something grander than life in their lovi homes and teaching in their villages. Ah, how mistaken! L

with you, sweet friends, if you are living, was beautiful! I left you with unspeakable grief; and could you have recalled me in conformity with your loyalty and mine, could you have said, "Come back and tell us freely all that is in your heart!" no tidings could have given me more happiness.

CHAPTER XI.

Parting from Methodism—Pains of New Birth—John Minor—"The Blithedale Romance"—Last Sermon—Partings—Hearing Thackeray—Dr. Crooks—Theodore Parker—Father Taylor—Ways and Means—My Organ—A Visit to Concord—Hawthorne—First Meeting with Emerson.

On leaving Washington for Falmouth I again had a narrow escape; on the Potomac bridge my horse was frightened by an approaching steamer and tried to leap into the river, getting almost over.

From December 15, 1852, when I reached the old home at Falmouth, to February 14, 1853, when I left for Cambridge, my old journal is a sort of herbarium of the thorns that pierced father, mother, and myself.

A cruel side of the situation was that my new steps had the appearance of being merely metaphysical. I was breaking my parents' hearts—so it seemed—on abstract and abstruse issues while really I was aiming at a new world. But this new world was of such a serious character—the abolition of slavery, to begin with—that any intimation of it only made the doctrinal heresies more painful.

Once more on Christmas Day I heard the angel singing in old St. George's "Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind"; once more I knelt with my parents on watch-night and sang the Covenant hymn, "Come let us anew our journey pursue"; and once more went out on New Year's Day—hiring day—and wrote in my journal:—

> I feel to-night somewhat sad. I find how little sympathy I have with the existing state of things. As I saw the slave-hiring to-day I found out how much hatred I had of the institution—and how much contempt for the persons engaged in it. "You look," said a friend, "as if you were not in the world." I am not. My dear relatives and friends cannot sympathise with and encourage th

deepest faith and reverence in my soul. O my Father, do thou love me in this time of fire.

The most notable figure in Fredericksburg was still John Minor. A bachelor past middle age, he devoted himself to his aged and blind mother and to studies. Having occasion to call on him, he proposed a walk. We crossed the bridge of Stafford, strolled on the Washington farm, and talked on philosophy. He smiled at the phrase "dark ages," and thought that in the centuries so labelled there were some of the best heads that ever lived. For himself (Minor) Hobbes was final. Here was heresy more sweeping than I had then dreamed of. My father thought John Minor as good a man as any in Virginia, though his "infidelity" was well known. Why, then, his distress about my heresy? My father said it was due to his great affection for me, and I made that a count in my charge against dogmas. Why should a heavenly Father exact dogmas that cause discord between father and son on earth?

My new ideas on slavery, which I did not proclaim nor conceal, caused my father embarrassment. Holding really the old-fashioned views against slavery "in the abstract," he was by my "abolitionism" not only involved personally, but as the leading layman in the Baltimore Conference in Virginia, then in a struggle with the Methodist Church South, involving property. But my uncle, Judge Eustace Conway, leader of the Southern sect, was too sore personally to use my eccentric position as an argument against the Church North. So excited was he that for once he spoke to me with anger.

The presidential campaign between Franklin Pierce and General Winfield Scott—then just ended—had particularly enlisted two of my uncles: Judge Eustace Conway, who nominated Pierce in the Democratic Convention, had encountered in debate Commonwealth's Attorney, Travers Daniel, the two being warm personal friends. Hawthorne, being the biographer of Pierce, played a leading part in the campaign. Uncle Travers declared that biography the most complete romance ever invented by Hawthorne, while Uncle Eustace could not unreservedly endorse a biographer who admitted that slavery was an evil which Providence in its own good time would cause "to vanish like a dream." I found it painful that Hawthorne should descend into

the arena of contending parties, but he believed that Pierce would make a good President. During the campaign the pro-slavery philosophy made rapid advance. Beverly Wellford (afterwards judge), a leading scholar and writer, who three years before held aloof from our Southern Rights Association, had become an extremist in advocacy of slavery and Southernism. The Wellfords were a historic and conservative family, and this change in Beverly denoted a new era in Virginia.

Alas, that a burden should be on me to become an antagonist of these beloved companions of my early youth! But ah, what sustaining visions shone beyond the portal so painfully entered. There lay America freed from chains, slavery, strife; there mankind enlightened, woman emancipated, superstition no more sundering heart from heart, war ended, peace and brotherhood universal. O Morning and Night, serene on my portal, is not the time at hand when Worldsoul shall harmonise with Oversoul?

There beside the Rappahannock, where two years before Emerson had awakened me and set my face to the sunrise, now came Hawthorne with "The Blithedale Romance," sequel of "The Scarlet Letter." The seventeenth-century Puritan, torturing finest hearts to establish the kingdom of Heaven, had slipped into the nineteenth-century philanthropist, sacrificing human hearts to establish his earthly utopia. What loving hearts will bleed on my own new altar, and prove it built of stone unhewn as any dogma I am abandoning?

Hawthorne's "Hollingsworth" became my type of the man I former I would not be. Fictitious hells faded, the actual hell appear; and on my knees I swear that it shall remain my supreme end to save hearts suffering not in eternity but in time, and in flesh and blood. Once I was surprised by the sympathy of a lady distinguished for her wit and beauty, the young wife of cousin John Conway Moncure. Their home was "Inglewood," where my childhood was passed, and it was while calling there that I was, as my note-book says, "laughed at and persecuted about my radicalisms and scepticisms," etc., insomuch that "I am often tempted to renounce all opinions but those of the company I am in." The sympathy came from this admirable cousin (*née* Fanny Dulany Tomlin), who confessed that she could

not see the justice of slavery. On a previous occasion she had taken my side against the dogma of endless punishment, supporting her view on the saying of Jesus concerning liberation after the uttermost farthing was paid. I portrayed this lady as Gisela Stirling in my "Pine and Palm."

I mingled a good deal with young men, and participated in the debates of the Young Men's Society in Fredericksburg on general subjects. My most serious trouble was in having to preach once more. The minister (Krebs) being summoned away suddenly, his wife entreated me to take his place for one morning. The sermon was one on Charity, in which I tried to unite the serpent's wisdom with the dove's harmlessness for a congregation unaware of my heresy. My father was conspicuously absent. So ended my Methodist ministry.

As the time approached for my going to Cambridge my father, pointing to a volume, said to me, with emotion: "These books that you read and are now about to multiply affect my feelings as if you were giving yourself up to excessive brandy. I have considered my duty and reached this conclusion: I cannot conscientiously support you at Cambridge. So long as you stay in this house you are welcome to all I have, but I cannot further you in grievous error." These are nearly my father's words, and I replied that his position was just.

On February 14, 1853, before leaving home, I ordered my horse, took a short ride, then hitched him to a poplar in front of our house. I then carried from the house my empty saddle-bags and laid them on the saddle. This fine horse and the accoutrements, presented by my father for my circuit, I thus returned. Had he been at home he would have asked me to keep them, but it was characteristic of him to escape from partings. My mother watched all the proceedings of my leaving home with burning cheeks, and my parting from her and my sister, aged sixteen, and my two little brothers was very painful. It also affected me to part with our servants. They were not aware of my new views on slavery, but one, "aunt Nancy," had divined enough to tell me that her husband, Benjamin Williams, had fled to Boston. He did not belong to my father, from whom no servant ever fled. Aunt Nancy had arranged a means by which I could communicate with her.

[illegible] relatives awaited me at the station and bade m[illegible] [illegible] farewell. Ladies only!

That evening (February 14) I heard Thackeray lecture i[illegible] [illegible] on the English humorists. He was the first grea[illegible] [illegible] man to whom I had listened, and his noble presence [illegible] [illegible], his felicities of thought and expression, so im[illegible] [illegible] me that in after years, when I occasionally saw him i[illegible] [illegible], he still appeared to me as if framed in that hall with a [illegible] [illegible] and intelligence of Baltimore before him.

My relatives, the Crains, with whom I now passed a wee[illegible] [illegible] as affectionate as ever, and I found my many Methodi[illegible] [illegible] unexpectedly cordial. My diary says: "Saw many frien[illegible] [illegible] talked much about Unitarianism and Trinitarianism. I w[illegible] [illegible] pleased at the absence of all bitterness among my Trinitari[illegible] [illegible] about this matter of mine. Some of them I found we[illegible] [illegible] towardly what they were apparently. They wished m[illegible] [illegible], to bridge the matter over with Arianism."

In Philadelphia I called first on my dear Professor Crool[illegible] [illegible] a minister in that city. "He told me that if I would [illegible] Harvard, study faithfully, and call no man master, th[illegible] [illegible] my creed back there, he would subscribe it." I pas[illegible] [illegible] that evening with the Rev. Dr. William Henry Furness, w[illegible] [illegible] I had exchanged letters. It was an ideal home. M[illegible] [illegible] was beautiful and gracious, and took an almost mater[illegible] [illegible] interest in me on account of my entrance on a pilgrimage t[illegible] [illegible] required parting with relatives and associations. It was a hol[illegible] [illegible] consecrated to truth, humanity, literature, and art; [illegible] [illegible] who enjoyed intimacy in it can wonder that the daugl[illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Westcott has attained eminence in literature; that of [illegible] [illegible] William became an accomplished painter, Frank an emin[illegible] [illegible] architect, while Horace is the foremost Shakespearian sch[illegible] [illegible]. Horace was about to enter Harvard College, and I thus had [illegible] [illegible] friend there to begin with.

On February 25 I started for Boston. Our train suffer[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and had not my superstition been limited to the Go[illegible] [illegible] I might have felt serious about this third accident ha[illegible] [illegible] befallen me since leaving my Maryland circuit.

On my way I heard that the Marlboro', in Washington St[illegible] [illegible]

describes it as "a very orderly, pleasant, and orthodox place. They have prayers morning and night, at which a piano with æolian addition is used. The first thing that strikes me hereabouts is the extreme culture of music. After prayers there is singing till bedtime."

On the 26th I took Dr. Burnap's note of introduction to the historian, Dr. Alexander Young. He was cordial, kept me till the afternoon, then guided me to historic places, his conversation being a much-needed instruction. He took me to visit an aged woman who remembered the excitement about the "Boston Tea Party." The young men in her parents' household had been in the riot, and she told me her recollection of their rushing in, and emptying their shoes of tea which they had preserved from destruction for the benefit of their grandmother, dependent on tea.

Nearly a quarter of a century after this I saw some notes about myself by a Methodist preacher of Boston, printed in *Zion's Herald*. He stated that he met me at the Marlboro' Hotel on my first Sunday in Boston, where I had just been to hear Theodore Parker. He stated that I was vexed by the sermon, and intimated that he found me rather homesick for my old Methodism. I could hardly believe this, but find it confirmed in my note-book: "February 27. Went to hear Theodore Parker. His sermon was on Good and Evil Temper. Text, Prov. xv. 17, 'Better is a dinner of herbs,' etc. I don't like him at all, and wish I had worshipped at King's Chapel with Mr. Peabody, whom, with his whole family, I love."

I had been introduced to Dr. Ephraim Peabody by Dr. Burnap, and thus into a charming circle. Dr. Peabody's poetic intellect and sweetness of disposition were enshrined in a beautiful countenance. Mrs. Peabody was one of the much-admired Derby sisters, of whom one married Mr. Rogers, of Roxbury, and another the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. With these three families I found a gracious hospitality. Dr. Derby (unmarried), the brother of these ladies, and charming as they, had been professionally educated in Paris, but devoted himself mainly to the promotion of musical culture in Boston; he superintended the King's Chapel choir—the finest in Boston. He was a founder of the Music Hall, and my musical enthusiasm was by him befriended with tickets to oratorios and other concerts.

As to my worry at the first sermon I heard in Boston—that of Theodore Parker—I was disturbed by the lack of anything in the Music Hall or in the secular music sympathetic with my lonely and forlorn heart.

In the afternoon I was consoled by hearing at the Seamen's Bethel the famous Father Taylor. I had read the graphic description of him by Charles Dickens ("American Notes"), and had heard that Emerson was his admirer. Someone told me that Taylor was a sort of Arian; also that in a circle of his ministerial brethren where Emerson was spoken of as leading youth to hell, Father Taylor remarked, "It may be that Emerson is going to hell, but of one thing I am certain: he will change the climate there and emigration will set that way."

After listening to his sermon—plain, practical, in no part sensational—I approached Father Taylor and told him I had just left the Baltimore Conference. He urged me to go home with him, and on the way was at first severe about my leaving the Methodist church. I answered that if I could, like himself, be a Methodist and ignore the Trinitarian dogma, I would have done so; but Methodism in Boston differed from that in the Baltimore Conference. The old man relented. "Well," said he, "our Southern brethren *are* very strict about some things of which they know nothing." I then knocked at the door of his heart with the name of Emerson, and it opened wide. He told me, I think, that Emerson was a contributor to the Seamen's Bethel, and at any rate interested me by his account of Emerson as a man, and apart from his writings.

In the evening, at supper with the Ephraim Peabodys, I found that Unitarians were not made for the sabbath. The two daughters—one of whom married Mr. Eliot, now President of Harvard, the other the Rev. Dr. Bellows—were lovely enough to consecrate their festal Sunday, and I found it easy to slip out of Methodist sabbatarianism. After the mirth most of us went to the Music Hall, and what happiness awaited me there! "At night," says my diary, "I heard my first oratorio (*Messiah*). O the ineffable delight! Fifty sermons such as I heard in the same place in the morning could not breathe so much piety and sublimity through my soul as that grand oratorio."

There was something rather hard about Parker's manner at first that may have been due to very natural misgivings. Having found that he was the man most likely to help me fulfil Aunt Nancy's commission, I carried a note of introduction to him from some anti-slavery friend at Cambridge, but even anti-slavery men might be mistaken. A Virginian asking the whereabouts of a negro might properly be met with hesitation, though it did not occur to me. I was courteously received in his large library, where he sat at his desk beneath his grandfather's old musket fixed to the wall. He took down the fugitive's name, etc., and said he would make inquiries, appointing a day for my return. For the rest he showed interest in my experiences, and spoke with such admiration of Emerson that I began to warm towards him. A few days later he went with me through the negro quarters, and I got still nearer to him. I remember, by the way, that a man met us and asked the way to the Roman Catholic church. Parker took pains to inform him, and then remarked, "A heretic may sometimes point a man to the True Church." But he did not smile. At length we entered into the house of some intelligent coloured people, who saluted Parker with the greatest homage, which he received with pathetic humility. "This," he said, "is a Virginian, but an honourable Virginian, who wishes to find one Benjamin Williams, who some time ago escaped from his master in Stafford County, Va., and for whom he has a message from his wife, Nancy Williams. I hope you will be able to discover Mr. Williams."

After a brief consultation with others of the family, the man went out to bring some neighbours, and meanwhile I was quite overcome by the pleasant conversation of Parker with the humble women around him. He spoke sweetly and graciously to young and old. It was all beautiful and touching, and I was ashamed that I had disliked him. The man returned with several neighbours, and having inquired closely as to the fugitive's appearance, they remembered such a man, who was in Canada. A little later I had the satisfaction of sending his address to a free negro in Falmouth, who conveyed it to Aunt Nancy.

When I left home I had a good stock of clothing, 140 books, and about a hundred dollars. I did not doubt that at Cambridge I could make some money by preaching at various places, and

also perhaps by writing articles. But from Dr. Burnap in Baltimore I learned that only Seniors were permitted to preach, and that my studies would not allow time for articles. On learning that my father could not conscientiously support me at a Unitarian school, Dr. Burnap collected among his friends $160 and said, "It is not a loan, but if in the future you find some theological student needing help you can assist him if you have the means." I thus went on to Cambridge feeling quite rich, and when I entered the Divinity School, had the good fortune to find that an organist was needed in our little chapel. I was equal to the performance of simple pieces, and the Faculty gave me for my services (at morning and evening prayers weekdays) fifty dollars the college year. To this Professor Noyes added from some fund $40 for my instruction by an accomplished organist, of whom I took lessons twice a week.

And ah, how I loved that sweet little organ! Most of the divinity students could visit relatives from Saturday to Monday, or on other holidays, but in such intervals I visited my beloved organ (filled by a pedal), and, locking the chapel door, solaced my heart with sweet old tunes that alone remained with me from Methodist days, and which surrounded me with a "choir invisible," but not in any invisible world—choirs that were still chanting in Virginia, in Maryland, and at Carlisle.

May 3, 1853, is a date under which I wrote a couplet from Emerson's "Woodnotes":—

> 'Twas one of the charmed days
> When the genius of God doth flow;

for on that day I first met Emerson. Dr. Palfrey, on finding in our conversations that it was Emerson who had touched me in my sleep in Virginia, advised me to visit him. I felt shy about invading the "spot that is sacred to thought and God," but he urged me to go, and gave me a letter to Emerson. I knew too well the importance of a morning to go straight to Emerson's house, and inquired the way to the Old Manse. It was a fortunate excursion. The man I most wished to meet was Emerson; the man I most wished to see was Hawthorne. He no longer resided at the Old Manse, but as I was gazing from the road down the archway of ash-trees at the house whose

"mosses" his genius had made spiritual moss-roses, out stepped the magician himself. It has been a conceit of mine that I had never seen a portrait of Hawthorne, but recognised him as one I had seen in dreams he had evoked. At any rate, I knew it was my Prospero. Who else could have those soft-flashing, unsearchable eyes, that *beauté du diable*, at middle age? He did not observe me, and as I slowly followed him towards the village, doubts were awakened by the elegance and even smartness of his dress. But I did not reflect that Prospero had left his isle, temporarily buried his book, and was passing from his masque to his masquerade as consul at Liverpool and man of the world.

Hawthorne was making calls before leaving for Europe.

I felt so timid about calling on Emerson—it appeared such a one-sided affair—that I once turned my steps towards the railway station. But soon after twelve I knocked at Emerson's door, and sent in Dr. Palfrey's letter, with a request that I might call on him during the afternoon. The children came to say that their father was out, but would return to dinner at one, and their mother wished me to remain. The three children entertained me pleasantly, mainly in the bower that Alcott had built in the front garden. I was presently sent for.

Emerson met me at the front door, welcome beaming in his eyes, and took me into his library. He remembered receiving a letter from me two or three years before. On learning that I was at the Divinity School and had come to Concord simply to see him, he called from his library door, "Queeny!" Mrs. Emerson came, and I was invited to remain some days. I had, however, to return to college that evening, and though I begged that his day should not be long interfered with, he insisted on my passing the afternoon with him. When we were alone, Emerson inquired about the experiences that had led me away from my Methodism, and about my friendships. "The gods," he said, "generally provide the young thinker with friends." When I told him how deeply words of his, met by chance in an English magazine, had moved me while I was a law student in Virginia, he said, "When the mind has reached a certain stage it may be sometimes crystallised by a slight touch." I had so little realised their import, I told him, that they only resulted in

leading me to leave the law for the Methodist ministry. It had been among the Hicksite Quakers that I found sympathetic friends, after entering on the path of inquiry. He then began to talk about the Quakers and their inner light. He had formed a near friendship with Mary Rotch of New Bedford. "Mary Rotch told us that her little girl one day asked if she might do something. She replied, 'What does the voice in thee say?' The child went off, and after a time returned to say, 'Mother, the little voice says, no.' That," said Emerson, "starts the tears to one's eyes."

He especially respected the Quaker faith that every "scripture" must be held subject to the reader's inner light. "I am accustomed to find errors in writings of the great men, and it is an impertinence to demand that I shall recognise none in some particular volume."

The children presently came in—Ellen, Edward, and Edith. They were all pretty, and came up to their father with their several reports on the incidents of the morning. Edith had some story to tell of a trouble among one or two rough families in Concord. A man had hinted that a woman next door had stolen something, and she had struck him in the leg with a corkscrew. Emerson summed this up by saying, "He insinuated that she was a rogue, and she insinuated the corkscrew in his leg." Ellen perceived the joke, and I many times remarked the quickness with which, while not yet out of girlhood, she appreciated every word of her father.

The dinner was early; the children were with us, and the talk was the most homelike and merry that I had known for a long time. When the children were gone, Mrs. Emerson told me that they had been christened. "Husband was not willing the children should be christened in the formal way, but said he would offer no objection when I could find a minister as pure and good as the children. That was reasonable, and we waited some time; but when William Henry Channing came on a visit to us, we agreed that he was good enough to christen our children."

While Emerson was preparing for the walk, I looked about the library. Over the mantle hung a large copy of Michael Angelo's "Parcæ"; there were two statuettes of Goethe, of whom also there was an engraved portrait on the wall. After-

wards Emerson showed me a collection of portraits—Shakespeare, Dante, Montaigne, Goethe, and Swedenborg. The furniture of the room was antique and simple. There were four long shelves completely occupied, he said, by his MSS., of which there must have been enough to furnish a score of printed volumes.

Our walk was around Walden Pond, on both sides of which Emerson owned land. Our conversation related to the religious ferment of the time. He said that the Unitarian churches were stated to be no longer producing ministers equal to their forerunners, but were more and more finding their best men in those coming from orthodox churches. That was a symptom. Those from other churches, having gone through experiences and reached personal convictions strong enough to break with their past, would, of course, have some enthusiasm for their new faith. But the Unitarians might take note of that intimation that individual growth and experience are essential for the religious teacher. I mentioned Theodore Parker, and he said, "It is a comfort to remember that there is one sane voice amid the religious and political affairs of the country." I said that I could not understand how I could have tolerated those dogmas of inherited depravity, blood atonement, eternal damnation for Adam's sin, and the rest. He said, "I cannot feel interested in Christianity; it seems deplorable that there should be a tendency to creeds that would take men back to the chimpanzee." He smiled at the importance ascribed to academic terms. "I have very good grounds for being Unitarian and Trinitarian too; I need not nibble at one loaf for ever, but eat it and go on to earn another." He said that while he could not personally attend any church, he held a pew in the Unitarian church for his wife and children who desired it, and indeed would in any case support the minister, because it is well "to have a conscientious man to sit on school committees, to help town meetings, to attend the sick and the dead."

As we were walking through the woods he remarked that the voices of some fishermen out on the water, talking about their affairs, were intoned by the distance and the water into music; and that the curves which their oars made, marked under the sunlight in silver, made a succession of beautiful bows. This

may have started a train of thought related to the abhorrence I had expressed of the old dogmas, to which I had added something about the Methodist repugnance with which I had witnessed in Maryland some Catholic ceremonies. "Yet," he said, "they possess beauty in the distance. When one sees them on the stage—processions of priests in their vestments chanting their hymns at the opera—they are in their place, and offend no sentiment."

I mentioned a task set me at the Divinity School, to write an essay on "Eschatology," and Emerson said, "An actually existent fly is more important than a possibly existent angel." Again presently: "The old artist said, *Pingo in æternitatem;* this *æternitatem* for which I paint is not in past or future, but is the height of every living hour."

When we were in a by-way among the bushes, Emerson suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Ah! there is one of the gods of the wood!" I looked and saw nothing; then turned to him and followed his glance, but still beheld nothing unusual. He was looking along the path before us through a thicket. "Where?" I asked. "Did you see it?" he said, now moving on. "No; I saw nothing. What was it?" "No matter," said he gently. I repeated my question, but he still said smilingly, "Never mind, if you did not see it." I was a little piqued, but said no more, and very soon was listening to talk that made my Eschatology seem ridiculous. Perhaps the sylvan god I had missed was a pretty snake, a squirrel, or other little note in the symphony of nature.

My instruction in the supremacy of the present hour began not so much in Emerson's words as in himself. Standing beside the ruin of the shanty Thoreau built with his own hands and lived in for a year at a cost of twenty-eight dollars, twelve and a half cents, Emerson appeared an incarnation of the wondrous day he was giving me.

My enthusiasm for Margaret Fuller Ossoli, excited by her "Memoirs," led Emerson in parting to give me a copy of her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century"—an English edition she had sent him from London, with her initials in it. At my request he added his own name and the date.

That evening I sat in my room in Divinity Hall (No. 34) as

one enriched, and wrote: "May 3. The most memorable day of my life: spent with Ralph Waldo Emerson!"

Two days later I attended a great dinner given in Boston to Senator Hale of New Hampshire. I went over with Dr. Palfrey, who was chairman. Emerson was there, but when Palfrey called for a speech from him he had departed. What was my chagrin, on my return to the Divinity School, to find that Emerson had been there to call upon me!

CHAPTER XII

Summer at Concord. Thoreau's Oriental Books. Persian "Desatir"—The Rose Garden of Saadi. Hon. Samuel Hoar. Judge Rockwood Hoar. Elizabeth Hoar. Mrs. Ripley and the "Old Manse"—Rowlandson. William Emerson. Concord children. A Spiritual Adventure. Agassiz at Harvard College. Agassiz, Alcott, and Emerson as transcendentalists.

During December on the Charles, and throughout vacation (1843) was passed at Concord. The Emersons boarded for me a very pleasant already at "Hillside," on Punkatassett Hill, about a mile out of the village, where Henry Thoreau's family lived, and where he made his parents on New England. Two sisters, the Misses Hunt, educated ladies, occupied one side this pleasant cottage, where I was the only boarder. These ladies were cousins of Miss Martha Hunt, whose suicide in Concord River and the recovery of her body are dramatized in Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." They were troubled because R. W. Emerson, in his "Homes of American Authors," had suggested that Martha's suicide was due to the constant lectures her transcendental ideals and the consciousness of her home. They described the family of their cousins as refined people. Some of these sisters walked with me to the spot and pointed out all the places connected with the tragedy, and some years later another cousin drowned herself there.

Emerson introduced me to two friends. First of all he took me to Henry Thoreau, who lived in the village with his parents and his sister. The family and silent pencil makers, his father, John Thoreau, was French in appearance, and Henry resembled him physically, but neither parent suggested me as possessing mental qualities that could account for such a rare spirit as Henry. He was thirty-six when I met him. He received me pleasantly, and asked what we were studying at Cambridge. I answered, "The Sanscritists." "Which?" he asked. Emerson

said, "You will find our Thoreau a sad pagan." Thoreau had long been a reverent reader of Oriental scriptures, and showed me his Bibles, translated from various races into French and English.

He invited me to come next day for a walk, but in the morning I found the Thoreaus agitated by the arrival of a coloured fugitive from Virginia, who had come to their door at daybreak. Thoreau took me to a room where his excellent sister Sophia was ministering to the fugitive, who recognised me as one he had seen. He was alarmed, but his fears passed into delight when after talking with him about our county I certified his genuineness. I observed the tender and lowly devotion of Thoreau to the African. He now and then drew near to the trembling man, and with a cheerful voice bade him feel at home, and have no fear that any power should again wrong him. That whole day he mounted guard over the fugitive, for it was a slave-hunting time. But the guard had no weapon, and probably there was no such thing in the house.

The next day the fugitive was got off to Canada, and I enjoyed my first walk with Thoreau. He was a unique man every way. He was short of stature, well built; every movement was full of courage and repose; his eyes were very large, and bright, as if caught from the sky. "His nose is like the prow of a ship," said Emerson one day. He had the look of the huntsman of Emerson's quatrain:—

> He took the colour of his vest
> From rabbit's coat and grouse's breast;
> For as the wild kinds lurk and hide,
> So walks the huntsman unespied.

The cruellest weapons, however, which this huntsman took with him were lenses and an old book in which to press plants. He was not talkative, but his occasional monologues were extraordinary. I remember being surprised at every step with revelations of laws and significant attributes in common things—as a relation between different kinds of grass and the geological characters beneath them, the variety and grouping of pine-needles and the effect of these differences on the sounds they yield when struck by the wind, and the varieties of taste represented by grasses and common herbs when applied to the tongue.

He offered me a peculiar grass to chew for an instant, saying, "It is a little sharp, but an experience." Deep in the woods his face shone with a new light. He had a mental calendar of the flora of the neighbourhood, and would go some distance around to visit some floral friend. We were too early for the Arbutus, a rare flower in New England, which I desired to see. He pointed out the spot near the river where alone it could be found, and said it would open about the following Monday, and not stay long. I went on Wednesday or Thursday, but was too late: the petals were scattered on the ground.

Thoreau ate no meat; he told me his only reason was a feeling of the nkiness of flesh eating. A bear huntsman he thought was entitled to his steak. He had never attempted to make any general principle on the subject, and later in life ate meat in order not to cause inconvenience to the family.

On our first walk I told him the delight with which I read his book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." He said that the whole edition remained on the shelf of his publisher, who wished to get rid of them. If he could not succeed in giving them away they would probably be sold as old paper. I got from him valuable hints about reading. He had studied carefully the old English classics, and Chaucer, Froissart, Spenser and Beaumont and Fletcher. He recognised kindred spirits in George Herbert, Cowley, and Quarles, considering the latter a poet but not an artist. He explored the old books of voyages—Hakluyt, Purchas, and others—who vivified him in his circumnavigations and discoveries. These mental books were his daily bread; the Greek tragedians, Æschylus, whose "Prometheus" and "The Seven against Thebes" he translated finely, were his favourites. He was an good a Greek scholar. Of moderns he praised Wordsworth, Coleridge, and to a less extent Carlyle and Goethe. He admired Kirkup's "Modern Painters," though he thought the author big-headed, but in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" he found with the good stuff "too much about art for me and the Hottentots." "Ruskin is not a bad." He enjoyed William Howitt's "Hunts on Landscape Gardening." He had read with care the works of Franklin. He had as a touchstone for authors that degree of ability to deal with supersensual fact

Emerson was that he discerned the phenomena of thought and functions of every idea as if they were *antennæ* or *stamina*.

It was a quiet joke in Concord that Thoreau resembled Emerson in expression and in tones of voice. He had grown up from boyhood under Emerson's influence, had listened to his lectures and his conversations, and little by little had grown this resemblance. It was the more interesting because so superficial and unconscious. Thoreau was an imitator of no mortal; but Emerson had long been a part of the very atmosphere of Concord, and it was as if this element had deposited on Thoreau a mystical moss.

During that halcyon summer I read the Oriental books in Emerson's library, for he not only advised me in my studies, but insisted on lending me books. To my hesitation about taking even to Ponkatasset the precious volumes, he said, "What are they for?" In my dainty little room, whose window opened on a beautiful landscape with the Musketaquit wandering through it to the Merrimac, or perhaps seated in the vine-covered veranda, I read Wilkins' "Bhagavat Geeta," which thenceforth became part of my canon. Close indeed to my heart came the narrative of the charioteer (the god Krishna in disguise) driving Arjoona to the battlefield, where the youth sees that his struggle is to be with his parents, teachers, early companions.

Emerson also introduced me to the Persian "Desatir." In lending me this he said that he regarded the ancient Persian scriptures as more intellectual than the sacred writings of other races. I found delight in these litanies uttered in the beginning of our era, amid whose exaltations there was always the happy beam of reason. "Thy knowledge is a ray of the knowledge of God." "O my Prophet ever near me, I have given thee an exalted angel named Intelligence." "How can we know a prophet? By his giving you information regarding your own heart."

Emerson also in that summer introduced me to Saadi of Schiraz, who has been to me as an intimate friend through life's pilgrimage. For the "Rose Garden" (Gulistan) I had been prepared by my garden in Frederick Circuit, my "Seclusaval": Saadi was its interpreter, and restored it to me. For I could not enter deeply into wild nature, but dearly loved a garden.

One day when I was walking with Emerson in his garden, he stopped near a favourite plum and said, "This is when ripe a fruit of paradise." He then discovered one that was ripe and managed to pluck it for me. How simply was this man fulfilling all my youthful dreams! He personally loved Saadi, and later edited the "Gulistan." One day he told me he had found somewhere a story about him. Saadi was travelling on foot towards Damascus, alone and weary. Presently he overtook a boy travelling the same way, and asked him to point out the road. The boy offered to guide him some distance, and in the course of conversation Saadi spoke of having come from Persia and from Schiraz. "Schiraz!" exclaimed the boy; "then perhaps you can tell me something of Sheik Saadi of Schiraz." The traveller said, "I am Saadi." Instantly the boy knelt and with tears kissed the hem of his skirt, and after that could not be parted from Saadi, but guided and served him during his stay in Damascus.

(And lo, here I am with my grey hairs seeing my own Saad as he told me the little tale that filled my eyes, all unconscious that my soul was that of the Damascus boy and was kissing th hem of his garment!)

I made the acquaintance of several elderly persons in Concor who told me incidents related by their grandparents concernir the Concord fight of April 19, 1775, but I was too much intereste in the heroes of 1853 to care much for those of the old Revolutio One day Emerson pointed out to me across the street the vene able Hon. Samuel Hoar and his daughter Elizabeth, and told r the story of their visit to Charleston, S.C. (1844), the emine lawyer being commissioned by his State to plead for the relea of Massachusetts seamen seized from ships and imprisoned th because of their colour. Amid threats of violence the law and his daughter were driven out of Charleston unheard. I h not known this, and thenceforth bowed low whenever I pas the old lawyer. Without any historic halo the Hon. Sam Hoar would have arrested the attention of a stranger not o by his very tall thin form and the small face—blonde and bea less—that looked as if come out of Bellini's canvas, but by his dreamy look and movement. He was seventy-five.

it was this as well as the face that suggested to Emerson a resemblance to Dante. "He is a saint," said Emerson, as the old gentleman passed one day; "he no longer dwells with us down on earth." There could hardly be a greater contrast than that between the old man and his son Judge Rockwood Hoar. The "Jedge," as Lowell calls him in "The Biglow Papers," made an admirable attorney-general of the United States, but his force was almost formidable in little Concord. One felt in meeting him that the glasses on those bright eyes were microscopic, and that one was under impending cross-examination. He was rationalistic and a "free-soiler," though his anti-slavery record did not satisfy abolitionists.* The judge was unconscious of the satirical accent in his humour. He was personally devoted to Emerson, who, however, rather dreaded him, as he told me half-humorously, on account of his tendencies to remorselessly logical talk. The judge, however, was very amiable in his family, and especially with his sister Elizabeth. The death of Emerson's brilliant brother Charles, to whom Miss Elizabeth was betrothed, was the pathetic legend of Concord, and the reverential affection of Emerson for her represented a sentiment of the community. But the lady, in a sense widowed, was interested and active in all the culture and affairs of Concord; her sorrows had turned to sunshine for those around her.

Mrs. Ripley, the widow of the Rev. Samuel Ripley, a kinsman of Emerson, occupied the famous "Old Manse." An admirable sketch of her life was written by Elizabeth Hoar. She had a wide reputation for learning. I had heard at Cambridge that when students were rusticated they used to board at Concord in order to be coached by her. She was a fine botanist. A legend ran that Professor Gray called on her and found her instructing a student in differential calculus, correcting the Greek translation of another, and at the same time shelling peas, and rocking her grandchild's cradle with her foot. But never was lady more simple and unostentatious. In her sixty-third year she was handsome, and her intelligent interest extended from her fruit-

* A severe criticism on Judge Hoar by Wendell Phillips was resented even by Emerson. The judge was asked by Sanborn whether he was going to the funeral of Wendell Phillips, and replied, "No, but I approve of it."

trees and poultry to the profoundest problems of her time. Thus the Old Manse had for me precious "mosses" which Hawthorne had not gathered. Her daughters Phœbe and Sophia (afterwards wife of Professor Thayer of Cambridge) always met me with a friendliness gratefully remembered. No doubt they and other ladies in Concord bore in mind that I was far away from my relatives. I found in Mrs. Ripley an intelligent sympathiser with my religious ideas. She was a Theist through recognition of a supreme Reason intimated in the facts of individual reason. She said, "I cannot believe in miracles, because I believe in God." The subject of spirit manifestations was considered by her worthy of study only as a contemporary illustration of the fallaciousnes of human testimony wherever emotions or passions are involved "People believe when they've a mind to," she said.

The well-informed rationalism of Mrs. Ripley, and of he nearest friend Elizabeth Hoar, led me to suppose that the idea of Emerson were universal in Concord. In this, however, presently discovered my mistake. One day when I was wit Emerson and his wife he referred to Goethe, and I perceive that the great German was a sort of bogey to her. She quote verbatim two sentences from a letter written to her by her hu band before their marriage, in which he expressed misgivin about Goethe, beneath whose fine utterances he had found " faith." Emerson was silent, and his wife went on in a w almost pathetic to describe her need of faith.

When after the talk at dinner I was walking with Emerso he said that Goethe had written some things—"Elective Affi ties," for instance—which could be really read only by min which had undergone individual training. He was the or great writer who had turned upon the moral conventions a demanded by what right they claimed to control his life. E people with eyes could not omit Goethe.

Mr. William Emerson, an eminent lawyer of New Yo occasionally visited his younger brother in Concord. I member him as an interesting gentleman, and was surprised find any lawyer with his unworldly and even poetic look. I letter from Germany of William Emerson shown me by his s Dr. Emerson of New York, he speaks of his acquaintance w

not even Socinian faith enough to preach, and was in distress about the disappointment to his parents. Goethe advised him not to disappoint them, but go on with his ministry.

I think the Goethean cult at Cambridge and Concord had cooled. And by the way there was a droll relic of it in the Emerson household; one of the children—Edith, I think—had the fancy to name her handsome cat "Goethe." Emerson affected to take it seriously, and once when the cat was in the library and scratched itself, he opened the door and politely said, "Goethe, you must retire; I don't like your manners."

I managed to make friends with the Concord children. Never had small town a more charming circle of lovely little ones. The children of Emerson, of Judge Rockwood Hoar, of the Loring and Barrett families, mostly girls between ten and twelve years, were all pretty and intelligent, and as it was vacation time they were prepared for walks, picnics, boating, etc. Other of their elders beside myself found delight in the society of these young people, especially Thoreau. He used to take us out on the river in his boat, and by his scientific talk guide us into the water-lilies' Fairyland. He showed us his miracle of putting his hand into the water and bringing up a fish.* I remember Ellen Emerson asking her father, "Whom shall we invite to the picnic?" his answer being "All children from six years to sixty." Then there were huckleberrying parties. These were under the guidance of Thoreau, because he alone knew the precise locality of every variety of the berry. I recall an occasion when little Edward Emerson, carrying a basket of fine huckleberries, had a fall and spilt them all. Great was his distress, and our offers of berries could not console him for the loss of those gathered by himself. But Thoreau came, put his arm around the troubled child, and explained to him that if the crop of huckleberries was to continue it was necessary that some should be scattered. Nature had provided that little boys should now and then stumble and sow the berries. "We shall have a grand lot of bushes and

* The bream, which has the peculiarity of defending its spawn. Thoreau would find some spot where he could see the spawn, then place his hand beneath it. The bream placed itself over its spawn, and his fingers closed around it.

berries on this spot, and we shall owe them to you." Edward began to smile.

Not far from "Hillside" resided a lonely old man, with whom I exchanged greetings. Bereft of wife and children, he found consolation in "spiritualism." The Hunt ladies thought that he was suffering his cottage and garden to fall gradually into ruin because of his absorption in another world, and giving his money to a medium for bringing him communications from his wife and children. He was eager to convince me, and said that if I would visit Mrs. Freeman in Boston, and did not find something worth examining in this matter, he would not go there again. Whereupon I went off to Boston and Mrs. Freeman.

Ushered into the mysterious presence, I found a substantial dark-eyed sibyl seated on a little throne. I was placed in a chair opposite by her husband, who, having made passes between us, left the room. Her eyes were closed, and she drew long breaths. Presently she cried, "Where shall I go with you—to the spirit world or to some place on earth?" I said, "Tell me about my home," for I knew that no one in Boston could know anything of my home in Falmouth or my personal affairs. This woman then went on to describe in a vague way my father's house, a description that would apply to many brick houses. She then mentioned several persons in the house and incidents I was sure were not true. I was so disgusted at the whole affair that I cut short the interview and went back triumphantly to my old friend at Concord. The old man went to see the medium and she said that she found me so sceptical that the *rapport* was imperfect. The old man, however, fulfilled his contract.

Mrs. Freeman had said, "I see a lady who is a good deal worried about somebody named John." The selection of a name so common rather amused me; but I afterwards had to show my neighbour a letter from my mother saying that she was troubled by the betrothal of a relative named John.*

* In later life Madame Renan, after the decease of her husband, told me that some intelligent ladies of their acquaintance once came to him with marvellous narratives of some incidents in séances in Paris. When he intimated incredulity one of the ladies said, "But your friend Madam

From Agassiz I derived great benefit. When he rose before us in his class, a rosy flush on his face indicated his delight in communicating his knowledge. His shapely form, eager movements ("his body thought"), large soft eyes, easy, unconscious gestures, and sonorous English, with just enough foreign accent to add piquancy, together made Agassiz the perfect lecturer. He was skilful, too, as a draughtsman, and often while speaking made a few marks on the blackboard which conveyed a complete impression of the thing elucidated.

In the warmer months Agassiz used to take his class out into the country, there being no difficulty of finding in the neighbourhood places of scientific interest. Several times we visited Nahant, and I can never forget the charm of our sitting there on the rocks while Agassiz pointed out on them the autographs of the glaciers recording their ancient itinerary. Or, standing on the top of some boulder, he would trace with his finger in the rocks far out in the sea the ancient outlines of the land; or with some small fossil in his hand, or peculiar shell, he would track the progress of organic development.

On one ramble at Nahant Agassiz devoted himself to the sea-serpent, which had twice been reported as seen off that coast. One of our class had unintentionally suggested the subject by mentioning the recent apparition, and smiling at it as a sailor's yarn. But Agassiz, in his always good-natured way, said that although there were no doubt exaggerations, it was not quite safe to ridicule the story. He then proceeded to give a summary of all the narratives about the alleged monster, with references to time and place that amazed us, as the subject was of casual suggestion. He described huge snake-like saurians of which some may have been amphibious or aquatic, and whose extinction might not be complete.

One day in his lecture-room Agassiz displayed some new fossils, mainly of saurians, which had just been added to his collection. They gave him a text for a general review of the morphological chain of reptilian life. As he proceeded, darting

know how to see!" Nearly these same words were said to me by Mrs. Sarah Ripley in the Old Manse in Concord.

Emerson had little patience with "spiritualism," which he called "the rat-hole revelation."

off at times to his blackboard, and comparing the extinct form with contemporary fauna, he became more and more animated, his face reddening with excitement, until at last he said: "Gentlemen, I ask you to forgive me if to-day I end my lecture at this point, although the hour is not out. I assure you that while I have been describing these extinct creatures they have taken on a sort of life; they have been crawling and darting about me, I have heard their screaming and hissing, and am really exhausted. I regret it, gentlemen, but I trust that you will excuse me."

Our admiration for the great teacher was such as to break through all rules, and we gave him a hearty cheer. He bowed low to us and quickly disappeared.

The determined repudiation by Agassiz of the discovery of Darwin caused something like dismay in scientific circles throughout Europe as well as in America. Concerning this I have some memories that may interest men of science. When I belonged to the class of Agassiz (1853–54), he repeatedly referred to the hypothesis of continuous development of species in a way which has suggested to me a possibility that he may have had some private information of what was to come from Charles Darwin. In his Introduction (1859) Darwin speaks of having submitted a sketch of his work to Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker "the latter having seen my sketch of 1844." Either of these or Darwin himself, might have consulted Agassiz. Most of us knew about such a theory only through the popular "Vestiges of Creation," to which he paid little attention. He seemed to have been excited by some German—perhaps Schopenhauer, in whose works the idea of self-evolution in organic nature is potential—of whom he spoke with a flush of anger when adding "He says himself that he is an atheist." At any rate, during 1854 especially, his mind was much occupied with the subject. I also remember well that during this time he often dwelt upon what he called the "ideal connection" between the different forms of life, describing with drawings the embryonic changes in that progress appearing no unbridged chasm after the dawn of organic life.

At the end of every week a portion of the afternoon was given for our putting questions to Agassiz, the occasion often

giving rise to earnest discussion. These repeatedly raised the theory of development in "The Vestiges of Creation." Agassiz frequently referred to the spiritual evolution with which Emerson was particularly associated. But just after Darwin's discovery had appeared, I happened to be dining at the Saturday Club in Boston, when something like an encounter between these two friends occurred. Agassiz was seated at the head of the table, Emerson being on his right. It was near the end of the dinner, and around the long table those present were paired off in conversation; but being next to Emerson I could enjoy the conversation he held with Agassiz. After a time the professor made some little fling at the new theory. Emerson said smilingly that on reading it he had at once expressed satisfaction at its confirmation of what he (Agassiz) had long been telling us. All of those beautiful harmonies of form throughout nature which he had so finely divined were now proved to be genuine relationship. "Yes," said Agassiz eagerly, "ideal relationship, connected thoughts of a Being acting with an intelligent purpose." Emerson, to whom the visible universe was all a manifestation of things ideal, said that the physical appeared to him one with the ideal development. Whereupon Agassiz exclaimed, "There I cannot agree with you," and changed the subject.

There was at Concord a course of lectures every year, one of which was given by Agassiz. His coming was an important event. He was always a guest of the Emersons, where the literary people of the village were able to meet him. On one such occasion I remember listening to a curious conversation between Agassiz and A. Bronson Alcott, who lived and moved in a waking dream. After delighting Agassiz by repudiating the theory of the development of man from animals, he filled the professor with dismay by equally decrying the notion that God could ever have created ferocious and poisonous beasts. When Agassiz asked who could have created them, Alcott said they were the various forms of human sin. Man was the first being created. And the horrible creatures were originated by his lusts and animalisms. When Agassiz, bewildered, urged that geology proved that the animals existed before man, Alcott suggested that man might have originated them before his appearance in his present form. Agassiz having given a signal

of distress, Emerson came to the rescue with some reconciling discourse on the development of life and thought, with which the professor had to be content, although there was a *soupçon* of Evolutionism in every word our host uttered.

There was a good deal of suspicion in America that the refusal of Agassiz to accept Darwin's discovery was due to the influence of religious leaders in Boston, and particularly to that of his father-in-law, Thomas Carey, who had so freely devoted his wealth to the professor's researches. Some long intimacy with those families convinced me that there was no such influence exerted by the excellent Mr. Carey, but that the old Swiss pastor Agassiz' father, was surviving in him. He had, indeed, departed far from the paternal creed; he repudiated all miracles at a time when Mr. Carey and other Unitarians upheld them tenaciously. He threw a bomb into the missionary camp by his assertion of racial diversity of origin. His utterances against Darwinism were evidently deistic, and had nothing whatever to do with any personal interest, except that he had a horror of being called an atheist.

I say "deistic," for "theistic" denotes a more spiritual conception of deity than I can associate with Agassiz. He had adopted Humboldt's "Cosmos" idea, attached a dynamic deity to it, but did not appear to have any mystical or even reverential sentiment about nature, and pointed out humorously what he called nature's "jokes." I was sometimes invited to his house. He had by his first wife two beautiful daughters and the son (Alexander), now eminent. His wife and her sisters were ladies of finest culture and ability. Agassiz was a perfect character in his home life, and neighbourly also. Occasionally he would get together the young girls of Cambridge and guide them among the fossils, telling them all the wonders of the primeval world. Longfellow told me that Agassiz was entreating him to write a poem on the primeval world.

CHAPTER XIII.

Concerts and Theatres—Mr. and Mrs. Jared Sparks—The Longfellows—J. R. Lowell—Dr. Palfrey—Rev. Dr. Andrews Norton—The Plymouth Rock Myth—Theodore Parker—Professor Convers Francis—Professor G. R. Noyes—The Unitarian Clergy—Emerson at Divinity Hall—His Influence on Students.

THE three hundred dollars I carried to Cambridge, which would have been affluence in my Methodist circuit, swiftly diminished in value. Some half-starved tastes were awakened in me. I heard for the first time symphonies of Beethoven; in Boston Museum Theatre I witnessed the inimitable comic acting of Warren;* here were new kingdoms, but with ticket offices at their frontiers.

The most momentous experience was the first opera. It was at the Howard Athenæum, then the grand place, and I was invited by the Longfellows to a seat in their box. This first opera was "Somnambula"; the second was the "Barber of Seville"; but the third—oh, the third! It was dear Mrs. Sparks, wife of the historian, who invited me to "Don Giovanni." She had never seen that opera, and I fear could not enjoy it because she had taken me (a sort of *protégé*) to what she described to her husband on our return as a travesty of Byron's "Don Juan" and quite as immoral. A startling thing to me was the discovery in Mozart's melodies of several hymn-tunes. The charm of Sontag's singing—the music, especially the minuet—held me under a spell. I never got free from it, and to this day regard "Don Giovanni" as worth all other operas together.

My love of concerts and theatres requiring economy, I joined four other impecunious divinity students in forming a vegetarian table. Our only married student, Fowler, and his wife were

* I have never seen the equal of Warren as an artist in that line. With a facial expression and some slight movement—such as turning around—he could without a word convulse an audience.

glad to help support themselves by supplying us in their hous
There were half a dozen of us at table. Fowler was the on
"spiritualist" in our college, and the rest of us represent
rationalistic phases of faith, each in an individual way; so c
table did not lack spice.

Jared Sparks, the historian, was president of Harvard Colle
when I arrived, but soon resigned, and was succeeded by R
Dr. James Walker. Mr. Sparks had long given up his minister
profession, to the great benefit of American history. I had be
especially confided to his kindness by Drs. Burnap and Dew
and was admitted to a sort of intimacy in his family.
remains in my memory among the most charming personalit
I have known. Seated there in his library with his histori
documents, he was the ideal scholar and statesman. His no
countenance had the candour and simplicity of a child, and thou
grave almost to melancholy, a sweet smile now and then pla
over his features, and his gentle voice was winning. In reflect
on my acquaintance with Jared Sparks I always remember w
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said to me some years before
death: "You and I have spent many of the best years of
lives merely clearing theological rubbish out of our pat
Because I was so occupied still in my twenty-first year I was
abled from availing myself of my opportunities for gaining f
the patriarch of American history the knowledge for whic
had to search long in later life. I remember, however, that
repeated to me a suggestion of Thomas Paine to Jefferson, t
Christ and his disciples were modelled on the sun and zod
Indeed, it was from Jared Sparks that I first learned that Tho
Paine was to be respected.

Mrs. Sparks was a lady of culture and originality. She
tinued her evening receptions after her husband's preside
ceased, and in her house the best people were met. It was t
that I met Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, char
across the Atlantic by Emerson. His figure was unique as
poetry. Someone at the time told me that there had been s
doubt as to the pronunciation of the name, and on his
appearance Mrs. Sparks had greeted him as Mr. "Clow." W
he was taking leave she repeated this; and Clough, after g

emphasis, "Cluff, madam, Cluff!" This handsome blonde Englishman often passed Divinity Hall on his way to visit the Nortons at "Shady Hill," just back of us, and he seemed to make more classic our pretty avenue. "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," lent me by Emerson, was touched with melancholy, but Clough's face was always serene.

Had I to describe the Cambridge I knew in a phrase, it would be as the Town of Beautiful Homes. I suppose my coming so far from my relatives, and my parting with Virginia for love of religious and political liberty, led some to invite me to their homes. Among these were the Longfellows. I find in my note-book: "March 13, 1853. Spent the evening with Longfellow! O what an event! I found him in every way worthy of his works, with a sweet and smiling family around him. A pleasant young English lady was there—Miss Davies. Topics—Modern Authors, Personalities of Boston, etc., and mainly of Virginia and Slavery, about which the English lady was anxious." This is a wretched little note about my introduction to Craigie House, and across all the years my memory is better. For I remember the grace and graciousness of Mrs. Longfellow, and thinking that she was the lady described by the poet in "Hyperion." She possessed a peculiar kind of beauty, which I think inspired the familiar engraving "Evangeline," and a most engaging expression of sincerity and of thoughtfulness for others. When anyone was conversing with her the intentness of her dark eyes, as if she listened with them, and the humility with which after a little silence she expressed an opinion always intelligent, never conventional, impressed me that first evening. I longed for her friendship. She loved to walk on the large swards fronting Craigie House, and it was a picture to see this tall lady among her trees and flowers. She had much quiet humour, and I remember her quaint description of old Mrs. Craigie, from whom they purchased the house. Some had tried to persuade her to have her trees tarred to protect them from the caterpillars, which also invaded her neighbours. She refused to be so cruel to the caterpillars, saying "They are our fellow-worms."

She was the poet's second wife, but the difference in their ages was compensated by his possessing the greater youthfulness of spirit. He was quick and vivacious in his movements, and

was even gay at times, though I never remember him laughing aloud. Her brother, Tom Appleton, a cosmopolitan wit, used often to pass his Sunday evenings at Craigie House, and I had a standing invitation to pass Sunday evening there. It was a delight to listen to Tom Appleton's talk, and I had often to indulge in my Virginian liability to loud laughter—I and the children—but Mrs. Longfellow only beamed her amusement and the poet must have sympathetically caught her serene way.

At that time Longfellow was the professor of poetry in Harvard College. Some of the professional students availed themselves of the general college studies, and I joined the classes of Agassiz in science, of Bernard Roelker in German, and of Longfellow. With the poet we went critically through Goethe's "Faust." It was charming to listen to Longfellow's reading. Even German became musical in his voice, and it was a fine experience to witness the simplicity and elevation with which he interpreted for us without prudery the whole human nature of the poem, as well as its frame of folk-lore and mythology. Longfellow's knowledge of folk-lore, antiquities, superstitions—Scandinavian, English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, American (aboriginal)—was universal, and had he not eclipsed his learning by the popularity of his poetry, he might have founded a chair for such studies.

Longfellow's personality was potent among us. His modesty, his amiable man-to-man manners toward the young, the absence of airs or mannerisms, his transparent veracity of mind and respect for all sincere opinions, were very engaging. He was universally beloved. I heard Lowell's address at the unveiling of Longfellow's bust in Westminster Abbey; and although everyone present seemed to feel that the perfect word had been spoken, I felt that with all the elegance of the eulogy it did not—perhaps none could—convey the characteristics that made Longfellow's personality finer than his poems.*

Now that I have mentioned Lowell, it may here be added that at the time he was generally known only by his "Biglow Papers" and his "Fable for Critics." They were unique in

* Joseph Jefferson tells me that when dining with Robert Browning in London, 1877, the poet said Longfellow was as charming a gentleman as he had ever met. "Browning's enthusiasm for a man whose poetry

American literature, and genuine New England products. Meeting him in later years I received an impression that he did not like to be alluded to as "author of the Biglow Papers," but it is only his works written under that same inspiration that strike me as possessing originality.

Mrs. Charles Lowell, his widowed sister-in-law, introduced me to Lowell, and he received me pleasantly; but there was a certain provincialism about him which I suppose irritated my own Southern provincialism; and perhaps both my lingering Methodism and heretical enthusiasm prevented my getting very far with Lowell. Despite his long beard, pointed moustache, and wavy hair parted in the middle, in those days suggestive of foreign style, his look, accent, shrewdness, all recalled the "Yankee" conventionalised in Southern prejudice. Although this son of an eminent Unitarian minister had depicted so felicitously, in his "Fable for Critics," Emerson, Parker, and other leaders of thought, he did not seem to have any knowledge of their thoughts nor much interest in the great problems that filled the air with discussion. He took me with him to a beautiful pond near Cambridge, where we had a fine bath, and showed himself an admirable swimmer.

I had enthusiasm for Robert Browning, but Lowell showed no interest in Browning, and shocked me by echoing the commonplaces about his obscurity. "I own," he said, "a copy of 'Sordello,' and anybody may have it who will put his hand upon his heart and say he understands it." "I have not read it," I replied, "but what is it about?" Placing his hand over his heart, he answered, "I don't know." I presently read "Sordello," and found it obscure because of my ignorance of the epoch in Italian history with which it is interwoven, but there are enough clear and profound passages in the poem (so I thought) to excite something more than jest.

Mr. Buckingham, the admirable editor to whom Lowell's "Biglow Papers" were addressed, was passing serene years in his pleasant home with his daughter, and he could not have better company than this bright and gracious young lady.

At an edge of our Divinity Hall park resided Dr. John Gorham Palfrey. Formerly a Unitarian minister and a professor in our Divinity School, his interest in the anti-slavery cause had carried

him into political life and into Congress. His radical attitude in Congress had cost him his seat, and he resumed his historical researches. Dr. Palfrey, still an active man—though his children were grown—was very attractive. He was an impressive speaker, a scholar with fine powers of conversation, and rather rationalistic. He had long set the anti-slavery cause above all theology.

The largest homestead in Cambridge—one may call it a park—was "Shady Hill," belonging to the Norton family. The Rev. Dr. Andrews Norton resided there with his unmarried daughters Jane and Grace, and his son Charles Eliot Norton, now (1904) professor of fine arts in Harvard University. Dr. Norton had been the chief professor in the Divinity School, and wrote the text-book of conservative Unitarianism, namely, "The Evidences of Christianity." Being on the side of the enemy, I did not then appreciate the force and learning of this work.

The venerable doctor was a favourite theme of legend in our college. He had the reputation of being very aristocratic. Some student invented a fable of the leading Unitarians entering heaven in a group, with characteristic remarks. Dr. Ware said, "It is better than we deserve"; the elder Channing, "This is another proof of the dignity of human nature"; Dr. Ezra Gannett, "There must be some mistake," and hurries out; Dr. Norton murmurs, "It is a *very* miscellaneous crowd."

Perhaps this idea arose from the old gentleman's historic genealogy, his reputed wealth, elegant park, and the distinguished appearance of his children. His daughters were sometimes seen walking about their grounds, which adjoined our college park; they were beautiful, and spoken of as "The Evidences of Christianity." Once when the two elder were preparing for a visit to Europe, Grace remaining with their father, Dr. Palfrey said to Dr. Norton, "Alas! what will you do when the Evidences of Christianity leave you?" "Ah, I will be saved by *grace*."

Dr. Palfrey advised me to pay my respects to Dr. Norton, and gave me a note of introduction. I did so with trepidation, as he was believed to regard rationalism intolerantly.

Browning's "old king sitting in the sun" came to my mind when I beheld this picturesque scholar in his library, with his halo of silken white hair, his classic features, his clear soft eye

With my anti-slavery views, Dr. Palfrey's note may have made him acquainted; but as most of the old Unitarians idolised Daniel Webster and opposed the abolitionists, I supposed that the "aristocratic" doctor was on that side too. To my surprise he said early in our conversation that the majority of the Washington politicians seemed to ignore not only the principles of freedom, but even all sense of honour. No compacts were respected and truth was disregarded. Those who refer to the history of the slave power at that time, and its steady corruption of Northern congressmen, will recognise the weight of Dr. Norton's words. I was charmed by the old scholar's candour. In speaking of "Transcendentalism" he made a remark to the effect that what to thinkers (I understood a reference to Emerson) were high ideas of individuality and self-reliance, tended to become in ordinary minds boundless self-conceit.

When Professor Charles Norton was bravely denouncing in 1898 the "inglorious war" which the United States was about to wage against helpless Spain, I gave an address in Boston, before the Free Religious Association, in which I related the above anecdote of his father. I afterwards received a letter from Professor Norton telling me that it had been the custom of his father in their family prayers to utter a special petition against the influence of Theodore Parker's unbelief. But one day he read a report of a sermon delivered by Parker in Boston on the betrayal of freedom by Webster, and from that time there was no more about Parker in the family prayers.

When the elder Channing visited Europe he went to see Mrs. Hemans, whose poems were popular in America, in her home near Windermere. He spoke of her hymn on "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England," and told her that he had heard it sung by a great multitude on the spot where the Pilgrims landed. But when, in answer to her questions, he was compelled to inform her that the coast described in her hymn as "stern and rock-bound" was without any rocks, she burst into tears. In my Southern home, where my mother used to sing that hymn, I too had nursed the heroic legend, and when I made my reverent pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock, a cruel disillusion awaited me. My friend Andrew Russell showed me near the low beach a small stone a yard or so long, and one slightly larger in front

of Pilgrim Hall, the tradition being that the two together had made the original holy Rock. It was as mythical as the Holy Stone of Mecca. It was to be yet a good many years before I discovered the illusions investing the Pilgrims themselves. I credited them with great men around me, whom they would have banished or put to death.

Admirers of Theodore Parker sometimes claimed that he was the typical flower out of the prickly Puritan stem. And after I had come to find that no opportunity of hearing him must be lost, there appeared to me some truth in this. When he sat in front of the great organ while the choir was singing, there was a certain severity about his thin lips, a sternness and pallor on his face and bald head, which suggested the aspect of the Puritan; when he opened his lips his gentle voice wafted to us lilies and roses.

In nearly every sermon of Parker there was some delicately humorous passage which sent a smile or even a ripple of laughter through his eager assembly, but it was only some great inhumanity or injustice that brought forth his sarcasm, and that raised no smile.

Theodore Parker's rejection of miracles recorded in the Bible was not the result of sceptical tendencies but of critical studies. The last time I ever saw him was at Framingham, where the Anti-slavery Society met every summer in a grove. During an interval in the speaking I walked with him to the end of the grove, where we sat upon the grass. I was preparing a sermon on miracles, and noted some of his talk on that subject. He said it was difficult to define miracle. He recognised a sort of miracle-sense in man, who feeds that mystic part of him with legends and fables, as a man who cannot get bread will eat grass rather than starve; but when man has grown so far as to find God in nature, and in the deep intuitions of his own heart, the miraculous fables will be extinguished like rushlights under the dawn.

While I loved Theodore Parker and honoured him as the standard-bearer of religious liberty, and derived instruction from his discourses, I received no important aid from his philosophy or his theology. Indeed, none of our class in the Divinity School adopted "Parkerism" but we all felt—and I suspect our pro-

fessors felt—that Parker was defending our right to enter on an unfettered ministry. We unanimously resolved to ask him to give the sermon at our graduation. When one or two of us conveyed to Parker this invitation, we were received in his library, where he sat at his desk. The conspicuous musket borne by his grandfather at Lexington was in curious contrast with the tenderness which this captain in a nobler revolution displayed for his antagonists. He was moved by our invitation, and after some moments of silence said, "I should rejoice to do it; but the professors have already been embarrassed at the reputation of your class for radicalism, and this would embarrass them further; get someone less notorious." After some discussion we took his advice, and the address was given by Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. After us came a class which, without consulting Parker, invited him to deliver their address. The Faculty having refused consent, and the young men to elect another, the address that year was an eloquent silence.

Parker really brought a sort of judgment day among the Unitarians, many of whom were not conscious of the extent to which they had deviated from the old standards. He told me that Dr. Convers Francis, our professor of ecclesiastical history, had visited him after his first heretical manifesto, and the following colloquy took place:—

F. "I cannot go along with you, Parker."

P. "What's the trouble?"

F. "Oh, you reject the supernatural in Christianity."

P. "Do you believe in it?"

F. "Certainly."

P. "Do you believe that the fish came up with a penny in its mouth?"

F. "Well no, not that."

P. "Do you believe that a fig-tree withered because Jesus cursed it?"

F. "Certainly not."

P. "Do you believe that a man was brought to life four days after his death?"

F. "I do not."

P. "Will you please select some particular miracle in the New Testament which you do believe?"

F. "Oh, I accept the supernatural element."

With that, said Parker, Dr. Francis went off. And how many preachers are in that condition?

Dr. Francis was a florid old gentleman, good-natured, tolerant, mystical, and, but for the extent to which his functions had wrapped him in bandages, might have been progressive. He was the brother of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, whose "Progress of Religious Ideas" was perhaps the earliest attempt to gather together the spiritual expressions of all the races of mankind. We all liked Dr. Francis personally, and derived benefit from his encyclopædic information about the Church and the Fathers, though he was not able to kindle this ancient coal with any present fire, so that we might receive light and warmth from it.

Theodore Parker once said that he asked a friend from Cambridge what was going on at the Divinity School, and the reply was, "One professor is milking the barren heifer and the other is holding the sieve." But in 1853-54 the case was by no means that. Professor George R. Noyes went through the Bible with a well-trained critical instinct, and delivered us from the fallacious method of interpreting scriptures to suit our preconceptions, either pious or rationalistic. His admirable translation of the Book of Job shows his mental veracity. My old "Student's Bible" is marked with notes of his instructions, and in later years, when knowledge is so much advanced beyond what it then was, I often find in them useful suggestions. The fear of giving a push to rationalism on the one hand, or to orthodoxy on the other, never made Dr. Noyes swerve from exact truth.

One morning I entered the lecture-room a few moments late, and Dr. Noyes remarked, with a friendly smile, "It is said of a famous Virginian that he was remarkable for punctuality." As George Washington had never before been held up to me as an example in anything, I did not at the instant comprehend the allusion. The professor had a good deal of humour. He usually confined his wit to anecdotes, but once he repeated to us a conundrum recalled from early years: "What is the difference between Noah's Ark and a down-east coaster? One was made *of* gopher wood, the other *to* go for wood!"

Dr. Noyes, while relentless in his "higher criticism," was

his patience with a pro-slavery administration broke down, and that in his chapel prayer he said, "May our rulers be endowed with that wisdom which they *so much need.*" But in his class, when dealing with some text relating to slavery, he reminded us of the fable of the competition between the Wind and the Sun to make the traveller take off his coat. He did not believe that any evil could be removed by denunciation, but he thought that any subject might be dealt with in the pulpit, if it was not in a pugnacious spirit.

He also regarded the "Prohibitionists" as unwise, and trusted that we would as public teachers not only be temperate in eating and drinking, but also in our zeal for any reform.

The school was in a fairly flourishing condition. It had in some years had very few students, and it was said that some old minister reported finding there only three seniors, adding, "One is a mystic, one a sceptic, the other a dyspeptic." But we had quite a number, and most of them youths of ability, also hard workers and full of earnestness. We held weekly discussions in our chapel, from which our professors were careful to be absent. The subjects were generally ethical, one of the most excited debates being on the proposed abstention of anti-slavery people from the products of slave labour. One maintained that we should use cotton and sugar to increase our health and strength for the combat against slavery. I gained from that debate the basis of a subsequent reply to an English society's suggestion of such abstention; a mere economic victory over slavery would be akin to a military victory, and would do no good to the slave; only a change of mind and heart in the owners would free the slaves.

With the exception of Father Taylor, the orthodox pulpit had few men of much ability in Boston at that time. Phillips Brooks was as yet a Harvard undergraduate. In the absence of any adequate championship of orthodoxy it fell to certain Unitarians to maintain scriptural authority and supernaturalism, and some of them were strong men. The typical old-fashioned Unitarian was Dr. Ezra Styles Gannett, whose fire and vigorous thought made him eloquent. He lived long enough to be the last of the able and learned believers inspired by Unitarian Christianity. The leading *réactionnaire* was the late Bishop

Frederick D. Huntington, a handsome gentleman and accomplished preacher, but unable to deal with the positions of Parker and other Unitarian heretics. This inability did not arise from any lack of intellect or learning, but from his being then out of his place.

These leaders in the defence of supernatural Christianity had their "school," which was vigilant over us of the Divinity School. My own enthusiasm for Emerson unexpectedly gave rise to an incident that caused excitement in the right wing. It was Emerson's custom to give one of the winter course of lectures in Concord, and having ascertained the date, I persuaded two students to join me in hiring a sleigh to take us out to Concord (twenty miles) and bring us back the same evening. One of the party was Henry Gardiner Denny, a law student. Loammi Goodenough Ware and myself were the only divinity students, and with all his sweet tolerance Ware was a right-wing Unitarian. The snow was deep and hard enough for perfect sleighing, the thermometer below zero, but our hearts were warm enough to make us forget the weather, until on reaching Concord Town Hall we found it closed. We drove to Emerson's house and learned that his lecture had been indefinitely postponed. Emerson was surprised and touched that young men should in such weather make a journey of forty miles, with the necessity of rising betimes next day, to listen to one of his lectures. He and his wife detained us with hospitality, gave us refreshments, and after listening to his conversation we went off with a sense of happiest disappointment. No public lecture could have equalled that evening with Emerson.

But with his characteristic humility Emerson was unconscious of the riches his conversation had bestowed, and thought only of our disappointment at hearing no lecture after our ride on the snow. Consequently he wrote to me that if I could arrange an afternoon he would read a lecture in my room. The arrangement was made and the lecture read. Of this incident I shall presently give further account, but first must relate that the incident speedily reached the Unitarians in Boston, accumulating on its way all manner of mythical additions, until when it came to the Gannett and Huntington circle it amounted to a dire and pregnant affair. Dr. Francis and Dr. Noyes called to ask me

about it, and I gathered from them and others that it was reported that Emerson had now become a regular teacher in Divinity Hall, the students having organised a school within the school for the "Emersonian" cult.

Emerson's paper was on Poetry; it was read to us on a Saturday afternoon when no regular teaching was going on, and only two of the listeners were divinity students. Our professors were perfectly satisfied by my narrative of the circumstances. But Mr. Huntington, with whom I also conversed, was convinced that the school was steeped in unbelief, resulting from a general "decline of moral earnestness." This is the one phrase I recall from the only conversation I ever had with him—a brief conversation which for the rest certainly left on me an impression of his own moral earnestness, insomuch that I was not surprised to hear that he had abandoned Unitarianism, at heavy cost to his personal associations.

When Emerson wrote me that he would read a lecture in my room, I concluded that it was an occasion of which I ought to make the most. My own room was too plainly furnished; and I proposed to my friend Loammi Ware that the company should assemble in his room, the most elegant in Divinity Hall. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, Arthur Hugh Clough, J. R. Lowell, Mrs. Charles Lowell, J. S. Dwight, Charles E. Norton and his sisters Jane and Grace, Frank B. Sanborn, L. G. Ware, Henry G. Denny, and the musical artist Otto Dresel. The impression on us was profound. It was a sort of epic that we should be gathered around this poet, who fulfilled before us one of the sentences he uttered, "In poetry we require the miracle." When Emerson finished there was deep silence. Presently Otto Dresel moved to the piano and performed several of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Those were the only words possible.*

* Emerson spoke of "the electric word pronounced by John Hunter —*arrested and progressive development.*" After Emerson's death I gave at the Royal Institution, London, a lecture on "Emerson and his Views of Nature" (February 9, 1883). While preparing that lecture I inquired of Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Flower (then Hunterian lecturer) where I could find John Hunter's statement about "arrested and progressive development." Neither of these could find the reference, and indeed they were startled that Emerson should have discovered such an

Such was the memorable episode that became fabled among our anxious Boston elders, and excited such perturbation.

Whether Dr. Huntington's words about the "decline of moral earnestness" referred particularly to our school or to the Unitarian body, I do not know. In either case he was mistaken. He could not have attended one of our weekly discussions in the chapel without perceiving that our moral earnestness was almost too intense. War, non-resistance, the methods of dealing with criminals, slavery, the rights and wrongs of woman, all questions relating to human life and society, were earnestly discussed, and excited more interest than debates on theological problems. And in all this the Divinity School indicated the advance in the Unitarian churches of a new moral life which could not be prevented from floating the ethical systems moulded in puritanical theology.

At the time of which I write there existed in and around Boston a Unitarian clergy never surpassed for the eloquence adapted to cultured minds. There were ministers who were without much renown simply because of their number, who, had they been preaching in distant regions, would have been famous.

Up to the middle of the century these fine spirits had felt touched to sufficiently fine issues in guarding their flocks against wolves of ancient superstition, cruel dogmas, and in encouraging domestic virtues and individual culture. And their success was

anticipation of Natural Selection. I then explored Palmer's edition of Hunter's works (1835), and found in vol. i., p. 205, this footnote: "If we were capable of following the progress of increase of number of the parts of the most perfect animal, as they formed in succession, from the very first to its state of full perfection, we should probably be able to compare it to some of the incomplete animals themselves of every order of animals in creation, being at no stage different from some of those inferior orders; or in other words, if we were to take a series of animals, from the more imperfect to the perfect, we should probably find an imperfect animal corresponding with some stage of the most perfect." It was, no doubt, this note which Emerson coined into a phrase of his own — "arrested and progressive development." My conjecture is that Professor Owen, who guided Emerson through the Hunterian Museum in 1848, called his attention to Hunter's footnote, to which there is a reference in Owen's "Physiological Catalogue of the College of Surgeons" (vol. i., p. ii.).

that in their churches were born competent leaders of men, able lawyers, judges, authors. But they failed to heed the warning voice of their great leader gone silent—Channing—that slavery was an intolerable wrong which would imperil the nation.

In our Senior year we were nearly every Sunday preaching in some pulpit needing supply, and as in such places we were entertained by prominent Unitarian families, we acquired knowledge of the trend of things. I often filled the pulpits at Plymouth, Fall River, New Bedford, Newburyport, Marblehead, also sometimes in Boston and its suburbs, and gained very distinct ideas on the characteristics of Unitarianism in its great days. As a rationalist I advocated changes; and as a free thinker I still recognise that there was something offensive in the attention learned men were giving to ancient and remote times and places, and to metaphysics, when their own time and country were in sore need of every available fibre of strength. But long experience and historical studies have shown me another side of the situation. The Unitarians had inherited the old churches; and the hard literature and tyranny of those old Calvinists were done away with in the only genuine way—by evolution instead of revolution. The only security against reversion in human evolution is that some continuity shall be preserved with all that was humane in preceding forms or capable of a human interpretation. From time to time a question might be asked, and it was then time to answer it. To animate homes and towns with sweetness and light, to see after the charities, to encourage reading, culture, attention to health, elegance in social life, art, good taste, pretty amusements—these made a sufficient task for every minister without his paying much attention to polemics. It was a fault, I think, in our teaching at Cambridge that it was not proved to us, and continually impressed on us, that a man might be both scholarly and self-truthful even though, like our dear old Professor Francis, he repudiated each particular miracle, while maintaining supernaturalism. If a preacher made a bold statement in one direction, we were apt to regard his conformity in others as hypocrisy; yet we presently went out to our pastoral charges, and with whatever radicalism followed usages whose inconsistency with our principles was discovered only in later

years. How long did I administer the sacrament after I had rejected every theory of atonement!

We would have been wiser if we had realised then, as we did later, that there was an Emerson in every leading preacher's breast. Frank Sanborn told me that Emerson and Henry Ward Beecher happened to meet at some hotel and were dining together. "Mr. Emerson," said Beecher, "do you think a man eating these meats could tell what grasses the animals fed on?" "No," said Emerson. "I'm glad to hear it," said Beecher, "for I've been feeding on you a long time, and I'm glad my people don't know it."

A disposition for work was hereditary in me. Even in the cold northern climate I must rise early, and in that way managed to read many excellent books. My habit of pastoral work on my Methodist circuit caused me to welcome an invitation from Charles Norton to unite in a night school which he had started at Cambridgeport, where many poor resided. It profoundly moved me to see a room crowded with grown-up people learning the rudiments of knowledge like children. This was what I had longed for among the poor whites of Virginia, but I had at last reached agreement with Horace Greeley's comment on my effort; —the poor whites of Virginia could never be educated until the slaves were free.

After all, the conservative ministers were not quite wrong in their apprehension that Emerson had become a teacher at the Divinity School; only it would have been more exact to say, in the whole college. Charles Norton, Sanborn, Eliot, Horace Furness—to name those of whom I knew something—were really children of Emerson, perhaps more truly than some of us who found him an especially religious inspirer. In later years I have met with men who listened to Emerson with enthusiasm, and found that, like myself, they had lost the old faith and the hopes for mankind which animated us in those years. But love of Emerson never perished in any heart that knew him; the feeling towards him had really little to do with visions and ideals raised in us, but was something not to be analysed or described. For myself I may say that even his playful remarks planted some seed in my mind. "What, sonny? Your mother says you are not well to-day. Now what naughty things have you been

doing, for when anyone is sick something *the devil* is the matter!" Out of that merry and caressing bit of humour grew in my ministry the sermons on health which I condensed into an article in my *Dial* on "The Moral Diagnosis of Disease." During my whole ministry I tried to live up to the art of negation illustrated in Emerson's reply to a lady when I was present. "Was not Christ sinless?" asked the pious lady. Emerson said, "The knowledge of good and evil through experience is an essential condition of intelligence, and that wisdom can hardly be denied to Jesus." The broken seed-shell of dogma could not be mourned when out of it sprang a fragrant flower. Of course, we who went out as public teachers had not before us always the taught and sympathetic listeners that surrounded Emerson; I have had to defend my beliefs and disbeliefs in controversies, but after every one of them I have felt the truth which Emerson wrote in a letter (1838) shown me by a lady in Cincinnati: "I do not gladly utter any deep conviction of the soul in any company where I think it will be contested—no, nor unless I think it will be welcome. Truth has already ceased to be itself if polemically said."

On one occasion Mrs. Emerson was speaking of the need she felt of belief in something supernatural. Emerson said gently: "Isn't it enough, Queeny, to look into the eyes of your child?"

"It does not appear necessary," he once hinted to me, "when a child is enjoying a spectacle to explain that the good fairy's gems are all glass."

One thing Emerson said to me when about to enter on my new ministry, I did not forget—*ἀεί ἀριστεύειν*. However little my best may be, I have found the deepest satisfaction of heart and mind is not in the achievement, not in the event—never ideal—but in doing one's very best.

CHAPTER XIV.

Divinity School—Anthony Burns, the Fugitive Slave—Rufus Choate—Miss Davenport's "Colombe"—Mother of Margaret Fuller—Sylvester Judd—Peripatetic Preaching—Miss Upham's Boarders—My Experience as Proctor—A Curious Theft—Our Spiritualist Classmate Brings Trouble—Anti-slavery Gathering at Framingham, July 4, 1854—"Sojourner Truth"—Thoreau's Speech—Garrison Burns the Constitution.

OUR Fredericksburg and Falmouth community was too small for any youth to fly off from the old paths without exciting attention. There was a good deal of talk, and inquiries were made about Unitarianism. Several citizens of Fredericksburg avowed unorthodox views, and the effect of my aberration was not entirely unfavourable to me.

Of course my old friends, the Methodists, had to face the question whether I was to be damned or not because of my unbelief. The most touching thing to me was that my dear mother searched her Bible with reference to my case, and found it clear that final salvation would come even to Leviathan: "He shall make peace with me." If that "crooked serpent" must be saved her crooked son was safe! I think indeed that in my absence I did something towards bringing other relatives over to grandfather's Universalism.

My Quaker friend William Henry Farquhar came all the way from Sandy Spring to visit me at Cambridge. The visit was pleasant, but he discovered that I was living on vegetables. On his return he wrote to my sister that he feared I was insufficiently nourished. This caused a panic in the Falmouth household, and my father forgot his scruples about supporting me in a Unitarian school. His offer of assistance was affectionately acknowledged by me, but declined with the assurance that I

year, when students are allowed to fill pulpits. I was getting fifteen or twenty dollars every Sunday, and was boarding at the best table in Cambridge.

But just then an event occurred which held momentous results for me. In May, 1854, the fugitive slave Anthony Burns was arrested in Boston, and the city thrown into excitement. Anthony was from our county, and about twenty. His owner, Captain Suttle, and William Brent, both well known to me, had come to Boston, and Burns was discovered. The city swarmed with an angry multitude; but the new Fugitive Slave Law was now in force, and the President ordered a regiment to suppress any attempt at rescue. Around the courthouse were stretched chains under which the judges and lawyers had to bend on entering.

The Southern students at Cambridge assembled to offer their sympathy to the owner of Burns. I was notified, but replied that my sympathies were with the fugitive.

On the Sunday after the arrest I was in the vast congregation of Theodore Parker. A notice had been sent to all the churches asking their prayers that the fugitive might be delivered. Parker began his services by reading this notice, then quietly laid it aside with the remark, "I have no intention of asking God to do our work." His prayer was for moral courage in the people and not for the fugitive's rescue. His sermon came as if from his cherished heirloom, his grandfather's musket in the Revolution. The next morning I tried to get into the court-room, but without success, and walked towards the gaol, and from across the street observed the crowd. Near me I remarked Dr. O. W. Holmes, similarly engaged. The larger number held heavy sticks and appeared to be of the pro-slavery mob. I returned quietly to Cambridge, and next morning saw in the papers that there had been an attempt at rescue in which a marshal was killed. Hastening to Boston I met Wendell Phillips in the street, and went with him to Tremont Temple, where a small number of anti-slavery leaders had gathered. Among them sat Wentworth Higginson, holding part of his cloak over his mouth. He had been wounded by a cutlass on his lip and on his neck. Parker spoke briefly; he was not willing, he said, to advise a risk he would not share, and regarded the slave's fate as decided.

The personal fate of Tony was ultimately determined by the sum raised to purchase him. I was told that Captain Suttle was ready to sell him at once, but the district attorney, Hallett, determined that the dignity of the United States required the return of Burns to Virginia. Guarded by United States soldiers, Suttle and Brent marched with the fettered fugitive through streets draped in black, in one beneath a great flag turned upside down, to which was suspended a coffin inscribed, "The Death of Liberty."

On the day before this scene, as I left Tremont Temple, where I was a silent listener, I was approached by three or four men whom I had never seen, one of whom said, "I am told that you are acquainted with the two slaveholders." "Yes." "Can you not call on them and find out the number of their room in the Revere House?" "No," I answered, shuddering at the suggestion, and passed on.

Nothing could be easier than to send my card to those two men who had known me from childhood; had I been capable of the treachery their victory might not have been so complete. Had William Brent, a connection of our family, known this incident, and that it had lain in my hands to endanger him and Suttle, this famous case might not have had such serious consequences to my humble self.

Although anti-slavery in sentiment, I was not connected with any party, and resented the indiscriminate denunciation of slaveholders. On the other hand, I was at times embarrassed by being addressed by the "compromisers," as if being a Virginian I was pro-slavery. But this feeling was at the mercy of any engaging personality. Thus I was captivated by the genius of Rufus Choate. I heard several speeches from him in the law courts, and was thrilled by his power. Then I made the acquaintance of his daughters, through our common enthusiasm for music, for by this time I had become a frequent contributor to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, and one of Rufus Choate's daughters—Mrs. Helen Bell, not only beautiful and witty, but wonderful at the piano—used to invite me at times to her father's house. I was introduced to her by Miss Abby Adams, to whom Emerson confided me, and who had real genius for music. To the choice concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, or of Otto Dresel, I

at times accompanied these ladies, and now and then met Rufus Choate. Never was man more charming in his family. There was often a play of wits between him and his daughters. He had no taste for music, and I was told that when his daughters once persuaded him to go to the opera, he looked at the libretto helplessly, and said, "Helen, expound to me this record, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion!" No, there was no resisting Rufus Choate.

We had a story at Divinity Hall that in the course of a speech against the introduction of the slavery question into the pulpit, Rufus Choate exclaimed, "I go to my pew as I go to my bed—for repose!"

Mrs. Bell was, I think, one of the circle, then small, that loved Robert Browning's poetry. She was the friend of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, whose house was the literary *salon* in Boston, and who personally knew the Brownings. To our amazement and delight, Miss Davenport (afterwards wife of General Lander), who had been charming people of fine taste during an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, announced for her benefit night Browning's "Colombe's Birthday." We could hardly believe our senses. I rushed about to tell the news to the Longfellows, Palfreys, Mrs. Sparks, and persuaded some students to go, despite their protests that they could not understand Browning. There was thus a good contingent from Cambridge. The play was admirably acted. In after years, when my wife was the intimate friend of Mrs. Lander, this lady told us that it required all her courage, against theatrical advisers, to present that play; it was because she so loved it. Finding that she had a sympathetic Valence to support her, she and he toiled until they had drilled the other characters. The students who had complained of Browning's "obscurity" now discovered that he was clear enough when action accompanied the word. But Jennison told me that when he applauded a certain passage a bewildered man in front of him turned round to look at him, and exclaimed "Good God!"

It was "Pippa Passes" that first attracted me to Browning, and I mentioned Pippa as a type of unconscious influence in some sermon. But when, in 1854, I presented Browning's works to my sister (in her seventeenth year), probably recommending

Pippa, my mother was disturbed by it, the episode of Sebald and Ottima being too passionate for young people to read.

It was always a sad reflection that I could never meet Margaret Fuller. Some of her writings, together with the memoirs written by her friends—perfect monument of a beautiful soul—had been to me, on my Methodist circuit, as that manna which "had the taste of all in it." Her mother resided at Cambridgeport with her son Arthur, a Unitarian preacher (killed while chaplain in the Union army near Fredericksburg). With no introduction except my feeling about Margaret, I was received by her mother with warm welcome. She told me much about Margaret, and said that while she appreciated most highly the "Memoirs," she was astonished that Margaret should be spoken of as plain. With much naïveté she said, "I always regarded Margaret as beautiful!" This tribute from the mother confirmed what I had heard from others, that the woman of such fine brain had recognised the mystical beauty of home experiences and affections. "If we only knew how to look around us we should not need to look above." Had no other pearl fallen from Margaret's lips, these words alone would be a talisman of life.

In those days I read with enthusiasm the works of Sylvester Judd, the minister who had so charmed me at Baltimore when I was leaving Methodism without knowing whither I was bound. He was my pastor, though I never heard him preach nor touched his hand. In his marvellous story "Margaret," the whole spiritual history of New England was revealed to me, and I mourned with his flock in Augusta at his premature death. In after-life I discovered that Margaret Fuller was the first to recognise a kindred spirit in Hawthorne; on seeing in "The Token" (1832) his tale, "The Gentle Boy," she had sent him—or rather *her*, for she supposed the writer a woman—a grateful message. She also knew the fine soul of Judd.*

* Alexander Ireland gave me a copy of a letter written to him by Margaret Fuller from London, October 6, 1846, in which she says:—

"I am much pleased to have your feeling of 'Margaret.' As you say, there are *such* things in real life, yet I fancy the picture, like that of an antique Venus, was painted from study of several models. The writer, Sylvester Judd (a name as truly American in its style as that of one of his own invention—*Beulah Ann Orff*), is a man approaching middle age, who has hitherto only made himself remarked by one or two strokes of

My Senior year was happy. There were vacant pulpits to be supplied in many surrounding towns; I was employed every Sunday, expanding my old Methodist sermons with the liberal leaven, at each place entertained by the best families, and making friendships cherished through life. At Plymouth, for instance, I always stayed at the house of Andrew Russell, an excellent type of the politically "vertebrate" New Englander. It was with a sense of glory well remembered that I preached my first Thanksgiving Day sermon in the old Plymouth church, and summoned the helpless Pilgrims as a cloud of witnesses to ideas for which they would have banished me.

At Miss Upham's table I made acquaintance with students of other professional schools, among these, the brothers William and Joseph Choate. They were affable young gentlemen, and one could have predicted their eminence. I thought Joseph Choate (now ambassador in England) the handsomest youth in college.

During my senior year I was appointed proctor of Divinity Hall.

The passage through Congress of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill (May 30, 1854), repealing the "Missouri Compromise," made a *casus belli* between slavery and freedom, and this was almost simultaneous with the triumphant parade through Boston of the slave-hunters carrying Anthony Burns back into slavery. Someone who had spoken with Burns in prison told me he was much frightened and preferred returning quietly rather than have any attempt at rescue. With my abhorrence of violence I considered him right, but all the more felt that the time had come for vehement utterance. The anti-slavery leader, Garrison, was a non-resistant, but the possession of every branch of the govern-

character, of a kind noble and original. I have never seen him, but some years ago received from him this message, 'that he wished me to know I had one admirer in the State of Maine'—a distinction of which I am not a little proud, now that I have read his book. He is a clergyman, but it seems has not for that forgot to be a man. Time allows me now to say no more except that I am ever, dear sir, in friendly heart and faith yours. I should be much interested at any time to know what any or all of you are doing for the good of others and your own, what feeling, what hoping. To the new fraternity I think we belong, where glory is service, whose motto *Excelsior*."

ment by the slave power, and its domination over all the State laws protecting personal liberty, mingled with the moral issue the patriotic sentiment of independence which had confronted George III. The young Unitarian minister at Worcester, Wentworth Higginson, was eloquent though always calm, and his wound received in the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns was also eloquent. The impending struggle for freedom in Kansas was revealing the weakness of the non-resistant wing of the Anti-slavery Society. On July 4, 1854, the annual gathering of the abolitionists in Framingham Grove occurred. As a studious observer of the movement that so deeply concerned me personally, I attended. My brief speech was a plea for peaceful separation of North and South after the manner of Abraham and Lot. I dreaded the angry passions rising on both sides more than slavery.

There were several striking incidents at this Framingham gathering.

A very aged negro woman named "Sojourner Truth," lank, shrivelled, but picturesque, slowly mounted to the platform, amid general applause, and sat silently listening to the speeches. After some stormy speaker a young Southerner rose in the audience and began to talk fiercely. There were cries of "Platform," and Garrison, who presided, invited the youth to come up and speak freely. The young man complied, and in the course of his defence of slavery and affirming his sincerity, twice exclaimed, "As God is my witness!" "Young man," cried Sojourner Truth, "I don't believe God Almighty ever hearn tell of you!" Her shrill voice sounded through the grove like a bugle; shouts of laughter responded, and the poor Southerner could not recover from that only interruption.

Thoreau had come all the way from Concord for this meeting. It was a rare thing for him to attend any meeting outside of Concord, and though he sometimes lectured in the Lyceum there, he had probably never spoken on a platform. He was now clamoured for, and made a brief and quaint speech. He began with the simple words, "You have my sympathy; it is all I have to give you, but you may find it important to you." It was impossible to associate egotism with Thoreau; we all felt that the time and trouble he had taken at that crisis to proclaim his sympathy with the "Disunionists" was indeed important. He

was there a representative of Concord, of science and letters, which could not quietly pursue their tasks while slavery was trampling down the rights of mankind. Alluding to the Boston commissioner who had surrendered Anthony Burns, Edward G. Loring, Thoreau said, "The fugitive's case was already decided by God—not Edward G. God, but simple God." This was said with such serene unconsciousness of anything shocking in it that we were but mildly startled.

William Lloyd Garrison made that July 4 a Judgment Day. He read the Declaration of Independence; then contrasted its principles with the Fugitive Slave Law, the judgment of Loring surrendering Anthony Burns, and a charge of United States Judge Curtis on the "treasonable" attempt to rescue Burns. Lighting matches, he burned successively these documents, after each crying, "And let all the people say Amen!" The Amens were loudly given, but at last Garrison uplifted a copy of the Constitution of the United States, and read its compromises with slavery and the slave trade; he then declared it the source of all the other atrocities, the original "covenant with death and agreement with hell," and held it up burning until the last ash must have singed his fingers. "So perish all compromises with tyranny!" he cried, "and let all the people say, Amen!" There were mingled "Amens" and hisses, and some voices of protest; but there stood the adamantine judge parting to right and left the leaders of the people, constitutionalists, free-soilers, and abolitionists.

That day I distinctly recognised that the anti-slavery cause was a religion; that Garrison was a successor of the inspired axe-bearers—John the Baptiser, Luther, Wesley, George Fox. But as I could not work with Lutheran, Methodist, or Quaker, I could not join the Anti-slavery Society. There was a Calvinistic accent in that creed about the "covenant with death and agreement with hell." Slavery was not death, nor the South hell. I did not care about the Constitution, and my peace principles inclined me to a separation between sections that hated each other. Yet I knew good people on both sides. I also believed that slavery was to be abolished by the union of all hearts and minds opposed to it—those who believed emancipation potential in the Constitution, as well as the Constitution-burners.

I had some conversation with Rev. Samuel J. May on this subject, and I think it was during the interval for luncheon at the Framingham meeting—for I remember his saying to a Southerner—probably the one rebuked by Sojourner Truth—who declared himself sincere, "I am afraid you are." However that may be, I remember my friend May—a sweet spirit as well as an impressive preacher—saying that Garrison's vehemence was not against the Southerners, but the Northern allies of slavery. "I remember," said May, "being with him at a meeting, and saying, 'Mr. Garrison, you are too excited—you are on fire!' Garrison answered, 'I have need to be on fire, for I have icebergs around me to melt!'"

The anti-slavery families out there in the Framingham Grove treated me almost affectionately, inviting me to their luncheons, spread on the grass, because I was a Virginian; but I was, in truth, almost as lonely as the Carolinian humiliated by Sojourner Truth. Did that old African Fate tell the truth about me also? Did God know anything about me, a Virginian, with a strange burden every day getting heavier?

Ah, yes! I went back to Boston and found a letter from the Unitarian church at Washington, inviting me to preach for them during September, and intimating that a permanent minister was needed there. The way then was opening before me!

CHAPTER XV.

First Sermons at Washington—Letter from my Father—Settlement at Washington—Preaching at Richmond, Va.—Expelled from Falmouth for Abolitionism—Preaching at Charlottesville, Va.—Letters from Rev. Dr. Burnap—Installation at Washington—Polemic about a Fast Day—Antecedents of the Washington Church—Its Eminent Members—Chief Justice Cranch—Helen Hunt—President Pierce.

THERE was but one cloud on my horizon. Slavery existed in the District of Columbia ; I would have to deal with that subject ; and as I was a Virginian connected with families well known in Washington, the church would have to be informed of my anti-slavery sentiments.

My anxiety for the situation induced me to speak about slavery in my very first sermon at Washington (September 10, 1854) :—

And as now we look forth on the world of humanity, and, remembering the burdens of old prophets who sang of the latter-day glory, and the saying concerning Christ, that " he saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied," so fair and perfect even to that perfect soul was the vision of the advancing world—see it now frozen by a dread winter of evil ; see man's hand lifted against man in war ; see trade polluted by dishonesty, so that what we eat and wear is poisoned and stained with crime ; see man enslaved by man, until we scarce know in their degradation those brothers of Christ, to whom we are anything but brothers—save for the well-known human cry which they ever send up appealing to heaven—Oh, as we remember this, see this, your worldly doctrine of *calmness* changes us to marble !

On September 17 (text, " Am I my brother's keeper ? ") I again introduced the subject.

I was then about to visit my parents at Falmouth, but in

that it was fortunate for you that such was the case, and it is my sincere advice to you not to come here until there is reason to believe your opinions have undergone material changes on the subject of slavery. If you are willing to expose your own person recklessly, I am not willing to subject myself and family to the hazards of such a visit. Those opinions give me more uneasiness just now than your horrible views on the subject of religion, bad as these are.

You say in your last it is strange that you "meet with intolerance nowhere but at home." If you had but a small amount of that best of all sense—common sense—it would not seem at all strange that such should be the fact. I should treat all young men similarly situated just as you are treated by others—but *their* parents and best friends would probably do towards them just as your parents and friends do towards you. A single moment's reflection would teach any common-sense person the reasonable propriety of our course. But having exhausted all our rational effort, we hand you over to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and pray most earnestly that the ever-blessed Spirit may guide you aright. If you make shipwreck in this life and the next, you must not only wade through the precious blood of Christ and do despite to the Spirit of His grace; but your father's prayers, so long as his life lasts, will be thrown in the way also.

This letter had deep affection in it, and grieved me less than it puzzled me. I had not made public any opinions concerning slavery except in my two sermons at Washington; there had been no report of those utterances; and I was entirely ignorant of the rumours (referred to in the previous chapter) mixing me up in the fugitive slave case in Boston. My sister tells me that it was even said I had been summoned as a witness against the owner of Anthony Burns. I made no reply to my father's letter, and went on with my sermons.

On October 29, when by announcement the church was to meet after the morning services to elect a minister, I felt impelled to be perfectly explicit with the congregation, which I knew would all be present. My text was, "Thy kingdom come," and in the discourse I said:—

Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun"; a greater than Solomon said, "I create all things new." And his church, if true to his Spirit, will feel that it is an aggressive thing; that his kingdom, though not *of* this world, is *in* it; that it must penetrate

and redeem all institutions, and change the world. The church must thus hold itself ready to pass free judgment on all customs, fashions, ideas, facts; on trade and politics—and, in this country, more especially hold itself ready to give free utterance in relation to our special national sin—the greatest of all sins—human slavery.

Within fifteen minutes from the utterance of that sentiment I was elected minister, with but two contrary votes. This gave me confidence and happiness. I knew what my people could bear, and had no fear of trouble. My salary was ample for a young bachelor of those days. My friends found for me a pleasant suite of rooms where I could entertain friends.

That a congregation at the national capital, containing in it such men as Chief Justice Cranch, Mayor Seaton, Joseph Gales, and other eminent citizens well known in Virginia, had settled me as their minister produced its impression on my relatives. The *Intelligencer's* reports of my sermons were talked of in Fredericksburg, and my father began to feel that there were no longer grounds for the apprehensions expressed in his letter of September 18. At the close of November I received a cheerful letter from him and a letter from my mother begging me to visit Falmouth. About the same time numerous letters from friends and relatives in Fredericksburg and Richmond urged me to visit them. Several Unitarians turned up unexpectedly in Fredericksburg, who said they could get the town hall if I would preach there. This I declined for my father's sake, but I could not resist an invitation to preach in Richmond, Va., and gave in the long-silent Universalist church there two discourses on the Sunday of January 21, 1855.

After an altogether pleasant stay of several days in the house of my uncle, Hon. Raleigh Travers Daniel, no word being said about slavery and no reproach heard for my heresy, this dear uncle accompanied me to both sermons. He said he feared that Unitarianism tended to cultivate the head more than the heart, which was a good hint to me; I had been invited to Richmond to expound unorthodox views, but I ought to have revealed the heart in them. I went up with a light heart to my dear old home in Falmouth. I was affectionately received by my parents, and all seemed about to go smoothly. But at night when I was returning home from some visit I was twice spoken to by

negroes, who whispered that my opposition to slavery and my course about Tony Burns were known among the coloured people there, and they hinted expectations that I was contemplating some movement. I was shocked by this revelation, and of course disclaimed any such intention.

But worse was to come. Next morning as I was walking through the main street a number of young men, some of them former schoolmates, hailed me and surrounded me; they told me that my presence in Falmouth could not be tolerated. "Charles Frank Suttle," said one, "says that when he was in Boston you did everything you could against him to prevent his getting back his servant Tony Burns, and that you are an abolitionist. There is danger to have that kind of man among our servants, and you must leave. We don't want to have any row." By this time a number of the rougher sort had crowded up and there were threats. Then a friendlier voice said that on account of their respect for my parents and family they wished to avoid violence, and hoped that I would leave without such trouble.

There was, I think, little danger of violence to myself. My parents, brothers, and other relatives constituted a large part of the little town, and whatever their disagreements from me would have seriously resented any injury. Yet I could not but recognise that if only on their account it was my duty to leave the place; I had no right to entangle them in quarrels. Moreover, the secret approaches of the negroes on the previous evening suggested that there might indeed be some danger, caused by the silly gossip of the whites. I therefore said to the crowd that I did nothing against Colonel Suttle and William Brent beyond expressing to students who wished me to sympathise with them my lack of sympathy; but as there were rumours of the kind and I had no desire to cause disturbance, I would leave next day.

Of this incident I said not a word at home. It cut short my visit by two days only, and no special explanation was needed of my quick return to Washington, where I had to preach the following Sunday. There appeared no reason to the family why there should be any distress about parting now that I was living so near, but to me it was a heavy moment when I left them. It was exile. As I was driven by our faithful coachman,

James Parker, across the bridge and along the meadows, it was with a feeling that I should never see them again.

At the first station after leaving Fredericksburg the train was entered by my father's eldest brother, Dr. Valentine Conway of Stafford. He had always been fond of me, but had no doubt heard Colonel Suttle's story, and spoke to me bitterly. I did not tell him that I was that day banished from my own home and relatives, but made what answer I could.*

Uncle Valentine parted from me at Aquia Creek, where at that time a steamboat continued the route to Washington. I sat on the deck humiliated and weeping. I was just in my twenty-third year, and there was now brought home to me the terrible fact that the tyranny of slavery crushed not only the negroes, but the most loving hearts of all. I afterwards discovered that many good women, my mother among them, secretly cherished a hatred of slavery, and that many men had misgivings about the institution. They were compelled by a sort of reign of terror to sacrifice before the idol all expression of generous affections—this terror being caused by the gathering anti-slavery cloud in the north.

In after years I could of course make a hundred excuses for those young people who ordered me out out of Virginia. I was the first and only anti-slavery man they had ever met, and I came just after the adventures of their neighbours Suttle and Brent in recovering Tony Burns had brought home to the little town some realisation of Northern antagonism to slavery.

Martyrdom is as demoralising to the martyr as to the persecutor. That incident in Falmouth was for me very unfortunate. It distorted my vision. Four years before, when Grace Greenwood advised me to read a story coming out in the *National*

* When I visited Fredericksburg twenty years later, to be welcomed and fêted by those who once drove me away, Uncle Valentine again accompanied me on the cars in Stafford, and said: "When we last rode together here and I reproached you for your abolitionism, you made a reply I never forgot. You expressed wonder that we Virginians did not see that the agitation against slavery was part of a world-wide movement for human liberty—a movement whose force was immeasurable and inevitable and would ultimately overwhelm our Southern institution. Your prediction has been fulfilled." We looked out on the dear old fields of Stafford, which the tramp of armies had desolated.

Era, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I read a few chapters, but did not care to obtain the further ones. Not only was I as yet in transition on the slavery question, but I recognised nothing in Mrs. Stowe's romance that was true of slavery in Virginia. But how terrible is the personal factor! Poor Shylock says: "The curse never fell upon our race till now; I never felt it till now." I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with different eyes; and recalling every ugly incident connected with negroes that I had seen since childhood—and at Warrenton the sales of slaves were ugly enough though rare—I concluded that Mrs. Stowe's book was a photographic representation of things going on in States farther south.

I still loved my State, and the position I had at Washington, considered so enviable by other young ministers, by no means consoled me for the fading of my dream of an apostolate in Virginia. At the close of April a Unitarian minister, Mr. Crapster, was to fill my pulpit, and I seized the occasion for an excursion into the part of Virginia where I had never been. Accompanied by Franklin Philp, whose wife was the organist in my church, I visited Harper's Ferry, Weir's Cave, and the Natural Bridge, then made my way to Charlottesville.

As we strolled through the beautiful grounds of the University of Virginia and saw the fine looking students, my old missionary dream revived. Hastening into the town I secured a sort of hall, and placards were posted announcing that on the next afternoon (Sunday) I would preach. I do not remember whether I announced any special subject, but probably indicated that it was unorthodox, for one or two students came primed for opposition in the discussion, which it was said would be invited. The room was crowded, mainly by university men—my name and connections were well known—and I had gathered for the occasion what I considered the best passages of several sermons. No doubt I alluded to the rationalism of the founder of their university, President Jefferson, but was prudent enough not to make any allusion to slavery. My objections to the chief dogmas were based on both scriptural and rational grounds. The discussion that followed was quiet and scholarly. Fortunately I had a little Greek Testament along, and was able to score a point by proving that my text, 2 Tim. iii., 16, "All

Scripture is given by inspiration of God," etc., should be translated "Every Scripture inspired by God is profitable," etc. My opponents, however, were well drilled in their faith, and no doubt as well satisfied as I was with the discussion. In that remote place, where Unitarianism was unknown, they were as eager as the ancient Athenians for some new thing, and I had pleasant interviews with some of them.

One evening a large bonfire in the neighbourhood of the university attracted my attention, and on going out to it, I found the students making around it a great hullabaloo whose cause I could not understand. But I now learned that Mrs. Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had just arrived on a visit to her relative, the wife of Professor McGuffie. The occasion was seized for a frolicsome manifestation. Someone at our hotel told me that Mrs. Stowe was only the pretext for a frolic, as the Faculty might be timid about repressing an orgie disguised as an expression of Southern sentiment. Whether there were any unpleasant effects for the professor's family or Mrs. Stowe I do not know, but I went off feeling that there was an impassable barrier to my entering on any ministry in Virginia.

I had received from Richmond a letter from Thomas H. Wynne (who had been on the staff of cousin John Daniel's paper until he—Daniel—had been sent as Minister to Sardinia), in which he said, "Your discourses gave the fullest satisfaction, and numerous inquiries have been addressed to me in regard to the possibility of securing your services altogether." Had it not been for that incident at Falmouth I should probably have left Washington and settled in Richmond. No "Salvationist" was ever more ardent than I was in my desire to grapple with the dark and evil powers steadily taking possession of my State.

Meanwhile, however, my labours in Washington—and truly I toiled through all the daylight of the week—secured favour. Even my father was adapting himself to the situation on finding that I was steadfast to my aim. My discourses were rarely on public matters or polemical questions; they dealt mainly with the human heart and spiritual life, self-truthfulness, the functions of doubt and duty of inquiry.

Dr. Burnap was a good deal troubled by "the abolition complexion of the ordination services," and reminded me that

"one ism is enough at a time." Concerning my latitudinarian tendencies he had apprehensions, but still called me his Timothy. In one of our talks he said, "The miracles cannot be denied without tearing the New Testament to pieces. Christianity stands practically on three legs—Miracles of Jesus, Sanctity of Sunday, and the Christian Ministry. Take either away and it must topple over."

The first sermon of mine published in Washington was entitled, "The Old and the New: A Sermon containing the History of the First Unitarian Church in Washington City." It was given December 31, 1854. I remember across all the years the pains taken in the preparation of this historical sermon. No history of the church existed, and for some weeks I had gone about making inquiries of the older families for information. One-third of the sermon was an exhortation relating to the duties transmitted to us by a Past altogether honourable. Its composition was indeed a burden. Not yet twenty-three years of age at my installation, I had to give instruction to grey-haired men, to families well acquainted with the conditions of thought and life in the great capital where I was a novice.

I did not enter on my Washington ministry in any polemical spirit; I was anxious to conform as far as possible with the sentiments of the community, and to be friendly with the orthodox churches with which our heretical society had established some *modus vivendi*. But soon an occasion arose where it was necessary to assume a recusant attitude. In the summer (1855) a terrible plague broke out in Virginia (Norfolk and Portsmouth). My church promptly raised a large sum for the sufferers. On September 16, when a collection was made for that purpose, I gave a discourse on "The True and the False in Prevalent Theories of Divine Dispensation." Although I opposed the many pulpit assertions that the plague was a judgment from Heaven, I had nothing much better than commonplace optimism with which to confront such superstition. The sermon, however, contained a passage which notified my congregation that I was able to see a Satan if not a God in the pestilence—namely, the evil institution that degraded labour and herded families into squalid quarters where disease and crime find their nests.

The sermon was printed with the following preface :—

When it was suggested by some who agreed with the sentiments of the following discourse, that its publication might be beneficial, the writer, having prepared it in the ordinary course of his ministry, and without any view to publication, declined. Since that, the following resolution has been issued by the Board of Aldermen and the Common Council :—

"*Resolved*, That as, in all time of our tribulation, it becomes us to acknowledge the hand of the Almighty, and, by prayer and supplication, call for His merciful aid and deliverance; that, therefore, the Mayor of our city be, and he is hereby, requested to set apart Wednesday, the 26th inst., as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer; that he request the citizens to assemble in their various places of public worship, and offer petitions to Almighty God in behalf of those He has seen fit to visit so sorely, and that He will be pleased to avert from us such terrible calamity."

Feeling that we cannot assemble on that day to "acknowledge the hand of the Almighty," and "call for His merciful deliverance" from His own hand; nor assist in rendering persons less able to give for the relief of the sufferers, by loss of a day's wages; nor bear our testimony, however feeble, in favour of a sanctity which deprives the people of thirty or forty thousand dollars, that the Council may have its conscience soothed by a day's crying of "Lord! Lord!" for its refusal to appropriate five or even one thousand dollars for the sufferers; nor petition Him to do the work of our board in averting "from us such terrible calamity," we shall not open our church on that day.

In place of such ministrations, this discourse is offered to the public. The author does not anticipate much open sympathy with his sentiments, but has yet to learn that the truth may not be most demanded by the time and place that give it the least welcome.

WASHINGTON, September 21, 1855.

I had not consulted my society about closing the church on Fast Day, but sent word to the committee that I could not

The yellow fever had begun to decline before the Fast Day came; the activity and generosity of our society in helping the sufferers was well known; and the extent to which our pulpit censors had fasted "for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist," served to crowd my church on September 30, the subject announced being "Pharisaism and Fasting." The sarcasms of Isaiah on fasting and the warnings of Jesus against public fasting supplied me with ammunition, but the absurdities of the preachers were almost self refuting. Poor little Norfolk, it appeared, had been chosen by dotted wrath as a victim for the sins of all America!

An appendix to this discourse as printed contains the letter of Lord Palmerston, October 10, 1853, to the Presbytery of Edinburgh declining their request that the government should appoint a fast day on account of the cholera, his reasons confirming those that led me to protest against the fast day in Washington. To this was added an editorial from the London *Times*, November 2, 1853, in support of Palmerston's refusal. Its picture of the unctuous popular preacher, who "has enough ottomans for a Pasha and enough slippers for a centipede," excited laughter, and the incident was closed.

It was a sufficient solace for all sharp criticisms that the poet Longfellow wrote me: "Thanks for your brave and manly discourse on the 'Fast.' It is a true and valiant word."

The most important result of this incident was its revelation that my congregation was essentially rationalistic, and that leading citizens of Washington by no means shared the vulgar superstitions. Although I never had to deal with any further attacks from the pulpits, the precautions I had assumed, when I came to re-read them, did not quite satisfy myself. Possibly some of my more philosophical listeners felt that in refuting some fallacies I had raised problems without solving them. I remember my dear friend Hudson Taylor saying, "I wish you would preach us a sermon on God—simply God." I was startled by the demand, but no doubt told him I would try to respond to it; but I had reason to ponder the case of Simonides, who, asked by Hiero "Who or what was God?" required a day to consider; and when Hiero came for his answer, another day, and at the end of every day another, the difficulty increasing in proportion

with the thought bestowed upon it. I did indeed give a discourse on reverence for God, in a series on the Three Reverences (in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister"), but on reading it now I recall once more Renan's reflection on the many headaches suffered by young men in exchanging one error for another.

Early in the nineteenth century several families, chiefly of English birth, living in Washington, used to meet on Sundays in each other's houses, and read Unitarian literature. They discovered in the city a merchant, Robert Little, formerly a clergyman of the English church, from which he had withdrawn because of his Unitarianism. This led to the formation of a Unitarian society, and its building was dedicated (1822) by Robert Little. The church was attended at the same time by John Quincy Adams, President, and John C. Calhoun, the famous Southern senator. Calhoun gave a large subscription, and a gentleman who received it told me that in giving it the senator said: "It will be the religion of the country in fifty years." Robert Little sometimes preached in the House of Representatives, and Jared Sparks, the most eminent Unitarian minister of that time, was elected chaplain of Congress. There had been long intervals in which visitors of national reputation had occupied the pulpit, the most frequent and able of these being Dr. Orville Dewey. This minister and lecturer was a devotee of Daniel Webster. He had excited anti-slavery wrath by an imprudent remark, and he privately said to me that if I preached anti-slavery views in Washington I would not maintain myself there.

The traditions of the Washington pulpit had thus established a very high standard of preaching. This I knew very well, and it was not without trepidation that I entered on my work. I had, however, not only a distinguished but a generous and sympathetic audience. Never was there a fairer sky above a young minister, and I was for a time able to ignore the small cloud in it. This cloud might be symbolised by one pew, more finely cushioned than the rest. It was that in which President Fillmore had sat, undisturbed by any allusion from the pulpit

homes. Mr. Hudson Taylor, now of Poughkeepsie, present received me into his house, and though a wealthy man, generous agreed to accept payment rather than have me drift amo the boarding-houses. He and his wife gave me a happy hom His brother Franck—a man of wide reading—and his brillia wife, *née* Wallach, were almost parental in their kindness to m Their daughters—Charlotte, now Mrs. Robley Evans; Virgini who married in Poughkeepsie; and Emily, now wife of Frederi McGuire, superintendent of the Corcoran Gallery—and their son Morgan, Frank, and Harry, now distinguished naval officers were all charming. The Unitarian social circle in Washingt was unsurpassed for intelligence and influence.

Mr. Seaton had given to his *National Intelligencer* a reput tion suggested in the story that a jury once decided that if dead man were found with that paper in his pocket it was ev dence of his respectability. He used to say that the chief ed torial art was in knowing what to keep out of a paper. He ha been an eminent mayor of Washington, was in every way a attractive gentleman of the old school, and his beautiful mansi in the centre of Washington was the seat of hospitality. He an his gracious wife always invited me on Sunday evening, when th family was often joined by their married daughter, the brillia Mrs. Columbus Monroe.

Joseph Gales, a founder of the *National Intelligencer* and our church, though too infirm to attend, was cordial; and have in late years often had reason to regret that I did not th know that he was a son of the publisher who sixty years befo had fled from prosecution in Sheffield, England, for publishin there Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man." *

Judge Cranch, father of Christopher, poet and artist, wa too old to attend church regularly. He died in Septembe 1855, aged eighty-six. My discourse "On the Life and Charact of the Hon. William Cranch, LL.D., late Chief Justice of th District of Columbia," was published by Franck Taylor, on re quest of the society. The character and wide influence of th

* When Paine, after his terrible experiences in Europe, returned America in 1802, it was the elder Gales who welcomed him to Washingto despite the rage of pulpits, and in the *National Intelligencer* first appeare four of Paine's *Letters to the Citizens of America*.

judge, who held his official place fifty-four years, had done more to diffuse in Washington respect for Unitarianism than all the preachers together. He was fond of music, and had an organ in his house. I was told that on one occasion, when the organist failed to come, the beautiful old man with his flowing white locks arose from his pew, ascended to the choir, and played all the music.

There were in the society persons of special knowledge and ability whose friendship was invaluable to me. Among these was Professor Espy, the meteorologist, a born philosopher (necessitarian), another being Dr. Nichols, physician of the Insane Asylum. Lieutenant Edward Hunt, U.S.A., an admirable gentleman and scientific man, had recently married Miss Helen Fiske, in later years known by her literary works published under the initials "H. H." Helen had never been in a Unitarian church until she came with her husband to ours. Without being exactly beautiful, she was of distinguished appearance—tall, fair, and with candid beaming eyes, in which kindliness contended with penetration. She was highly educated, brilliant and sometimes satirical in conversation, dressed with elegance, and while laughing at the world of fashion, entered it with an eagerness that suggested previous repression, perhaps of a religious kind. While always adequate to the functions of her social position, they could not "stale her infinite variety." She could be philosophical at one moment, merry and witty at another, and in whatever vein was engaging. But she then showed no inclination for literary pursuits. It was a serious loss to me when the Hunts were ordered off to Rhode Island, but I visited them there.

I had given Helen, at Washington, Emerson's works, and the study of these, and also the development of her beautiful little son Rennie, made her more serious. She told me that she had one day found herself in the same railway car with Emerson, and both being alone, she introduced herself in my name. Emerson had received her cordially, and she had with him an hour's

covering what they thought of it. She gave one of her guests, a military man, "The Snow-Image" to read during an hour's absence of herself and husband, and afterwards found he regarded it as simply a sort of fairy-tale for a child. "So I adapted my conversation to a gentlemanly blockhead."

Lieutenant Hunt was killed by an explosion while engaged on some experiments in his office at Newport, and that tragedy, combined with the death of their charming boy Rennie, wrought in Helen Hunt an effect of which I recognise some trace in her beautiful tale, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." Her hair did not indeed at once turn white like that of Mercy Philbrick, nor did she enter the pulpit, but she became a beloved teacher to a parish which included all lovers of literature. At Washington Helen ridiculed everyone with "a mission"; the later years of her life were devoted to the cause of American Indians.

As the receptions of the President were those of the nation, and not of the particular President who happened to be its chamberlain, I attended them occasionally until the wars in Kansas began. The receptions were very brilliant, and it is a pity that no artist painted the scene. Nearly every lady was dressed in white, *décolletée* to an extent now rarely known in America even on the stage, but evening dress for gentlemen was not general.

President Pierce was gracious and gentlemanly as a host. Of the ladies who received with him I have no remembrance at all. The President's countenance, though not intellectual, had a certain expression of refinement and even benevolence with which I could never harmonise the outrages in Kansas.

"All men become good creatures, but so slow!" says Browning. What has become of Pierce? I cannot think a man bad-hearted who was beloved by Horatio Bridge, U.S.N. (whom I knew slightly, but would have tried to make my friend had I foreseen his book about Nathaniel Hawthorne), and who so gently soothed the last days of Hawthorne's life. There has been many a worse man in the White House than Franklin Pierce, but there might be written on his tomb the words of Buddha: "Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy to an enemy, a wrongly directed mind will do us greater mischief."

CHAPTER XVI.

Ante-bellum Washington—Incongruities—The McGuires—Benoni—Lewis Cass—Jefferson Davis—Seward—John P. Hale—Charles Sumner—General Winfield Scott—Science and Literature—Salmon P. Chase—Dr. Bailey—Longfellow's "Hiawatha"—Ministerial Experiences—Walt Whitman—The World-burden—Gerald FitzGerald.

THOSE who know only the *post-bellum* Washington cannot realise the charm of the earlier city. Fifty years ago there were two Washingtons—one a large hotel distributed in edifices meeting the official nation's need, the other a village still rambling at large after its two generations. The village had been steadily swamped by the capital, but it was to that my intimacy mainly belonged, and life therein was delightful. To the old residents and their circle the national Washington was scenic, also not a little grotesque, and always amusing. I kept at times a scrawling journal, and select a few notes which, though of little interest, may give some idea of the incongruities one encountered in the primitive Washington.

To-day I saw the Catholic saint Mrs. Mattingly entering her house. It is, I believe, the thirteenth year since she arose from the bed whereon she lay, so far as human judgment could go, dying of cancer. Her importance to the Catholic Church here was so great that the Pope ordered that mass should be said for her recovery on a given hour throughout the world. On that hour she was informed that the Church universal was praying for her. Her system was revolutionised, and the cancer gradually withered from that moment. Her case has been the means of converting many hereabout. Opposite her house a "psychological healing medium" has put out his card, declaring himself ready, with the aid of spirits, to do the same thing for anyone afflicted, at a dollar per head.

garret in Washington, and is kept from starvation by charity. Mr. Hayes has examined his claims to the estates, and has no doubt of their being well founded. Hard by is the splendid mansion of a millionaire, who came here a barefoot boy, with no claims but that which every industrious boy has upon the vast estate of the New World.

At the President's reception this evening the brilliant wife of the Russian Count B—— attracted all eyes. I remember her years ago as a schoolgirl in Georgetown whom I used to meet eating bread-and-butter, and dragging her satchel for a wagon on her way to school. The Russian count also met her, admired the pretty face beneath the bread-and-butter, kept his eyes on her, and just as she was leaving school adorned her with pearls and diamonds, and took her to St. Petersburg as Countess B.

Met to-day a descendant of the Fairfax family—quite a beautiful lady, and one too proud of her lineage to marry a mere democrat. She is poor. The family once owned a farm in Virginia larger than England and Wales together.

Passed a pleasant evening in the company of a niece of the novelist Zschokke. She had, or was supposed to have, in her youth the gift of second-sight. She gave me an interesting account of the experiments which she underwent to satisfy her uncle Zschokke's curiosity in such matters, and which led him to write his celebrated story, "The Sleep-Waker." She was forbidden by a physician the exercise of her power, and it finally left her. She is the wife of the Swiss consul at Washington.

New Year's Day, 1855.—It is the custom in Washington for the ladies of every distinguished house to receive callers. There is no restriction whatever, the brutal having the freedom of refined homes. I saw drunken men reeling into the front doors of refined families, their object being to devour the dainties provided lavishly on such occasions. At the house of Mayor Seaton I found the ladies shrinking, in the absence of any protection, before two half-tipsy fellows of the "know-nothing" species, who were demanding whether they (the ladies) did not think that "Americans should rule America," and that every "damned Abolitionist should be hung."

Outside of my congregation I enjoyed acquaintance with several families, one being the McGuires. The elder McGuire—father of Frederick, now superintendent of the Corcoran Gallery

—had lived in Washington from early youth, and had personal knowledge of the historic events and personages of that region. With his humour and graphic powers he related personal experiences and anecdotes which made many dry bones live even in my own Virginia neighbourhood—for he was not an imaginative man, and his every narrative had the ring of truth. He had known President Jackson and accompanied him on the steamer to Aquia Landing, and thence by stage-coach to Fredericksburg, where Jackson (1832) inaugurated the monument of the mother of Washington. He witnessed the sensational incident that occurred when the boat paused at Alexandria, where an officer named Randolph rushed aboard and pulled Jackson's nose—an action by which the President and those around him were so paralysed that the assailant walked quietly ashore. The President gave beside the monument an admirable address, but McGuire did not hear it, and told me why. When the company reached Fredericksburg they were distributed about in its hospitable homes. Young McGuire after his weary journey slept soundly. In the early morning he was awakened by a coloured servant who bore a very large tumbler of something unknown. He drank the whole of this iced liquid, the most delicious thing he had ever tasted, and straightway went to sleep again. After a time he waked up, and went downstairs to breakfast. He found food set out, but the house was entirely vacant; he walked to the front door and found the street also empty. One human being, an extremely aged negro, came hobbling along, who informed him that the whole town had gone out to Kenmore, a mile away, to hear the President's speech. The ceremony was early in order that the President might return to Washington the same afternoon. McGuire hastened out, but met the crowd coming back. So he returned to Washington with no recollection of Fredericksburg except its extremely matinal hospitality and the fallacious charms of the mint-julep.

The office-seeking spirit supplied Washington with charac-

name was Benoni. I first came upon him when taking a walk beyond the western limit of the city. In a beautiful grove the old man was sitting on a log in front of his hut. His long and matted hair, his beard reaching to his breast from every part of his cheeks, his yellowish complexion, the glassy brightness of his eye, might have made him a comfortable living among the artists of Paris or Rome. He had constructed a hut with old rails, and there I visited him. A fire in the centre; an old coffee-pot and skillet; a plank for bed with no clothing for it—these constituted the whole estate of Benoni. The autumn frosts were already upon us, and I asked Benoni if he would not be more comfortable in the city. He could not, he said, go away at present; he had passed three winters there, and had been assured by the President that by next spring his country-seat would be ready. He lived on what the market wagons cast to him.

Foremost among "cranks" was the editor of *Truth*. With his many documents of importance to his country which he was eager to show, he was a bore. He had once caused a commotion in the Senate gallery by wishing to shoot Henry Clay, but that had not got him into an asylum, nor even the wild insanity of supposing that a paper named *Truth* could live in Washington. But its prospectuses alone lived. Every election year he announced himself a candidate for the presidency, declaring that he loved his country as he loved his God.

I have sometimes queried whether Henry Labouchere did not get the title of his famous London journal from that poor creature in Washington. For it was in 1854–55 that Labouchere was involved with the British Legation at Washington for raising American recruits for the Crimean War, and when he was sent back with his chief Crampton to England perhaps he may have carried among his souvenirs of Washington lunacy a prospectus of the original *Truth!*

The most interesting figure in Congress to me was Senator Seward. I met him only two or three times—the first time at a reception and luxurious supper in his own house, where I was introduced to him by the Hon Robert C. Schenck, but had no opportunity for conversation.* I remember, however, standing

* Seward knew the political importance of terrapin and champagne. I was told that once on hearing some compromisers were coming on a

near and observing him while he was talking with eminent personages. His air was that of candour, and it was the same in his speeches. There was in his whole manner—one might say, rather, absence of manner—abandon, freedom from artifices, and self-restraint.

Senator Seward's prestige among the anti-slavery people had been made by his bold condemnation of the Fugitive Slave Law (1850), in which he declared that men would not obey it; they would be guided by "a higher law." The Southern congressmen made what capital they could out of this alleged declaration that there was a law higher than the Constitution. But Seward was after all a child of the political phase of the anti-slavery movement; he was not trusted by those of the religious era. Senator Sumner was the watchman for these, and had an instinctive distrust of Seward. After the execution of John Brown for his attack at Harper's Ferry, Seward made a speech in which Sumner remarked to me the inconsistency of saying at one point that Brown was insane and at another that he was "justly punished." Seward was in Europe when the John Brown excitement occurred, and that imprudent phrase uttered immediately on his return probably cost him the presidency.

John P. Hale, senator of New Hampshire, was a solid, handsome man, with clear-cut features, a good voice, and a lucid, vivacious way of speaking. His impressiveness as an orator was partly due, like that of John Bright, to a humanised religious feeling which warmed and quickened his ethical principles. He once spoke of the enslaved and despised African "who yet bears within him a nature destined to run parallel to the eternity of God." He had much reputation as a humorist. Hale was, I think, the most popular of the anti-slavery Senators among the Southerners. But he warned them solemnly that they were trying to carry slavery through an age to which it did not belong. "You cannot steer an iceberg through the tropics. The warm sun will shine on it and melt it; the rains will fall on it and melt

Senator Hale had an attractive family. His daughters were among the young ladies from the North whose invasion the old Southern society in Washington could hardly resist.

Senator Sumner fell just short of being a great statesman. I enjoyed his friendship for many years and recognised his fine qualities, but always felt regret that Massachusetts should not be represented in the Senate by men more adapted to the crisis through which the country was passing than either Sumner or his colleague, Henry M. Wilson. Sumner had no sense of humour, and his way of treating things was too academic. I believe he would have been a stronger man if he had married earlier; he did marry late in life, too late for the marriage to be happy. He apparently had no relative or friend intimate enough to criticise him. His most intimate friends at home (Boston) were the Longfellows, who were too loyal to him, as indeed most of us were, on account of his inflexible devotion to our cause, to tell him his faults. Sumner was an incarnation of the anti-slavery conscience; he was sent to take the place of Webster, whose last appearance in the capitol was to listen to his successor's arraignment of the Fugitive Slave Law for which he (Webster) was chiefly responsible.

I sometimes met General Winfield Scott. In 1852 he had been a Whig candidate for the presidency, on a platform of the suppression of any further discussion of the slavery question. For this he had been much ridiculed North and South. My cousin Daniel said in his *Richmond Examiner* that Scott's first name was originally "Wingfield," but the "g" had been dropped for the more military "Winfield." Mayor Seaton, at whose house I used to meet him, thought him rather garrulous, but he was a striking figure. To all who knew the old gentleman it must have been appalling that at the beginning of the Union war the armies of the United States should have been under the command of this aged general; and yet I now have to credit him with the wisdom of having advised against the defence of Fort Sumter. Had his advice been followed, the war might have been avoided.

There was never much literary ability in Congress. Daniel Webster gained credit for learning by his legal argument on the Girard bequest founding a college from which ministers of religion

were excluded. But I was informed that all the historical knowledge in it was supplied to him by a learned Methodist, Rev. W. B. Edwards. Longfellow said that Sumner recalled to him the historic speakers in Parliament, but the senator used to be ridiculed for his Latin quotations. Congressman Upham, who wrote the valuable monograph on Salem Witchcraft, impressed me—he attended my church—as a fine literary intellect entombed in politics.

Outside Congress there was a good deal of intellectual activity of the scientific kind. Lieutenant Maury and Professor Espy, and at the Smithsonian Institution Professors Henry and Baird, gave Washington a fine reputation in that direction. Schoolcraft's researches were interesting all countries in the aborigines. The best feature of Washington was the courses of lectures given at the Smithsonian, not limited to science, which enabled us to hear eminent educators from various parts of the country. For modern American history we had George Washington Parke Custis, who compiled all the fictions about General Washington which historians find so impregnable. Custis was the man, I have reason to believe, who told Jared Sparks that the fine Marmion portrait of Betty Lewis was his grandmother; and to this day the portrait of Washington's sister in Sparks appears as that of his wife! "Grace Greenwood," as yet more celebrated for her beauty than her writings, and Mrs. Southworth, were devoting themselves to literature. I remember one man, George Wood, a government clerk, who aspired to literary distinction. He wrote "Peter Schlemihl in America" and "The Modern Pilgrim." I reviewed one of his books for the *Intelligencer*, and Mr. Seaton persuaded me to make it less severe. Wood heaped coals of fire on me by writing in praise of my sermons.

The handsomest man in the Senate was Salmon P. Chase, afterwards Chief Justice. I heard Dr. McClintock say: "People who suppose the anti-slavery men wicked ought to get a look at that heavenly face of Senator Chase." The face was always

rhetorical. He was more interesting in conversation than in debate, but went little into society.

Dr. and Mrs. Gamaliel Bailey of the *National Era* had established in Washington a brilliant *salon*. At their *soirées* there were always distinguished guests from abroad, and "Grace Greenwood" was on these occasions quite equal to any of those French dames whose *salons* have become historic. The Bailey entertainments were of more importance in furthering anti-slavery sentiment in Washington than has been appreciated. The anti-slavery senators were rarely met there, with the exception of Hale; but their ladies often came. A good many representatives attended. Two North-Carolinians, Goodloe and Helper, virtually exiled, found welcome and sympathy there. Nothing in Washington was more brilliant than the Bailey *soirée*. The bright and pretty "Yankee" ladies got up theatricals, charades, tableaux, and the White House receptions were dull in comparison.

The serious force and learning characteristic of the *National Era* could hardly prepare one to find in Dr. Bailey the elegant and polished gentleman that he was. He was the last man that one might imagine facing the mob that destroyed his printing-press in Cincinnati. I do not wonder that the mob gathered for similar violence in Washington had quailed before his benign countenance and calm good-natured address to them. Mrs. Bailey, a tall, graceful, and intellectual woman, possessed all the nerve necessary to pass through those ordeals, while at the same time her apparent *rôle* was that of introducing young ladies into Washington society and shining as the centre of a refined social circle.

I did not write for the *National Era*, but when I could spare time from my sermons wrote for the *National Intelligencer*, which reached my own people, as the *Era* did not. Payment was never thought of, as I contributed only what I wished to have published—barring, of course, theology and slavery. I wrote several reviews, one of these being of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" (fall of 1855), which brought me a grateful note from the poet. I possess no copy of my review, but my memory is that I had read up the aboriginal legends. At any rate, when soon after Longfellow was accused of appropriating the stories along with the metre

of "Kalewala," the Finnish epic, I was able to defend him. Longfellow, in a note of December 3, 1855, said:—

I wrote you a few days ago to thank you for your generous article on "Hiawatha," and now I must write again to thank you still more for coming so swiftly to my rescue in this onslaught of "T. C. P.," whose chief motive for publishing his "astounding discovery" seems to be to inform the world that he has read "Kalewala."

It is really too abject and pitiful, and one does not want to waste time upon it. Still, I am greatly obliged to you for saying what you did, and as you may not have the Indian books at hand I enclose the refutation of the charges touching Hiawatha's birth and departure. I can do the same if necessary with each and every legend, though of course not with the detail of the working up.

Longfellow also sent his copy of "Kalewala." "T. C. P." I never identified.*

It was a satisfaction to be entirely relieved of all those relics of "extreme unction" which make so important a part of Methodist ministry. Of course, I visited my friends when they were ill, but it was not as a minister.

One morning a middle-aged lady called on me and said that her husband had been taken ill as they were passing through Washington, and the doctor thought he might die. They were unacquainted in the city. She was herself an Episcopalian, but her husband was a freethinker, and would certainly not receive an orthodox clergyman. She earnestly desired that he should be visited by some minister of religion, and as he was more friendly to Unitarians than to others, she asked if I would call. I said that I would see him if she was sure that my visit would be well received by the sufferer, and not excite his resentment. She promised to converse with him, and I would learn at the door whether I would be welcome. Their lodging was

* In one of his letters Longfellow sent me an extract from one he had from Emerson, which says: "I find this Indian poem very wholesome, sweet and wholesome as maize, very proper and pertinent for us to read,

near my church, and when I called the lady took me into the invalid's room. In the bed I saw a handsome man of about sixty with a look of keen intelligence. I perceived that he was on the defensive. His wife, he said, desired him to see me, and for her sake he agreed, but was afraid it was not fair to me, as he had no belief whatever in Christianity. I told him there was no need for such fear, as it made no difference to me whether he was a Christian or not. He then smiled and related that several preachers had tried to convert him, and he had said to the last one, "The man who tells me that the Bible is as great a book as Shakespeare is a fool." When he saw that I was not shocked by this he became very affable. I think that one of his reasons for receiving me was that he feared an orthodox funeral in case of death. His case improved, however, and he was able to reach his distant home. I have regretted in later years my loss of memoranda concerning the name and address of the family.

I think the half-humorous remark of that man about Shakespeare had a serious effect upon me. I was still backward in my appreciation of Shakespeare. I had seen several of the tragedies on the stage, but never performed by great actors, and though I read the plays they did not appear to be related to me. I have an impression that Emerson's chapter on Shakespeare in "Representative Men" had misdirected me with regard to the poet himself. "It must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." I remember a criticism I had made on some writings of Goethe that seemed to me cynically worldly, and Emerson saying, "For the present you desire quality rather than quantity." It was indeed so; my head was so crowded with the problems of existence that no room was left for any poet unacquainted with the forms in which those problems appealed to me. Meantime, however, I was playing too—"plucking light hopes and joys from every stem"—without dreaming that every flower in the pretty garden contained a sweet secret. But that gentleman in Washington, who with what he supposed his dying words placed Shakespeare above the Bible, made me study the poet more carefully. I find it impossible, however, at seventy to estimate what I derived from Shakespeare in those early years. I cannot help projecting into my first serious

acquaintance with those works the cumulative experience related to them. Shakespeare represents to me supremely the test of all genius; namely, that its work anticipates the stages of life. His work can never be precisely re-read; every time I make the attempt I find that in the interval some new thoughts and experiences, however unconscious, have touched my eyes and reveal unsuspected thoughts and depths in the page.

An important event in 1855 was the appearance of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Emerson spoke of the book at his house, and suggested that I should call on the new poet. I read the poem with joy. Democracy had at length its epic. It was prophetic of the good time coming when the vulgar herd should be transformed into noblemen. The portrait in the book was that of a working man, and if one labourer could so flower, genius was potential in all. That Walt was posing as one of a class to which he did not belong was not realised by me even after his own intimation of it, as related in my subjoined letter to Emerson (sent me by his son):—

WASHINGTON, *September* 17, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. EMERSON,—I immediately procured the "Leaves of Grass" after hearing you speak of it. I read it on board the steamer *Metropolis* on my way to New York the evening after seeing you, and resolved to see its author if I could while I was in the city. As you seemed much interested in him and his work, I have taken the earliest moment which I could command since my return to give you some account of my visit.

I found by the directory that one Walter Whitman lived fearfully far (out of Brooklyn, nearly), on Ryerton Street, a short way from Myrtle Avenue. The way to reach the house is to go down to Fulton Street Ferry, after crossing take the Fulton and Myrtle Avenue car, and get out at Ryerton Street. It is one of a row of small wooden houses with porches which all seem occupied by mechanics. I didn't find him there, however. His mother directed me to Rome's Printing Office (corner of Fulton and Cranberry Streets), which is much nearer, and where he often is.

I told him that I had just spent an evening with you, and that what you had said of him and the perusal of his book had resulted in my call. He seemed very eager to hear from you and about you, and what you thought of his book. He had once seen you and heard you in the lecture-room, and was anxious to know all he could of your life, yet not with any vulgar curiosity, but entire frankness. I told him of the occasions in which Mr. Bartol and others had attempted to read it in company and failed, at which he seemed much amused.

The likeness in the book is fair. His beard and hair are greyer than is usual with a man of thirty-six. His face and eyes are interesting, and his head rather narrow behind the eyes; but a thick brow looks as if it might have absorbed much. He walked with me and crossed the Ferry; he seemed "hail fellow" with every man he met, all apparently in the labouring class. He says he is one of that class by choice; that he is personally dear to some thousands of such in New York, who "love him but cannot make head or tail of his book." He rides on the stage with the driver, stops to talk with the old man or woman selling fruit at the street corner; and his dress, etc., is consistent with that.

I am quite sure after talking with him that there is much in all this of what you might call "playing Providence a little with the baser sort" (so much to the distress of the Rev. Vaughan's nerves). . . . I could see that he had some books, if only a bottle-stick like Alton Locke to read them by; though he told me I thought too much of books. But I came off delighted with him. His eye can kindle strangely, and his words are ruddy with health. He is clearly his Book, and I went off impressed with the sense of a new city on my map, viz., Brooklyn, just as if it had suddenly risen through the boiling sea.

After reading the "Leaves of Grass," Emerson wrote to the author an enthusiastic letter, greeting him "at the beginning of a great career." Whitman at once printed an edition prefaced with Emerson's letter. Emerson said that if he had known his letter would be published he might have qualified his praise. "There are parts of the book," he said, "where I hold my nose as I read. One must not be too squeamish when a chemist brings him to a mass of filth and says, 'See, the great laws are at work here also'; but it is a fine art if he can deodorise his illustration. However, I do not fear that any man who has eyes in his head will fail to see the genius in these poems. Those are

terrible eyes to walk along Broadway. It is all there, as if in an auctioneer's catalogue."

Emerson did not complain seriously of the publication of his letter; it was not marked private, and appeared so carefully written that Walt considered it, as he said to me, "a serious thing that might be fairly printed." He did not, however, print any more of the edition containing it, and that second edition is rare. The incident made no difference in Emerson's friendliness towards the author, whom he welcomed cordially in Concord.

Walt Whitman did not wonder that Emerson and his Boston circle should sniff at his plain-spoken inclusion in his poetry, to use his words, "of every process, every concrete object, every human or other existence, not only considered from the point of view of all, but of each." He told me with a smile that he had heard of his poems being offered for sale by a vendor of obscene books. My own feeling after twice reading "Leaves of Grass" was that his pantheistic inspiration had come from Emerson, and his style as well as his broadness mainly from the Bible. He had been reared among Quakers, had heard Elias Hicks preach, and the Quaker way of spiritualising everything in the Bible explained to me the refrains of psalms and Solomonic songs in "Leaves of Grass."

My sister had been with me on this summer excursion, and I left her at the Metropolitan Hotel with a lady friend while I went to visit Walt. But I had read these young ladies select passages from the poem, and they had curiosity to see him. So I invited him to early dinner at our hotel next day, and he came in baize coat and chequered shirt, in fact, just like the portrait in his book. The ladies were pleased with him; his manners were good, and his talk entertaining.

Walt Whitman told me that I was the first who had visited him because of his book. On my second visit, during the summer of 1857, he was not at home, but I found him at the top of a hill near by lying on his back and gazing on the sky. It was Sunday

me to his little room, with its cot and poor furniture, the only decoration being two engravings, one of Silenus and the other of Bacchus. What he brought me up there to see was the barren solitude stretching from beneath his window towards the sea. There were no books in the room, and he told me he had very few, but had the use of good libraries. He possessed, however, a complete Shakespeare and a translation of Homer. He had received a common school education, and had been brought up in the Democratic party. He used to attend the gatherings of leading men in Tammany Hall in the days when its chief was the excellent John Fellowes. But he left the party when the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted, and then wrote his first poem, "Blood-money," never published.

We passed the day "loafing" on Staten Island, where we found groves and solitary beaches now built over. We had a good long bath in the sea, and I perceived that the reddish tanned face and neck of the poet crowned a body of lily-like whiteness and a shapely form.

Walt Whitman said to me as we parted, "I have not met anyone so charged with my ideas as you." The ideas had attracted me less than the style, because of its marvellous resemblance not only to biblical but to ancient Persian poetry which I was reading in the "Desatir" and other books which I found he had never heard of. It seemed like the colours of dawn reappearing in the sunset.

Here, too, was a revelation of human realms of which my knowledge had been mainly academic. Even while among the humble Methodists, the pious people I knew were apart from the world, and since then I had moved among scholars or persons of marked individuality. Except the negroes, I had known nothing of the working masses. But Whitman—as I have known these many years—knew as little of the working-class practically as I did. He had gone about among them in the disguise of their own dress, and was perfectly honest in his supposition that he had entered into their inmost nature. The Quaker training tends to such illusion; it was so in the case of Thomas Paine, who wrote transcendental politics and labelled it "Common Sense." With our eagerness to believe in the masses—our masters—we credited them with the idealism which Walt Whitman had

imaginatively projected into them, and said, "Unto Democracy also a child is born! This is America's answer to Carlyle!" Somebody, probably the author himself, sent the book to Carlyle, who once said to me, "The main burden of 'Leaves of Grass' seems to be 'I'm a big man because I live in such a big country!' But I know of great men who lived in small corners of the world." The working-men did not read Whitman's book, and fewer of them than he supposed cared about him personally.

My enthusiasm for "Leaves of Grass" (the only work of Whitman I ever cared about) was a sign and symptom that the weight of the world had begun to roll on me. In Methodism my burden had been metaphysical—a bundle of dogmas. The world at large was not then mine; for its woes and wrongs I was not at all responsible; they were far from me, and no one ever taught me that the earth was to be healed except at the millennium. The only evils were particular ones; A. was a drunkard, B. a thief, C. a murderer, D. had a cancer, and so on. When I escaped from the dogmatic burden, and took the pleasant rationalistic Christ on my shoulder, he was light as the babe St. Christopher undertook to carry across the river. But the new Christ became Jesus, was human, and all humanity came with him—the world-woe, the temporal evil and wrong. I was committed to deal with actual, visible, present hells instead of an invisible one in a possible future. Such was now my contract, and to bear the increasing load there was no divine vicar. Jesus was no sacrifice, but an exemplar of self-sacrifice.

The great aim of Methodism was happiness. Conversion was signalled by the shout of joy, by hymns, ecstasy, while the devil groaned. But this new faith summoned the soul to unending sacrifices, severe duties, the heavy cross never to be laid down. How small a part of my new religion did I learn from those entertaining studies at Divinity Hall! In fact, I was not equal to all this. I was too young; half of me was a boy and wanted to play. I needed a master. But in my own profession who was

free to pass judgment on events big enough to receive the attention of deity. Thus at Washington I had to say something about the Crimean War. I very earnestly detested all war, but as in every conflict one side seems less to blame than the other, I took the side of England warmly. I was misled by several English writers in whose judgment I had confidence; and too easily, because I was in revolt against the traditional Anglophobia of New England.

In Washington the highest society in rank was accessible to me, but I was not impressionable in that direction. Methodism, illustrated by my parents kneeling with the poor in the basement of their house, had implanted in me an ideal of greatness that consisted in standing by an humble thing. Among those men in political life I could find no hero. I esteemed some, respected many, but none filled me with enthusiasm. I was at times present at the receptions of grand officials, but would not have exchanged for any senatorial or ambassadorial company an evening with certain families I loved. My heart was not lonely because I had no hero to worship, but the sweet friends to whom I looked up in many things looked up to me for guidance in the great issues of the time. And what guidance could I give in my twenty-fourth year?

Of all that swarm of officials, congressmen, officers, not one face now emerges with the clearness and radiance of a certain youth unknown to fame who tried to share my burden of the world-woe and under it perished. This youth, Gerald Fitz-Gerald, was about eighteen when I settled in Washington. I believe the family were Catholics, but he was the lover of a very attractive and spirituelle young lady of my church, and this had brought him into contact with new ideas. He became my devoted friend, he took to heart my every sermon, and a determination grew in him to enter the ministry. I did not influence him in the least, personally, but even had some misgivings—presentiments perhaps of my own approaching troubles. He was very handsome, not to say beautiful; he was intellectually brilliant without conceit; he had a charming voice, fine humour—every quality that might make a successful minister. So it was arranged that he should study at the Divinity School, Cambridge.

Then came on the war—that damnable, double-tongued war

that lured the best youth to their graves with promises now broken. Just on the threshold of a career already radiant, Gerald uplifted the ensign of liberation of both negro and nation from slavery, and went forth as a foot-soldier. It would not have been difficult, with his influential friends, to secure for him a chaplaincy or some other position in the army, but he sought it not.

None of us ever saw Gerald again. Two soldiers reported that they found him dying of a wound on the field and bore him to the shade of a tree. The place of his burial is unknown. Before me is a strangely sweet poem of several pages, privately circulated, but by an unknown writer, which is headed: "Gerald FitzGerald. Killed in Battle on the Rappahannock, May, 1863." So vague were the rumours about his end that I long cherished a hope that Gerald might be in some kindly cabin recovering life, and might yet surprise the circle in Washington that so deeply mourned his loss. But in these last years I have felt it some compensation that the noble youth died with the full assurance that the fair ideal America, and peace never to be broken, would arise out of the blood he had shed—his own, and blood of adversaries just as brave. Knowing well Gerald's sensitive heart, I feel sure that even had he returned from the work of slaughter he could never have smiled in the old way. Had he lived to this day he would find himself amid phantoms asking, "Was it well then to shed our blood in order that the negro might be freely lynched, and North and South united to lynch also Spaniard, Filipino and Chinaman?"

Rest in your peaceful unknown grave beside the Rappahannock, O my friend! For you no tears, no heartbreaks, no harrowing reflection that your chivalry was in vain, and the war mere manslaughter! These are for me, who found you a happy youth clinging to me with boyish affection, and from my pulpit helped to lay on you the burden of the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Slavery Issue in Washington—George Fitzhugh's Pro-slavery Lecture in New Haven—Our Petition to the Virginia Legislature—Correspondence of Daniel Webster with Dr. Furness—Results of the Fugitive Slave Law—My Plea for Peaceful Disunion—Hon. Horace Greeley—Distress in the Church Caused by my Preaching—The Church Edifice Needs Repairs—Collecting Money at the North—Assault on Sumner—The Fremont Campaign—Presentiment of Civil War—My Fatal Sermon—The Struggle in My Society—My Dismissal—Letter from Emerson—Letter from W. H. Channing—Letters of Approval—My Farewell Sermon in Washington—The Immediate Sequel—Letters from my Mother.

CONCERNING the trouble that rent my Washington congregation and overcast my bright skies, I can now speak with the calmness of a disinterested witness. The Union war obliterated those painful differences. Though they broke my heart I have long remembered them with as many reproaches against myself as against my opponents.

I had made up my mind to pursue a quiet though not silent course concerning slavery, and not to break completely with my beloved Virginia. I did not despair of being able to influence some of the leaders in the South. Some of my attempts were indeed discouraging. My grand-uncle, Justice Daniel, with whom I always had affectionate relations, was a man of logical intellect, and apparently without dislike of my religious heresies; but when in his house in Washington I ventured to say something favourable to the anti-slavery sentiment he closed the subject by saying, "I fear those people are very wicked."

I frequently met the "Freesoil" congressmen, whose aim was to exclude slavery from all the Federal domain.

entiously poised, without clear sight of a practical plan on which the force put in my hand might descend.

I will mention here an incident which I was young enough to regard as of importance. In conversing with Senator Hale I mentioned the fact that in Virginia it was the most scholarly and philosophical young men who discarded old Virginia principles and advocated slavery *per se*. I was presently appealed to by some of Hale's friends in New Haven to persuade some competent Southerner to deliver in that city a lecture in defence of slavery on moral and sociological grounds. They were willing to pay liberally. The invitation was from anti-slavery persons, some of them relatives of Mrs. Stowe. I fixed on George Fitzhugh, a lawyer of Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, who had written an able book on "The Failure of Free Society." Through my uncle, Judge Eustace Conway, the consent of Fitzhugh was secured, and he declined payment. In New Haven Fitzhugh was a guest of Samuel Foote at "Windy Knowe." The subjoined letter shows the gulf that yawned between the Northern and the Southern mind:—

PORT ROYAL, VA., 12 *April*, 1855.

DEAR G. C.,—I am pleased at the interest you take in my book and lecture, and regret you could not accompany me. When I arrived at New Haven I learned that Wendell Phillips was detained in Boston by a suit and could not be in New Haven for a week. I postponed my lecture and visited Gerritt Smith at Peterboro' in the meantime. Altho' my lecture was double the usual length, and a metaphysical and statistical argument instead of an evening's entertainment (as they are used to), it was often applauded, and listened to politely throughout.

I remained two days thereafter, and received much attention from Professor Silliman and other leading citizens. Everybody seemed pleased me to meet me in the streets, and tho' none agreed with me all liked to talk of the new lines I presented. Joseph Sheldon, Jr., the manager of the Lyceum, and Samuel Foote, Esq., uncle to Mrs. Stowe, were peculiarly kind. Sheldon said no lecture had

social organisation that will cure all defects. *Truly* one half of them are atheists seeking to discover a "New Social Science," the other half Millennial anti-church, anti-law, and anti-marriage Christians, who expect Christ's kingdom on earth is about to begin. The most distinguished of them told me that as a perpetual institution he would prefer Slavery to Free Society as now constituted. You can't argue with such men, for they see facts in the future to sustain their views. I do not believe there is a Liberty man in the North who is not a Socialist.

The papers abused me, charged me with nonsense, but published what I said about the Declaration of Independence, in which all the nonsense was Mr. Jefferson's. The Northern papers won't notice my book, and I am sure it is because they are not ready to answer it.

Phillips declined to answer my lecture. His was an eloquent tirade against Church and State, Law and Religion. It was flat treason and blasphemy—nothing else. . . . .

After you read this, please hand or send it to Rev. M. D. Conway, of your city. I am greatly obliged to him for his complimentary notice of me; would also write to him, but this will answer the same purpose.

I have already spoken of Samuel M. Janney, the most distinguished Quaker in Virginia. With him I consulted, and we framed a petition to the Virginia Legislature to repeal the law which forbade the teaching of slaves to read, and to restrict the arbitrary separation of families. A few influential signatures were obtained. A private reply came from a leading member of the Legislature, declaring that no such petition could be read in that body; that all social systems have evils, and those of the South were no greater than the evils of other countries. My friend Daniel Goodloe, a North Carolinian resident in Washington, sent to the Legislature of his State a similar petition with many signatures, with a similar result. Ah, what naïve days were those!

In May, 1850, when I first saw Daniel Webster and heard him sanction the concession of free territories to slavery, little did I dream that the great sombre man was inflicting grief on those who would one day be my beloved friends, and was bequeathing even to my obscure self a heavy burden. Before me is a correspondence which had then recently taken place between him

and Dr. W. H. Furness, which has never been published. On January 9, 1850, Dr. Furness wrote to Webster :—

DEAR SIR,—Will you pardon this intrusion and the boldness implied in these lines ? I deprecate the appearance of undertaking to offer counsel to one whom I regard with such sincere admiration. But I must bear the folly of the presumption, for I cannot resist the impulse that I have long felt to express to you, sir, my deep conviction that if Daniel Webster would only throw that great nature which God has given him into the divine cause of human freedom, his fellow citizens, his fellow men, would witness such a demonstration of personal power as it is seldom given to the world to see. And yet no one would be more surprised than he. You have given us evidence which has filled us all with pride that you were made for great things, for far greater things than any office, but we do not know, sir, how much you are capable of. You do not know yourself, nor in the eternal nature of things can you ever know until, with a devotion that makes no stipulation for yourself, you give your whole might and mind to the right. You once said of a professional friend that "when his case was stated, it was argued." There is no man of whom this can be said with more entire truth than of yourself. If, taking liberty for your light, you cast your broad glance over the history and state of the country ; if seeing, as many think, as you yourself could not help seeing, how slavery has *interfered*, and is interfering, not with the property, but with the rights, the hearts of free men, you were then to tell the country, in that grand and simple way in which no man living resembles you, what you see, *stating the great case* so that it would be argued once for all and for ever, you would not only render the whole country, North and South, the greatest possible service, but you would find a compensation in yourself which even your great power could not begin to compute. The service of great principles is not a whit more beneficent in its results to others than in its influence on those who undertake it. They may possibly witness no results to others. They may subject themselves to personal inconvenience, to suffering, but the redeeming, ennobling effect on themselves they cannot miss. We have seen again and again how it transfigures ordinary men. What, then, must be its effect on one whom Nature has made great.

To this came the following reply :—

WASHINGTON, *February* 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was a good deal moved, I confess, by readi your letter of the 9th of January. Having great regard for yo talents and character, I could not feel indifferent to what you sa when you intimated there was or might be in me a power to do goo not yet exercised or developed. It may be so ; but I fear, my de sir, that you over-rate, not my desire, but my power to be usef in my day and generation. From my earliest youth I have regard slavery as a great moral and political evil. I think it unjust, repu nant to the natural equality of mankind, founded only in superi power, a standing and permanent conquest of the stronger over t weaker. All pretences of defending it on the ground of difference races I have ever contemned. I have ever said that if the black ra is weaker that is a reason against, not for, its subjection and oppre sion. In a religious point of view I have ever regarded it and spok of it, not as subject to any express denunciation either in the O Testament or the new, but as opposed to the whole spirit of the Gosp and to the teachings of Jesus Christ. The religion of Jesus Chri is a religion of kindness, justice, and brotherly love. But slave is not kindly affectioned ; it does not seek another's and not its own it does not let the oppressed go free. It is, as I have said, but a co tinued act of oppression ; but then, such is the influence of a hab of thinking among men, that even minds religious and tenderly co scientious, such as would be shocked by any single act of oppressi or any single exercise of violence and unjust power, are not alwa moved by the reflection that slavery is a continued and permane violation of human rights.

But now, my dear sir, what can be done by me, who act only part in political life, and who have no power over the subject slavery as it exists in the States of the Union ? I do what I can restrain it, to prevent its spread and diffusion. But I cannot disrega those oracles which instruct me not to do evil that good may com I cannot co-operate in breaking up social and political systems on t warmth (rather than the strength) of a hope that in such convulsi the cause of emancipation may be promoted. And even if the e could justify the means, I confess I do not see the relevancy of su means to such an end. I confess, my dear sir, that, in my judgme confusion, conflict, embittered controversy, violence, bloodshed, a civil war would only rivet the chains of slavery the more strongly.

In my opinion it is the mild influences of Christianity, the soft

ing and melting power of the Sun of Righteousness, and not the storms and tempests of heated controversy, that are, in the course of these events, which an All-wise Providence over-rules, to dissolve the iron fetters by which man is made the slave of man. The effect of moral causes, though sure, is slow. In 2,000 years the doctrines and the miracles of Jesus Christ have converted but a small portion of the human race, and among Christians even many gross and obvious errors, like this of the lawfulness of slavery, have still held their ground. But what are 2,000 years in the great work of the progress of the regeneration and redemption of mankind? If we see that the cause is onward and forward, as it certainly is, in regard to the final abolition of human slavery, while we give to it our fervent prayers and aid it by all the justifiable means which we can exercise, it seems to me we must leave both the progress and the result in His hands, Who sees the end from the beginning, and in whose sight a thousand years are but as a single day.

I pray you, my dear sir, accept this hasty product of a half hour of the evening and unread by the writer, as a respectful and grateful acknowledgment of your very kind and friendly letter.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Twenty days after writing this letter Webster made the fatal speech. I heard Emerson ascribe it to his "profound selfishness," but it could not have been very profound, for it was plainly inevitable that it would be universally regarded as a bid for the presidential nomination; and he could not fail to lose the confidence of both South and North. But the above letter to Dr. Furness suggests that more creditable motives may have animated the surrender to slavery. He speaks of "bloodshed and evil war." Nobody in February, 1850, was suggesting openly such dire possibilities, but there is reason to think that some leading Southerners were privately hinting them, and they may have terrified Webster, who idolised the Union. However that may be, he gave the fatal blow to his idol.

It was the Fugitive Slave Law that began the war. It could not have passed if Webster had refused his support. There was a fable in Washington that Webster and Clay were leaving a

seen side by side turning the whole government into a slav catching institution. The anti-slavery men at the North we then few, but one of them was a more eloquent man than Dan Webster—namely, Wendell Phillips, who held up before t people of Massachusetts the senator of whom they were so pro as himself a slave, bought and sold in the South. But that shar passed out of sight before the horrors of the slave-hunting e This brought slavery in its most odious form to the door every family. Mrs. Stowe's romance was raised from a passi serial fiction into a photographic portrayal of what was actual going on in the South. It was the illustrations engraved slave-hunters that made the enormous circulation of that boo Emotional sentiment against slavery was turned into rage. T Southern gentry had a reputation for "chivalry." But w this seizure of escaping people, some of them women, "chivalry" As a matter of fact, it was meant as chivalry—that is, trium over the North. The Southern "gentleman" brought back fugitive as a trophy. He had incurred a personal danger a expense to humiliate the "Yankees" which he would not ha incurred to recover a slave from another slave State.

And the worst of it was that thousands of Southerners w held no slaves, or who were kind to them, were made accesso to those cruel invasions; and, on the other hand, every man a woman in the North was made accessory to the slave hu Northern people might not recognise this siuation as pot tial war, but I did. I had once been a Southern "fire-eate myself.

The real issue could not be compromised in the country, in my church it was compromised. After Daniel Webst body was mouldering in the grave his soul had marched on some eloquent Unitarian preachers—notably in Dr. Dewey, w had said that rather than divide the Union he would "send mother into slavery, ten thousand times rather go himsel He was a personal friend of Webster, and possibly had in m the "bloodshed and civil war," which frightened his idoli friend. He had been the favourite preacher in my Washing church, where the prevailing sentiment was that expressed Webster's letter to Furness.

Fletcher Webster and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hay

and George A. Abbot, resided under the same roof, and generally dined with each other. I was at times their guest—Hayes and Abbot were members of my society—and nothing could be more charming than these reunions. Slavery was never touched on. And so it was in other homes, where all felt themselves to be anti-slavery, but regarded the subject as settled. I knew that this peace was no peace.

Very soon the disunion which Webster's sacrificial Unionism had fostered in the North was transferred to the Capitol. Congress met in December, 1855, amid fatal conditions. During the two months' struggle for the speakership I was often in the House of Representatives, and felt that the evenly balanced forces represented a new North and a new South that had no respect for each other; that the hostility between them was not political, but religious; and that they could not meet except for an exchange of affronts because the real issue could not be discussed. The Constitution having decided that "Uncle Tom" should remain "held to service," the anti-slavery religion and the pro-slavery religion had no governmental tribunal before which it could be settled whether he should be free, but must fight a duel of "ayes and noes" as to whether he should be a slave in one locality or in another. The mere political view of slavery which framed the Constitution of 1787 and the compromise of 1850 had suppressed the moral issue with the pulpit plea, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's"; but now a generation had arrived in both North and South which declared "The negro does not belong to Cæsar, but to God!" "God by His providence and by His word has decreed the negro's slavery," said the New South. "God by our conscience and the Declaration of Independence demands his freedom," said the New North. These voices I heard behind the combatants disputing about the superficial incidents of their *impasse*—still, small voices, as yet audible only in the distance, North and South—but thunder-laden for the meeting of their

there could be no peace until the anti-slavery conscience was free from all complicity with slavery. Moreover, the very fact that the Constitution foreclosed direct practical action against slavery where it existed rendered it imperative that every unofficial anti-slavery man should deal with the subject. So far as slavery was concerned, I had not failed to "bear my testimony," but in the beginning of 1856 the path before me was complicated by a conviction that the tendencies were towards war—which I abhorred more than slavery—and by reaching the conclusion that perpetual discord, if not war, could be escaped only by separation of North and South.

There was no disunionist in my congregation, none in Congress, probably not one in Washington except myself. Any utterance of that kind could not hope to find a responsive chord in any breast. I wrestled with my conscience, and knew that the task it demanded would lame me; but it was stern; for this work I had been nurtured in the South and then developed out of it.

Having written the discourse, I submitted it to one person only—Daniel R. Goodloe, the anti-slavery exile from North Carolina, an author of ability and judgment. He was a member of my church, and his satisfaction with the sermon encouraged me. The deadlock in Congress still appeared hopeless on January 27, 1856, when the sermon was delivered, and a large number of congressmen had been attracted by the subject as announced: "The One Path; or, the Duties of North and South." It was at once printed in Washington as a pamphlet and had a wide circulation.

I began with an effort to reassure my congregation, declaring that I belonged to no party, and would make no partisan statement; but as a moral question, one affecting all humanity, the issue entered my pulpit whether I would or not.

"In this country, where by the very nature of the representative system all action and influence of the general government—involving as they do the happiness or misery, elevation or degradation, of men, women, and children, everywhere—are shared by every taxpayer and voter, the moral responsibility resting on each man is tremendous. What abject cant it is to say the North has nothing to do with slavery. Nothing to do with it, when the national flag cannot

wave over a slave in this District, nor in any United States Territory, who is not a slave by Northern as well as by Southern consent! . . .

We can all imagine two men of entire candour and courtesy—the one Southern, and believing slavery right in itself; the other Northern, and believing it wrong—coming to an understanding on the subject, the common postulate being only that neither must himself do what he believes essentially wrong.

Southerner.—I believe the institution is best for the white and coloured races.

Northerner.—I make no doubt of your sincerity, but would like to discuss it.

Sou.—We may do that presently. But will you not allow that, so long as I hold that opinion, you have no right of any kind to illegally interfere with what I hold legally as property?

Nor.—I do see that. The wrong is not in my detestation of slavery, nor my endeavour to inspire you with a like feeling, but in my attempting a right thing in a wrong way.

Sou.—Which is always an unsuccessful way.

Nor.—Now let us define the other side. I believe that slavery is the "wild and wicked phantasy" that Brougham called it; or the "sum of all villainies" which Wesley pronounced it. You are connected with it sincerely, and, therefore, unless you have refused possible light, innocently; but if I am connected with it, I sin.

Sou.—Certainly.

Nor.—If you and I have partnership in a slave, your innocence does not exculpate me.

Sou.—Certainly not.

Nor.—If you seek to make me a party to anything which I hold wrong, you are guilty, even though you believe it right, unless you can first persuade me also that it is right.

Sou.—It is so.

Nor.—And if our firm cannot remain without involving me in this wrong, my one path is out of it. The firm must be dissolved.

Sou.—Assuredly.

Now, my friends, let us approach our national agitations thus simply and quietly. The people of the United States are a firm. Wherever the firm deals with slavery, all deal with slavery; and the general government has dealt, and does now deal, with that local institution. I appeal to you, Southern men, is it not the only right thing for those who believe slavery to be sinful, whether it be really so or not, firmly to declare themselves free from all share in it, if

not by your concession, then by whatever means they can; but certainly to do it?

But, it is said, your fathers conceded this and that, and will you not stand by their compact?

If there be any compact, and it pledges me to what I feel wrong, shall I be judged by my father's light?

But if, in obedience to your conscience, you should injure this Union, you would cause great evils—evils greater than slavery.

Evils are not sins. We do not wish to rid ourselves of our share in national slaveholding as from an evil disease, but as a moral defection, as falsehood or theft would be. . . .

"Will you imperil the interests of thirty millions of whites for three or four of Africans?"

The adages, reply the others, are very good. Honesty, even in the old Roman sense, embracing all that is just and true to God and man, is the best policy. Right never wronged any man. . . .

How, then, is Peace, which all love, and which is for the interest of all, to come?

Let St. James answer: By the wisdom which cometh from above, which is "first pure, then peaceable." Let every man in the Union only feel assured that he stands beneath the sheltering wing of his country *a pure man.* Let men cease to see the national flag discoloured by what they believe dishonourable and wrong, and then be told they have nothing to do with it, when each stands with his share in the eye of God and man! Then shall that unrest, which is the sign of the strong lash of Conscience, cease! Then shall the word "slavery," that dirge of our woes, never more disorganise Congress, for it will be beyond Congress. I pity the Northern man who finds repose while his hand is binding slaves; still more the Southern man who would desire to have him find peace in impurity.

I know how large a number of pure men in the North this position will offend. But I am ready to reiterate that, when their personal responsibility for the bondage of a man anywhere is past, slavery only addresses them as other evils.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes told me that Mr. Justice Curtis listened to this sermon and said to him (Holmes) that he was much impressed by it. My argument, he said, was strong, and convinced him that the spirit of discord and violence in the country could cease only with the elimination of the issue of moral responsibility.

A large number of members of Congress also heard this

sermon, among them the Hon. Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*. Horace Greeley had a way of closing his eyes when listening to any speech, and there was a story that some senator passed on the word "Wake up, Greeley!" But the editor was quite awake, and the same day telegraphed to the *Tribune* a brief résumé of the sermon, adding: "As Mr. Conway is a native of Virginia, and has spent nearly all his days in slave-holding communities, it will hardly be pretended that *he* does not know what slavery is. His discourse was very able as well as fearless, and was heard with profound interest by a most intelligent congregation. Mr. Conway expects to lose his pastorship because of it. I have heard him before speak incidentally in the same vein, but never before so clearly and fully."

Two days later Horace Greeley was assaulted by Congressman Rust of Arkansas as he was leaving the Capitol.

The long struggle for the speakership, attended by many menaces, ended on February 2, with the election of N. P. Banks. He was a poor servile politician, really indifferent to the moral issue, and I was unable to share the satisfaction of the Republicans—as they were now beginning to be styled.

Although the wounds received by Horace Greeley from Congressman Rust were not so serious as they might have been had the assailant been sober, they kept the editor indoors for a time, and I used to call on him. On February 9 he telegraphed to his paper: "I was mistaken in stating that the Rev. Mr. Conway expected to lose the pastorship of the Unitarian Society here. That was the inference of a mutual friend, not Mr. Conway's own apprehension. He preached as he thought just, and has no belief that his society will dismiss him for so doing."

The committee of the church, however, in their annual (February) report, deeply deplored my discussing "in the pulpit a much vexed and angrily contested political question, and this, too, at a season of great political excitement."

On February 17 I gave a discourse which was at once published with the title "Spiritual Liberty." Taking for my text the words "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," I appealed to all the historic traditions of intellectual and moral freedom.

A peaceful time followed, during which I abstained from

the burning subject, but on April 15 I received from the committee a communication stating that the firmest and best friends of the church had become disaffected, that they apprehended disastrous results, and hoped earnestly that I would not persist in the course which had so unhappily divided them. They added :—

> Should you determine otherwise, however, it is respectfully submitted whether it would not be better that our connection should cease at once, than that our hitherto united and harmonious congregation should be broken up ; that the small band who so long struggled to maintain and sustain a pulpit devoted to the cause of Unitarian Christianity should be scattered, and the high purposes of their organisation sacrificed to advance the purposes of this or that political faction.

I cannot find that I made any reply to this.

And now a curious thing occurred, in which the reporters did not fail to find an omen—the southern wall of our old church bulged out and cracked ! The building was in a dangerous condition. It was impossible for the society, in its divided condition, to collect the large sum needed for repairs. I felt certain that I could obtain the money needed from the Northern churches, and the committee having authorised me to do this, I set forth soon after on this expedition.

I find by a letter in the New York *Tribune* of May 29, dated at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., May 22, that on that day I addressed the Progressive friends at their annual meeting. The letter says : " Lastly, I may mention a brave and manly speech upon slavery, by the Rev. Moncure D. Conway. Manifesting all possible charity toward the slave-holder, he nevertheless denounced the system, and pledged his endeavour against it in bold and refreshing terms."

I had indeed taken it as my special task to plead for a more sympathetic consideration among anti-slavery people for the slaveholders suffering under their heritage. I remember well that assembly of liberal Quakers and Unitarian rationalists out there in the beautiful grove, and the warmth with which eloquent Lucretia Mott responded to my speech. It was, during that meeting that Lucretia Mott and, I think, the father

of Bayard Taylor, collected a considerable sum for repairing my church—the first I obtained.

But alas! about the very hour of May 22 (1856), when I was pleading for tenderness toward the slaveholders, one of their representatives was raining blows on the head of a foremost champion of freedom, Senator Sumner!

Early in June I passed a day or two in Concord at Emerson's house, and a meeting was held in the town hall, where a substantial sum was raised for my church. Emerson appeared depressed. "It looks," he said, "as if in this matter of slavery the nation has gone a turn too far for recovery."

On my way to Washington I stopped for a time with my friends Dr. W. H. Furness and his wife. They were particular friends of Sumner, and I desired to consult them with regard to the occurrence which had filled the North with exasperation and South Carolina with enthusiasm for its congressional bully.

Dr. Furness and I went over carefully the recent speeches and retorts of Sumner, and found some words to deplore. These, however, were directed chiefly against Senators Douglas and Mason. The assailant of Sumner, Preston Brooks of South Carolina, had avenged an alleged insult to his uncle, Senator Butler, of the same State. The fury of Brooks was probably excited by a literary illustration he did not understand. Sumner described Butler as the Don Quixote of the new assault on freedom, and Douglas as his Sancho Panza, adding that as Don Quixote had his Dulcinea to defend, so the senator from South Carolina had the harlot—slavery. There was nothing unparliamentary in this, but it was *rococo* and strained. My belief is that Brooks regarded the speech as an attack on the moral character of his uncle.

Dr. Furness had remarked Sumner's unconsciousness of the personal bitterness of his retorts on insolent opponents. We all felt towards Douglas, for instance, as he did; but it was an error, even in reply to a sneer, to describe that senator (of low stature) as a nameless squat animal filling the Senate with a bad odour.

About this time the first convention of the newly organised Republican party met in Philadelphia. It nominated John C. Fremont for the presidency, on the simple issue of freeing the

national government from all connection with slavery. Having in my discourse "The One Path" affirmed that the sole means of ending discord, I espoused the cause of Fremont. His popular title, "The Pathfinder," had for me poetic significance; he was the standard-bearer on my "One Path." Filled with this enthusiasm, I attended a Fremont meeting at Morristown, near Philadelphia. The chief speaker was Senator Hale, and there I first heard the voice of Robert Collyer. The great-hearted Yorkshireman was clamoured for by his fellow working-men in the meeting, but being unknown to the chairman, it was after some delay that he was brought to the platform. He came up shyly, being still in the iron-works dress, but no garb could disguise his noble presence, and the enthusiasm excited by his speech was the great event of the evening. I set him down in my memorabilia as a risen and immigrant Ebenezer Elliot.

On arriving in Washington I found the atmosphere charged with excitement. Fashionable society was making Brooks a hero. After his trial in the municipal court, which inflicted a moderate fine, he was received in the corridor by numerous ladies with kisses. I hastened to the room of Senator Sumner. He was confined to his bed, and I often visited him and read to him. It was most sad to see this great strong man suffering so much by withdrawal from the Senate in a great national crisis that he hardly thought of his physical pains, at times severe.

One morning I found him very gloomy. He had extorted from his physician a statement concerning his case, and been told that although he would probably recover from his wounds, it could not yet be said with certainty that softening of the brain might not gradually ensue. I was shocked by the imprudence of such a revelation, so likely to bring on the cerebral trouble. "I do not mind pain," said Sumner; "I am not afraid of death, but to live on as an idiot"—and here his voice broke into sobs.

My church had been closed six Sundays. The building had been made safe at least, and in it I gave on July 6 the sermon fatal to my ministry in it. My subject as advertised was "War, and its present Threatenings." After quoting authentic estimates of the Crimean War, then just closed, as to its cost in life and money, I denied to War any credit for the beneficent results

ascribed to it by historians, and by some philosophers. Whatever benefit came was God's good, not War's. The benefits would all have been greater had they been achieved by love and peace. "That he who takes to the sword shall perish by the sword, as Jesus declared, is the necessary law, since it must be a thing earthly, and therefore transient, which calls around it earthly weapons."

It must have been from my peculiar position as a Southerner who had known by experience the spirit if not the power of the python coiled around his native region, and now coiling around Kansas, that I saw the approach of civil war. In the presence of that fearful vision I spoke that morning. I felt certain that it would be my last sermon in the dear old church, and at times was so moved that I could hardly proceed. Crude and young, the fact of my being an anti-slavery Virginian gave weight to my words, and the crisis demanded that I should throw myself into the cause of Liberty and Peace in their conflict with Slavery and War. I subjoin some quotations :—

As yet the lesson is not learned. With the grief and tears of the [Crimean] war fresh upon us, with the blood of its slain thousands crying to us *Pause*, with the wailings of bereaved women and children filling the air, this nation is going steadily toward a war, which, should it come, will be the darkest, deadliest, and most awful which ever cursed this planet. All other war yields to civil war in terror. If one comes, and it seems inevitable where two sections have lost the last vestige of respect for each other, ten generations will scarcely see it concluded. . . .

While these first red drops are falling let every man who will stand by the Prince of Peace unfurl that holy banner and stand by it for ever. Were Christ on earth there would he be found standing.

Of course, it would be a waste of breath to appeal to Slavery for Peace. As well appeal to the fang of the serpent not to strike as to that poisoned fang of Hell, Human Slavery, not to send by any means it can command its deadly virus into the fresh young blood of Freedom. Why should we expect this monster to change its instincts ?

dastardly and cowardly assassination of the unforewarned and defenceless in Washington ?

> Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
> Bulls use their horns and asses lift their heels.

Slavery takes naturally to bludgeons or pistols. Freedom should as naturally take to reason, truth of thought, speech, and act, and that courage not animal which can bravely stand for God and Right and be shot down if that is the thing to be done. . . .

. . . For every man in this country Slavery has a bribe at every pore, and a lash over all who will not obey its behests. . . . I feel the presence of its great infernal power in this house to-day—there, lurking among you, whispering, "Don't stand such preaching as this; if you do your friends will turn away from you, and you will be called an abolitionist." It is up here whispering to me, "If you do not stop this preaching against Slavery, it will have its cudgel over your head—your friends will be fewer even than they are now." Get thee behind me, cunning Devil! . . .

One thing is now for ever settled, that the subject is to be definitely dealt with. It is up now, and cannot be put down by any power, nor postponed. Henceforth no freeman is ever going to be quiet. . . .

It cannot be! Not until the resurrection morn of Freedom rises on our land shall we cease to weep and pray and work and watch by the Sepulchre. Already, oh my brothers, I hear the flutter of the Angel's wing as he comes to roll away the stone and break the seal of the Slave Power."

The above quotations are given in justice to those who voted for my dismissal, and not because I feel satisfaction with the performance; they are cited also as some illustration of the agony and confusion of that hour. They who have read the biography of William Lloyd Garrison—the only real history of those times—will understand how I could in January, 1856, declare myself of no party, and on July 6, 1856, declare voting to be solemn as prayer, when it could only mean voting for Fremont; and how I could say a word for Disunion in the first and for the Union in the later sermon. Since my repudiation of parties a new party had been organised, and had nominated an anti-slavery man. He could be elected only by aid of the idolators of the Union, but it was certain that, if elected, Fremont would end the war peril in Kansas. Knowledge of the South assured me that his election would be followed by secession of

Slave States. The land of Freedom would thus be extended from the St. Lawrence to the Potomac and the Ohio. Disunion thus meant the true Union. Slavery could not last if the slaves had freedom within arm's length.

Such were the illusions of those times. I had returned from talks with nearly all the anti-slavery leaders and preachers in the North filled with such visions, I passed to my pulpit from the bedside of Sumner, and never had I heard a suggestion that secession would cause bloodshed. The old Union was causing bloodshed, and secession was to arrest it instantly. Had I foreseen that the first success of the Republican party, at whose inauguration I assisted, would be followed by a war on seceding States, that discourse of July 6 on "War" would have been pointed by denunciations of the new party.

Meanwhile in my own society at Washington a sort of secession had been going on for some months. The alarmed members had not given up their pews, but a considerable number had ceased to attend, while anti-slavery people had joined us, and these made more than half of the congregation that listened to the sermon of July 6. When my discourse had ended that morning I gave out the hymn as usual, and the organist played the tune, but the choir did not sing. It was a quartette of church members, and they were so troubled by my discourse that they could not sing. Harmony had left the old church for ever. The assembly sat for some moments in weird silence. I uttered a benediction from my heart, after which most of them slowly moved out, while others pressed up to grasp my hand.

How often have I remembered the heaviness of that moment, and how often felt that even in that time of agony no word should have been uttered from my pulpit that could cause such dismay and strike our music dumb! Well did Goethe say, "Youth cannot be an artist because youth cannot have repose."

The committee summoned a meeting of the congregation for July 13, and submitted to it the question "whether he who

committee. The services of the church were suspended until the first Sunday in October, and the meeting adjourned to that date. When the adjourned meeting was resumed, October 5, a stormy discussion occurred on a resolution dissolving my connection with the society.

This resolution passed by a majority of five. Many of the congregation had not returned from their summer vacation, and the validity of the action was challenged by twenty-five members. The matter was embroiled by the question of what should be done with the money entrusted to me by Northern societies and individuals because of my stand against Slavery. My adherents resolved that if the decision could not be reversed a new Society should be started, and the Northern contributors for the repairs be requested to transfer their money (still in my hands) to the new Society.

On October 7 I wrote to Emerson, who, to my question about the money raised at Concord, answered :—

CONCORD, *October* 16, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—I remember well your pleas for the "Church of Freedom" in Washington, made in our town hall last June. On that occasion, after your discourse, and after a statement made by one of your friends, Lieutenant-Governor Brown, touching the wants of the church, in which most of the champions of freedom worshipped —and I think he said the only one in Washington where the civil freedom of all men was vindicated—one of our citizens, W. S. Robinson, rose and put the question to you, what security had we that any moneys now to be contributed by us would go to a "Church of Freedom" (in the sense in which the term was used that night, that is, Anti-slavery) ? You answered that you would see that this money went to no other ; or somewhat to that effect. So Mr. Robinson tells me, and so other gentlemen say.

We cannot recall the words, but all agree that the answer was satisfactory, and the contribution was made.

The amount was small, but it was demanded and paid on the claim of Anti-slavery.

Many years ago I had the happiness of obtaining from my old church, the "Second Church" in Boston, $300 for the benefit of this same religious society in Washington.

I entreat you and them not to make us ashamed of our spending, by perverting the Church to the support of slavery.

Similar letters were received from Governor Andrew and other contributors, and I deposited all of the money in the hands of the church treasurer, to be held subject to my order.

It would be unfair to those who voted to dismiss me from the pulpit not to add that their action was amid difficulties that can now hardly be realised. Amid an exciting presidential campaign it was impossible to detach the moral from the political conflict. It had been my main point in my first anti-slavery sermon that I belonged to no party, but since that a party had arisen to which I did inevitably belong. I might have done better to keep out of that Fremont campaign, but the Kansas struggle and the assault on Sumner had brought cyclones on Washington. We were all caught in the whirlwind. This struggle in our church represented nobody's calm sentiment or purpose. Washington was under menace; congressmen went armed to their seats; we were warned that our church would be mobbed. The old Southern and conservative members found themselves socially in an unpleasant position, and some others were in a sort of panic.

But during all this conflict there were only three or four men who were angry with me personally, and not one woman. Nearly all continued to treat me with affection.

Repairs of the church building were not as yet begun, and my Sunday discourses were given in a neighbouring hall. The effort to reverse the vote for my dismissal having failed, my adherents requested me to establish a new society. The congregation was large, and a new movement might have been successful. But the responsibility of taking such a step was heavy, and I began to consult with my wisest friends as to an alternative suggested by a letter from Rev. William Henry Channing. In this letter from London (August 13, 1856), he said:—

That I have, in a generous sense, *envied* you the chance of preaching in the capital during the last two seasons, I frankly own. With what joy and alacrity would I have exchanged with you my pleasant post in England! Indeed, it was the bitterest disappointment of my ministerial life when I found that I was not to return to Washington, so clear did it seem that a good work was to be done. And I seriously meditated whether I should not undertake an independent movement—until I learned that *you* were the person who would be called there. Then I quietly yielded to what appeared to be—with-

out meaning to exaggerate—a providential arrangement. For it was all but sure that a young Virginian, who had learned from deep experiences the countless woes and evils of slavery, the weakness of slaveholding institutions, and the direct way to influence the judgment and conscience of slaveholders, and who, surrounded by the prestige of Southern birth and connections, could not be suspected of prejudice and sectional passion, might speak and act with a power which I could not equal. But from that time I have followed you with intense solicitude, and you will not think me guilty of idle compliment, in this stern and solemn season, when I add, with ever deepening confidence and respect. You have done well; and, one among many, I thank you heartily.

But now I must go on to say that, if I understand your views of the policy fitted for the crisis, I disagree with you. And pray set me right if I am wrong. Ever since, at the time of Texas annexation, it became clear that it is the fixed will of the people of the United States of America not to break up the Union, I have said, "There is but one work to be done there, and that is to make the Union free." The wise, just, honourable, and humane way of doing this—as for five years and more I have taken every fit occasion to argue—is by a common co-operative movement for emancipation, at the common cost. But the slave oligarchy has mistaken Northern magnanimity for meanness; and, madly resolved to keep their pecuniary and political advantages, they now trust to the reactionary spirit of the age, and stake their all for a universal slave empire. The real question at issue then—forced upon the freemen of the United States of America—is, "slavery extension or slavery abolition throughout the length and breadth of the land." All concealment is thrown away. All compromises are gone for ever. We must come to a settlement of the question once for all. Are we to yield to the slave oligarchy? Are we to leave the Union or are we to subdue the "faction"? We are not to yield one hair's breadth to their preposterous claim of "balance of power"—meaning, thereby, submission to their usurped rule. If anybody leaves the Union, it must be the slaveholders; and if they remain they must agree to change their institutions, necessary time and aid for so doing being ensured. That is the "ultimatum" at which I arrive, after maturest consideration. Dissolution of the Union involves war inevitably without thereby necessarily destroying slavery. If there must be war then, let it be for the abolition of slavery within the Union. Henceforth this should be our watchword: "The Union shall be kept, and that Union shall be free. The Union of Freemen for ever!"

Channing had occupied the pulpit for some months before his departure for England, and had warm friends in Washington. Although I had personally known him but slightly, he was a friend of Emerson, and had been identified with the whole intellectual movement called "Transcendentalism." He was the nephew and biographer of the great Channing. That most eminent of all Unitarian leaders in America, who had lost his pulpit in Boston by his anti-slavery sermons, first proposed emancipation by purchase of the slaves. Emerson had also advocated that plan. I myself, while at Cambridge, had repeatedly urged the same, but had discovered that it was too late: the Southern leaders had now adopted slavery as a religion, as well as the crucial test of their State rights doctrine. I had no hope for Channing's scheme, and as for his novel notion that disunion must involve civil war, I do not remember to have taken any note of it at all. The tone of Channing's letter influenced me more than his particular suggestions, and the hope that he might reunite the sundered congregation by a new treatment of the subject induced me to open a consultation with my opponents, the large majority of whom were at heart unfriendly to slavery. Unable to meet in the unrepaired church, without any minister, the situation was to them painful. The hall in which my own adherents assembled was crowded every Sunday, a large number of congressmen now attending; there was no lack of support; and letters from eminent men in all parts of the country brought me daily applause.* I nevertheless felt sore. Not being satisfied

* One of the cheering letters received was the following:—

JEFFERSON, ASHTABULA CO., OHIO, *August* 18, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER,—Giddings District sends greeting—God bless you—go on—Look to your exemplars, Wesley, Luther, Socrates, Stephen, Christ. God will speed the right.

The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea,
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad

that I had achieved my task in the best way, I felt a certai
fairness in the judgments passed in some papers against
who dismissed me. I was also much embarrassed by holdi
money contributed for the repair of our building by No
congregations who refused to let their collections go to a c
which prohibited free speech on slavery.

Having reason to believe that leading members on the
side would consent to a compromise on Channing, I wr
him, stating the situation and urging him to accept shou
invitation be sent. Channing answered favourably,
resolved to leave Washington.

I received a letter from my friend, Mrs. Jared Sparks, w
me to beware of what she called "the seductions of m
dom." About the same time I received a letter from my m
who never knew that I had been driven out of Falmouth,
apparently, an erroneous rumour had arisen that I had den
my "fellow-townsmen." She wrote :—

Would it not be better for men of your cloth to follow t
ample of Michael when you are contending for the freedom c
coloured brethren, and say to your opponents, "The Lord
thee"? I think this spirit would be more potent. I mu
express my regret to hear of your denouncing your fellow-tow
of Falmouth, who, though they have cause to be offended a
course, which is calculated to interfere with the domestic p
their village, and has rendered us as a family objects of suspi
their eyes, have yet rendered us such kindness and sympath
I have ever felt a deep sense of wonder and gratitude at its e
and they have, I believe, as our neighbours, forborne to sp
harshly of what they think your errors as they might justl
done. Hard as I find it to say all this, I am obliged to add som
still harder for me to say; which is, that I think you had best no
here under the circumstances, as I cannot think you would
come to them, and I have no right to complain of it, though i

labour of love.—A. N. Wright, Albert S. Hall, N. L. Chaffee, J. D.
J. A. Giddings, J. C. A. Bushnell, N. O. Lee, W. Stickney, Sam'l
W. C. Howells, J. A. Howells.

W. D. Howells writes me: "Wright was sheriff, Chaffee
Giddings (old Gid's son) probate judge, Bushnell auditor, S
gospeller; Hall, Ensign, Lee, Plumb, lawyers. The last two
father and brother."

from me one of my chief solaces in life, that of having you with me. If you come, I think you would risk open insult, which would deeply grieve me. I am almost pining to see you.

Such were the "seductions" of my martyrdom!

After my dismissal I had received an invitation from the first Congregational Church in Cincinnati. This I resolved to accept, and at the close of October gave my farewell sermon in Washington. My opponents, grateful for my olive branch, were nearly all present, and I had the satisfaction of seeing before me some picture of harmony restored after a year of strife. I took my theme from Mignon's song in "Wilhelm Meister," interpreting it as spiritual aspiration. In this conciliatory sermon I made no complaint nor uttered any self-defence except it might be implied in my closing words:—

And now I am content. I leave it there. It is not so much whether the real voice of our church here be vocal or silent—I know that the standard, where I leave it, is for Truth, Justice, Humanity, Freedom, and Endless Seeking. And as I give it back into his hand who entrusted me with it for a brief space, above all hard thoughts which you may have, above all misunderstandings, I hear one voice, which is enough: "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

As I parted with tears from my people, a voice whispered, "Woe, woe, thou hast destroyed a beautiful world!" They were the words of Mephistopheles, and I could say, "Get thee behind me"; but the voice could not be so easily silenced.

Although I have said much about my anti-slavery sermons, these were infrequent. My discourses were written for an educated and refined congregation, there being in it none of the so-called working-class and no negroes. I was fond of bringing critical studies to bear on half-mythical figures in the New Testament—Jesus, Nathaniel, Judas, Mary Magdalene—and

Ah, how sweet it all was, how happy! I had no p
ambition; though I occasionally attended the levees of em
official men, I generally came away remembering the w
Emerson wrote me years before, "The earth is full of friv
people who are bending their whole force and the force of na
on trifles." I did not envy them; I would not have excha
my dear little study for the White House.

And now it was all gone! In the afternoon of that Su
on which I had spoken my farewell words, a number of fri
called, and Hudson Taylor—who, with his lovely wife, had
me such a beautiful home—could not repress some reproach
I had by a few discourses shattered such happy relation
His niece, Charlotte Taylor (now Mrs. Robley Evans), said
I had to obey my conscience. But Hudson cried, "I
conscience!" The tear in his eye did not blot out the
but embalmed it in my memory as the loving farewell
faithful and generous a friend as I ever had.

After all, the plan of getting Channing as my successor
carried; he required guarantees of support that in the soc
condition could not be given. I had the sorrow of rece
from my friend Daniel Goodloe accounts of reactionary ser
by a Mr. Lunt and then a Mr. Heyer, which had driven n
all of my friends from the church.

Letters from my mother, written in November, 1856, rea
me in Cincinnati soon after my arrival there.

Your father was much gratified at your affectionate remem
of him in your letter. For me, I rather think that the trial
sorrows of my children, if endured for conscience' sake, are the
nourishing aliment for my parental love, even when I cannot
see the necessity of the ultra position you have assumed. Bu
every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, to his own mas
standeth or falleth," is my doctrine, and I cannot presume
croach on the rule which God has prescribed. . . . I wished to
seen you in Baltimore on your return through to Washington
this I can do if you could pass through the latter part of this m
but I cannot leave home at Christmas: I am the greatest slav
at any season to the servants of our household, who are rais
such a state of dependence of thought and action that they wi
even make an effort to make their own clothing—indeed, are too
to know how unless I direct them. Oh, what a thraldom to

the white slave—mentally and bodily! I often think that if someone were to arouse me some morning from my sleep with the intelligence that every one had left the premises, I should feel such a sense of freedom and relief from responsibility (more oppressive as I grow older) that I should be heard singing *Te Deum Laudamus*—could I but banish the knowledge that they would be in a state of extreme suffering and that their numerous babies would perish. If any abolitionist could know exactly what I have endured from overpressure of work for thirty negroes for the last month, and the worry I have had to get them to do any work for themselves, they would look upon me with greater pity than on them. . . . I shall see little of you henceforth myself, but I hope you will one day have a home of your own where your sister and brothers can visit you—if you get yourself a sensible, good, lady-like wife.

So Buchanan is elected according to report. I feel little interest in politics, it is so low in its grade here, where every principle is involved in the narrow limits of party, till I feel ready to exclaim with a Scotchman on one occasion, "Knaves all." I care nothing about it, except I believe that Fremont's election would put links in the chain of slavery a hundred years long; for disunion would ensue, and then the South would have pro-slaveryism carried to a revengeful extent, and so end all our efforts to keep their condition among us who wish to do what we can for them as comfortable as may be under existing circumstances. I think both ultra pro-slavery men and abolitionists of the rabid fire-and-fagot sort say in their hearts there is no God to "hear the groaning of the prisoner." God's mills grind slow, yet they grind exceeding small, and He will right what abuses He sees on the earth by His own means in this or any other matter. And His greatest reformations have ever been commenced through all time by the small human means, without knowledge of what their efforts were to lead to—they only doing what duty personally required of them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Settlement in Cincinnati. The Dred Scott Decision. Chief J
Stanley Matthews. Hon. Alphonzo Taft. Later
Theatres. Visit of the Prince (now Edward VII.). F
Relics of the Visionaries. Antioch College. Hon. I
"Memnonia." The Village. "Modern Times." —
Cincinnati. August Willich. Judge Stallo. My First I
try. Sacrament. Emerson in Cincinnati. Archbisho
Lane Seminary.

I ENTERED on my ministry in Cincinnati (First Con
Church) in November, 1856. Cincinnati was full of
because of the presidential campaign in which s
freedom had for the first time confronted each other
discourse was given on November 9, the first Sunda
election of Buchanan—a bitter disappointment to
discourse, printed by the congregation, bore the tit
rs. Defeat," the text being "Add to your faith virt

On March 6, 1857, two days after the inauguration
Buchanan, the Supreme Court gave its famous deci
case of the negro Dred Scott. The decision was s
popularly in the phrase, "Black men have no rights w
men are bound to respect." The decision was give
Justice Taney, sprung from an old Maryland family, a
the Republicans that the odious sentiment should be
him and the consenting justices personally, the new
founded on an opposite interpretation of the Constit
the Chief Justice had simply interpreted the constitu
cessions to slavery by a historical reference to the idea
at the time when the Constitution was framed con
black race, which for more than a century had been

lated in vast quantities throughout the South as a political document.

Cincinnati was renowned for its jurists. Among these were Judge Hoadly, afterwards governor of Ohio; Alphonzo Taft, afterwards U.S. attorney-general; and Stanley Matthews, afterwards of the U.S. Supreme Court. Hoadly and Matthews had been Democrats, but strongly anti-slavery. Hoadly separated himself from the Democratic party on account of its pro-slavery proclivities, but Matthews was appointed U.S. district-attorney by Buchanan, and was as a "Lost Leader." Judge Hoadly and Alphonzo Taft were active members of my society; I was intimate with them and their families. Neither of these learned men regarded the Dred Scott decision as legally sound, and I was guided by them. Later studies led me to the conclusion that though the decision rightly interpreted the bearing on slavery of the concessions made to it in the Constitution, these were not due to considerations of negro inferiority, but that the majority of the Convention of 1787, while anti-slavery, were forced by the overwhelming necessity of forming a Union for defence to yield to South Carolina and Georgia, which refused to enter unless those concessions were made. But the decision, which made slavery virtually the law of the land, was as the trump of Judgment Day. Thousands of negroes in the northern States broke up their homes and fled to Canada, many of these being from Southern Ohio, so accessible to Kentucky kidnappers.

Days of judgment are prolific of misjudgments. The much-abused Chief Justice Taney gained his first fame at the bar by defending (1811) the most brilliant Methodist preacher in Maryland, Jacob Gruber, arrested for denunciations of slavery likely to incite insurrection. In his argument Taney (aged thirty-four) declared slavery "a blot on our national character." And probably he believed the same when he held up in the Supreme Court a mirror that revealed the vastness and blackness of the blot, not to be effaced by smashing the mirror. In Cincinnati the same kind of history was repeated in the case of our brilliant young lawyer Stanley Matthews, whose Quaker ancestor in Virginia had got into some trouble like that of Gruber in Maryland by his hostility to slavery. Stanley came to Cincinnati from Kentucky, and edited a vigorous anti-slavery paper, the Cincinnati

Herald, which contributed largely to make the thinking
hostile to slavery, in that very community where as U.S.
attorney he was compelled to sustain the decrees of the slav
at Washington. Among these was the Fugitive Slave Lav
Matthews had repeatedly violated. Cincinnati had in the
Levi Coffin, a Quaker, the southernmost station of the "Unde
Railway," by which fugitive slaves were expedited to
and in this work Matthews had assisted. But not long
appointment by the President a tragical case occurred.
journalist named Cassilly had concealed in his room a f
negroes escaped from Kentucky, and in the attempt to
them a Kentuckian was killed. Stanley Matthews had
into Cassilly. It was the most eloquent speech I ever heard fr
and although it was decided to be a justifiable homicide, man out of l
he was released and his pistol drawn on him. I, too, was of S
faith, and knew the temptations of a convert. During
the Quaker, Levi Coffin, was examined, and in answ
question about a certain room for hiding fugitives,
"I know and remember all about it, friend Matthews,"
at the moment was on the way, and, but was told that Levi
was a consistent Christian, and that Stanley Matthews
By the morning I refrained from attacking Matthews.
I felt, in the moment of eclipse, and would have out again, a
I do not remember meeting him personally in Cincin
after I met him after he became a justice of the Supren
he was very cordial and assisted me in my "Life of Ra

Among the changes of those times in Cincinnati t
remarkable, perhaps, was that of Alphonzo Taft. He
temperament conservative, also ambitious, finding h
new in his family and his studies. He was a family
Massachusetts stock, and a kinsman of Emerson, whom
not know, but resembled in countenance. Alphonzo
years, drawn into public life, he felt the aggre
slavery in Kansas and the Dred Scott decision as a sum
to be a participant in saving Liberty.*

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hostile to slavery in that very community where as U.S. di
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appointment by the President a tragical case occurred. A
journalist named Conolly had concealed in his room a fam
negroes escaped from Kentucky, and in the attempt to re
them a Kentuckian was killed. Stanley Matthews had to
cute Conolly. It was the first speech I ever heard from
and although it was dreadful to see a grand man out of his
his candour and his pain drew me to him. I, too, was of Sou
birth and knew the temptations of a convert. During th
the Quaker, Levi Coffin, was examined, and in answer
question about a certain room for hiding fugitives, he
"Thee must remember all about it, friend Matthews."
not present when this was said, but was told that Levi C
answer raised much laughter, and that Stanley Matthews bl
By some instinct I refrained from attacking Matthews. H
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slavery in Kansas and the Dred Scott decision as a summ
his conscience to bear his part in saving Liberty.*

* Alphonzo Taft was so pre-eminently a man of peace, abhorrent
that when President Grant appointed him Secretary of War it
merriment in Cincinnati, and fables were invented about him.
said that one day when the President called at his office, and ask

A sermon given soon after my settlement in Cincinnati (text: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister") opens with a legend which I ascribed to a Father of the Desert, who daily gave alms to the poor at the convent gate. In his cell Christ appeared to him with face and attitude accordant with church traditions, and indistinct. "Sometimes he doubted if it was there; then it would glow a little." As he gazed with rapture the bell sounded the hour when the needy would await their alms at the gate. But how could he leave the one heavenly vision of his lifetime? Yet he could not keep out of his thoughts images of the sufferers, and bade the Christ vision farewell with tears. When he had relieved the haggard men, women, and children, it was night; but as he was about to strike a light his cell was filled with a celestial brightness, and there stood the form clear as the sun, no longer like the church pictures, but with the tender smiles and eyes bent *on him;* and as he fell before the stupendous vision the divine one lifted him, and said, "Hadst thou not gone, I had gone indeed!"

The legend occupies two pages of the discourse on "The Minister" in my "Tracts for To-day" (January, 1858). I cannot discover whether it has any ancient basis or was my own invention. It marked the period when, following my Methodist "Messiah," the Unitarian Christ of Cambridge professors was replaced by a living human Jesus learned at the feet of poor blacks. The tale pleased my people, and I condensed it in a sermon prepared for Nahant.*

affairs were getting on, the Secretary shook his head and said there were underhand dealings. Grant, being alarmed and demanding particulars, Secretary Taft showed him a bill just sent in by officers, among the items being considerable amounts for "grape" and "shell." "I saw through it at once," said the Secretary. "It is the disguise of carousals: 'grape,' that is champagne; 'shell,' oysters on the shell, crabs, etc."

* I was a guest of the Longfellows at Nahant, and the poet probably regarded the fable as a genuine monastic legend, for it afterwards appeared in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," with the title "The Legend Beautiful." I would indeed be gratified to know that any legend exalting service to man above worship of God exists in Catholic hagiology. The longing for some such story is shown in Benjamin Kidd's description of "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—a pure invention of Lowell—as "always the typical legend of the church!" My belief is that my story of the monk, used also by Wendell Phillips, who was in my audience at Nahant,

Cincinnati was the most cultivated of the western cities third of the population being German, there were soci devoted to music, and in that art the city was ahead of all o in America except Boston. There was a fine orchestra w gave symphony concerts, and a "St. Cecilia-Verein" w sang classical pieces rarely heard elsewhere. There wa admirable literary club, which met every week to converse regale itself with squibs, recitations, cigars, and Catawba To it belonged young men who afterwards became em figures in the world: Rutherford Hayes, President of the U States; Noyes, a distinguished general and Minister to Fra A. R. Spofford, librarian of Congress; Judge Stallo, Minist Italy, Judge James, Judge Manning Force, and others. was a good city library, with a Lyceum that had cours lectures during the winter and enabled us to listen to the famous public teachers. Emerson, Holmes, Agassiz, H Beecher, Wendell Phillips, had not yet been superseded in we halls by vaudeville shows. There was a grand-opera house we had annually several weeks of opera or operatic concer remember Patti singing there in a troupe when she was a girl. There were two good theatres, the National and Wo The elder Sothern acted at Wood's when he was as yet unk to fame, and I remember well the uproarious laughter he ex as the petty thief ("The Kinchin") in Buckstone's "Flow the Forest." * There were fair stock companies at both thea and they played good English comedies and melodrama.

Society in Cincinnati was gay. There were picnics, da charade-actings, tableaux. The masquerade balls wer

was a coinage out of my own experience. There was, however, in fellow's poem no use made of what was to me an important feature fable; namely, the increased brightness and reality of the figure of after the monk had ministered to the needy.

* In after years I knew Sothern well in London; he remember early visits to Cincinnati, and wrote down for me the little spe "The Kinchin" after he was caught.

"Hevery ones against *me*. A svell General *he* goes hinto a He country, and kills hevery one he meets—and burns their Willages they cover *him* with Stars and blows a trumpet for *him!* Hi just a hen or a hankechief—They blows no trumpet for *me*—they vhips and gives me ancuffs to carry—Its shameful it is—it quite urts my feel

brilliant as those of Europe. The city was celebrated for its beautiful ladies, and they knew how to dress well. When the young prince, now King of England, was visiting American cities it was announced that he could dance only with ladies selected for him. In many places the ladies appointed for this honour were those with kindred of high official rank. Some wag estimated that the collective ages of the prince's partners in one city was 900. In Cincinnati the committee decided that at the ball in Pike's Opera House, partners for the prince should be selected with reference to their beauty. This, of course, was fatal to the committeemen, who in a city of over 200,000 had to decide which were the eight or ten most beautiful ladies; and it is to be hoped that the prince appreciated the self-sacrifice which gave him a succession of charming partners. My bride and I danced in one of the stage quadrilles near him, and I remarked the pleasure with which he looked on the vast array of beauties. Unfortunately the first young lady with whom the prince attempted to waltz could not conform with his steps nor he with hers; they had been taught different styles; and after that the ladies assigned for waltzes with him had the satisfaction of conversing with the blond and boyish prince. He was affable, and so were the gentlemen with him. The Duke of Newcastle said to a group of gentlemen, "Who would have thought that you republicans could find pleasure in the sight of royalty?" "Ah, sir," replied one, "we do not live close enough to royalty to see its faults." At that time the dress-coat and white cravat were not fully in fashion in any American city except for bridegrooms and groomsmen. An English correspondent, who travelled with the prince's suite, remarked in a published letter the absence of evening dress among men at our ball. I believe it was the perusal of such criticisms that established the present fashion in America, where the evening dress is now rather more *de rigueur* than in England.

Into all the literary and artistic movements in Cincinnati I threw myself with ardour. I was adopted in the clubs, and wrote criticisms of the classical concerts, the picture exhibitions, the operas and plays. Though my criticisms were anonymous, it became well known who wrote them, especially after some of my interpretations of Beethoven's Symphonies were sharply handled

by a writer whose judgments in such matters had previously been final.

In Cincinnati I found myself for the first time able to indulge my passion for the drama. Although at Cambridge I sometimes trudged over to Boston to enjoy the plays, the opportunities were barely enough to appetise me; in Washington the theatre was poor; but in Cincinnati I attended the theatre so much as to excite remark. A dancing and theatre-going preacher was previously unknown there. Puritanism was well represented among the early settlers in Cincinnati. Mrs. Trollope, the English author, who went to Cincinnati in 1828 and resided there two years, "trolloped" the place in her book on America on account of its provincialism, her satire being keen on the horror excited by the performances of two French figurantes who visited the city. Cincinnati had got fairly over all that, but it was still expected of religious ministers to frown on the theatre. Regarding that institution as one of the most important for the culture of the community, I gave a discourse on this subject (June 7, 1857), comparing the clerical enemies of the theatre to Jonah demanding the destruction of Nineveh.

The subject of my discourse having been, as usual, announced in the papers, a large audience came; it was said that every actor and manager was present. The discourse was published in pamphlet form and widely circulated. I became thenceforth a sort of chaplain to the actors, conducting their marriages and funerals, and whenever I attended any theatre I was invited into a private box. After my marriage to a member of my congregation, the actors and dancers were occasionally entertained in our house.

But the most important response received was a letter from my mother stating that the pamphlet on the theatre had been read aloud in the family by my father, who on closing it said "I am not prepared to object to one word in it."

Under the signature of "Optimist," I wrote four letters on Art for a leading paper, calling attention to the fine or faulty characteristics of our actors. The originality and self-restraint of Matilda Heron, the delicious fun of Davidge in farce, the melodramatic skill of our frequent visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Conway (no relations of mine) were discussed, and one letter was a moral

defence of the ballet. In the letter on Tragedy I find a paragraph about Rachel, seen in New York :

Rachel created more enthusiasm in an audience than any other person I have ever seen on the stage. She was an ever-revolving electric generator, and each individual sat with the wires in his hand. But her art of arts was to seize on little groups of people about the house, look straight into their eyes plaintively, until she awoke for herself, personally, the sisterhood of each woman and the knighthood of each man. I say *personally*, for Rachel had no existence outside of the character she was personating. She was as a sheathed sword, never drawn out but by some hand, and only great as the hand which wielded her was great. She made pain a pleasure ; one longed to suffer after seeing her in a tragedy.

One of the most beautiful things I ever saw on the stage was a "morality" brought to Cincinnati by the English actress Mrs. Conway, "The Prodigal Son." As the Prodigal she proved herself a true artist, especially in the return scene.

It would be ungrateful not to mention Murdoch, the first scholarly interpreter of leading characters of Shakespeare's comedies I ever saw ; and Hackett, whose admirable Falstaff was lionised through the country, as "Lord Dundreary" was later. By the way, Sothern told me that in "Our American Cousin" only a few words were originally assigned to Dundreary, and that the character was cumulatively created by his "gags."

Fanny Kemble, whom I used to meet at the house of the Longfellows, gave her readings in Cincinnati. In our talks she surprised me by the sharpness with which she opposed my claims for the theatre as a profession. When I alluded to the fame of the Kembles, she pronounced the profession suitable enough for men, but not for women. It was, she said, a life of ostentation, necessitating display of costume and person inconsistent with fine feminine qualities, and so forth. In vain I spoke of actresses well known in Cincinnati society—Julia Dean, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Cora Mowatt (Mrs. Ritchie, who wrote such an attractive book about stage life). Fanny Kemble was irreconcilable. On my part I could not see any great difference between the career of those ladies and that of the dramatic reciter, amply displayed, and concluded that Fanny Kemble had been somewhat soured

by her unhappy marriage with a Southern planter, also by the gossip about her. When I asked her if she had seen a certain article on one of her readings, she said, "I never read the papers, being liable to find in them my own name."

At Cincinnati I seemed for the first time to know something of all America. Our city was popularly styled "the Queen of the West," but a Paul might have named it the Athens of the West, for every "new thing" found headquarters there. The edifice ("The Bazaar") which Mrs. Trollope erected there thirty years before for encouraging the employment of women as shopkeepers, then unknown, after being used successively as a dancing school, an eclectic medical college, and a hydropathic establishment, had become a female medical college; it was the home of varieties of dreamers and reformers until it housed convalescent Federal soldiers during the civil war.

The presiding genius of "The Bazaar" was a certain Dr. Curtis—an idealist poetically related to the quaint house whose wide stairway, mounting from the threshold to the last storey, so many visions had ascended. "I sincerely believe," wrote Mrs. Trollope, "that if a fire-worshipper or an Indian Brahmin were to come to the United States and could preach and pray in English, he would not be long without a respectable congregation." Her Cincinnati edifice was always for me the symbol of a living fire-worship more consuming than she imagined. The West was hospitable to every new creed or social experiment, while its practical necessities furnished the severest test of values. One after another pilgrims had come—French colonists of the Scioto and the Miami when the nation was founded; George Rapp, the shoemaker of Würtemberg, with his company of "Harmonists"; Robert Owen and his New Harmonists in 1823; and Fanny Wright (1825), who colonised free negroes on two thousand acres in Tennessee to prove them capable of civilisation. The only experiment that failed through persecution was that of Fanny Wright to help the victim race. The others failed by

She had been brought over with the Rappites in childhood, and cherished the remembrance of that gentle soul, training her children in his spirit. From her, and from some who had known Robert Owen, and many who had known the brilliant Fanny Wright, I learned much about them all. They were all liberal people, rarely able to conform with the creeds and usages around them. Current fiction was pale for me beside the narratives gathered from these sweet visionaries who were still following the dreams of their youth. I there read for the first time Fanny Wright's book "A Few Days in Athens," and some of the addresses which charmed large audiences in Cincinnati. Many a time have I joined in the pilgrimage to her tomb in the cemetery near Cincinnati.*

At that time an experiment had begun at Yellow Springs, which interested me deeply—co-education of young men and women. The sect called "Christians" had built a college there, naming it "Antioch," but their enterprise having failed, the building was purchased by the Unitarians and the institution placed under the Hon. Horace Mann. Horace Mann was the most eminent educator who has ever appeared in the United States, and his reports and writings, and his life written by his widow, constitute an important chapter in educational history. Mrs. Mann was a sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Miss Elizabeth Peabody. Early in 1858 I visited Yellow Springs, stopping at its one inn, in which the only other guest was a beautiful woman, and one of rare intellectual power. She was the only one left of "Memnona," a community which had built the house converted to an inn, and gave me useful information about "Memnona." The glen near by and the warm morning invited me to a stroll beside the clear brook, which flows with frequent cascades through a mile of green banks and wild flowers. Suddenly I came upon a troop of young ladies, each carrying a book and a botanical box. One of them, Rebecca Shephard (afterwards Mrs. Haven Putnam), I had met; she introduced me to the professor—a handsome lady, who invited me to participate in their

* A biography of this noble lady is a *desideratum* in both English and American literature, which I have some reason to hope will be supplied by the poetic pen of her cultured kinsman, the Rev. William Norman Guthrie, rector of Fern Bank, Ohio.

exercises. The glen was their recitation-room in spring fo
botany and geology.

I gained from the lady professor (married) assurances o
the refining influences of " co-education " on both male and femal
students. No scandal had ever been heard of. The young ladie
had weekly receptions in their separate residence building, an
I had the good fortune to be present at one of them. There wa
excellent music and theatricals, and the presence of the pro
fessors did not at all interfere with the freedom and enjoymen
of the young people.

Next morning (Sunday) I heard an eloquent address b
President Mann in the college chapel, and excellent music fro
a well-trained choir of students.

Horace Mann was radical in politics and a rationalist i
religion, his friend and prophet being Emerson. The Puritan su
vived in his ethics, and was evoked by the proximity of " Mem
nona," founded by the once famous Dr. T. L. Nichols. Althoug
the community had dissolved, probably because of Horace Mann
denunciations, he was still excited on the subject. An ab
journalist in Cincinnati, Henry Reed, was ridiculing him sharpl
on account of the rumoured severity of discipline at Antioc
He and Mrs. Mann felt profoundly their responsibility for t
success of this experiment in co-education, of which grievou
prognostications existed. They themselves regarded the innova
tion as perilous, and no doubt the anxieties shortened his lif
The fear then was that there would be too much courtship, an
rash marriages, between the students; but now (1904) son
complain that co-education gives girls an unfortunate disinclin
tion for love affairs and marriage.

I do not know that I can do better than insert here my noti
in the *Dial* of May, 1860, of a book printed in Cincinnati at t
time entitled " Esperanza: My journey thither and what I fou
there." I remember well the pains I took to discover the fac
concerning " Memnona " and to treat with justice the delica
subject, and quote a few items that possess some interest :—

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of " E
peranza "—the Land of Hope: a work written on the gospel
Free Love. Perhaps the name of the author might as well ha
been on the title page, since it is quite generally indicated that it

the work of Dr. Nichols, late of the community of Memnona, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, later still of the Roman Catholic Church. In what light that church will regard the publication of this novel from the pen of its convert we are not prepared to say. We have heard that the author had concluded his account of Esperanza by introducing a Catholic Father who converts them all to the Mother Church; and that the publisher, having some authority in the premises, is responsible for the substitution of the weak and diluted Dream which concludes the book, in which a Spirit inculcates the *one love* theory so feebly as to make the free love portions of it all the more dangerous.

"Memnona," when in its most flourishing condition, numbered about twenty inmates. They were generally Eastern and English people, and, we have been credibly informed, were persons who had met with disappointments and grief in the life of the affections—the unrequited or the divorced. It was represented to the country chiefly through the terrible denunciations of Horace Mann, whose imagination, excited by its proximity to Antioch College, pictured it as, to use his own words, "the superfœtation of diabolism upon polygamy." This community, however, had reason to know that Mr. Mann was mistaken; and that, so far from "Memnona" being a seat of sexual license, it inaugurated in its actual life the asceticism and celibacy which afterwards carried its leading characters into the Church of Rome. Daily confessions and penances were prescribed and obeyed. And when through pecuniary embarrassments—for the community ruined everyone who made any investment in it—and the jealousies of human nature, this false thing burst like a bubble, the eight leading persons (including those named in "Esperanza," Harmonia, Vincent, Angelo, Eugenia, and the beautiful Melodia) immediately went into the Romish Church. Melodia (Miss H.) is now a nun in Cuba.

Co-education at Antioch had not grown out of any theory. The plain Western farmers wished their sons and daughters to have a good education without sending them East; the various communities wished to obtain good teachers, male and female, without getting them at heavy cost from regions unacquainted with their conditions. That tall, slender, Horace Mann, with his pure, intellectual face beneath its crown of white hair, was steadily giving his heart's blood to achieve a final triumph for American education. He died two or three years after undertaking that work. Antioch flourished for a time under Thomas Hill, afterwards president of Harvard, and its subsequent decline

was really due to the success of its principle. Other co
and state universities, now educating persons of both sexes
got their idea and courage from the experience of Antioc
the leadership of its first president, who has a fitting mon
in the Horace Mann Hall at Columbia University, New Y

Among the many letters that I received from out-o
way people and places, one was dated at "Modern Times,
It seemed to have come from some place in Bunyan's dream
Writing to a friend in New York, I inquired if he knew any
about such a place. "It is," he answered, "a village on
Island founded on the principle that each person shall min
or her own business." The place seemed even more my
than before, but one evening when I had been addressing
working-men on the relations between capital and labo
stranger of prepossessing appearance approached me and
"If you ever visit Modern Times you will find out tha
troubles of labour come from the existence of money." W
upon he disappeared.

During my next summer vacation I visited New York
ferried over to Brooklyn, and learned that by travelling o
two hours on the railway down Long Island I would co
"Thompson's Station," and five or six miles off would
Modern Times. It was twilight when I reached "Thompso
and there was no means of reaching the village I sought exce
foot. That did not matter, for my valise was light, but the
was solitary, sometimes forked, the forest dense, and it b
quite dark. At length, however, I reached a more open s
the moon gave some light, and I met a woman who said
close upon the village. I asked if there was any hotel, an
replied, "None that I know of," passed on quickly, and le
to consider that more interest in other people's affairs
occasionally be desirable. It was not yet nine, but the st
entered was silent. I had with me a letter once received
Modern Times, and on enquiry found at last the founder o
village, Josiah Warren. He gave me welcome, and there
no hotel, and money not being current in the village, I was
to the house of a gentleman and lady, provided with a suppe
an agreeable bedroom, whereof I was in much need. The
of the house was beautiful, and startled me by an allusion

Utopian village in one of Zschokke's tales. "You will not find us," she said, "a Goldenthal; we are rather poor; but if you are interested in our ideas, you may find us worthy of a visit." I have idealised this lovely woman, and indeed the village, in my "Pine and Palm," but her actual history was more thrilling than is there told of Maria Shelton, and the village appears to me in the retrospect more romantic than my Bonheur.

Josiah Warren, then about fifty years of age, was a short, thick-set man with a serene countenance, but somewhat restless eye. His forehead was large, descending to a full brow; his lower face was not of equal strength, but indicative of the mild enthusiasm which in later years I found typical of the old English reformer. He was indeed one of these, and I think had been in Robert Owen's community at New Lanark. He had, however, an entirely original sociology. Convinced that the disproportion between wages and the time and labour spent in production created the evils of drudgery and pauperism, luxury and idleness, he determined to bring about a system of "equitable commerce," by which each product should have its price measured by its cost. If it were a shoe, for example, the separate cost of leather, pegs, thread, etc., was to be estimated, and the time taken in putting them together, and the sum would be enough to decide the relative value of the shoe in other articles which the shoemaker might require. With this idea in his mind, he invested what little capital he had in a shop in Cincinnati, where he sold miscellaneous articles somewhat under their prices in other shops. These shopkeepers broke up his establishment by circulating a rumour that Warren was selling off damaged stock. He concluded that his plan could succeed only in a world where other tradesmen adopted it, and after some years established a small community at Tuscarawas, Ohio, which was unable to sustain itself, perhaps because of the crudity of the idea as it then stood in his mind; for when some twenty years later he founded Modern Times there were other elements introduced.

The commercial basis of this village was that cost is the limit of price, and that time is the standard of value. This standard was variable with corn. Another principle was that the most disagreeable labour is entitled to the highest compensation.

The social basis of the village was expressed in the p
"individual sovereignty." The principle that there shou
absolutely no interference with personal liberty was press
an extent which would have delighted Mill and Herbert Sp
This individual sovereignty was encouraged. Nothing w
such disrepute as sameness; nothing more applauded
variety, no fault more venial than eccentricity.

The arrangements of marriage were left entirely to the
vidual men and women. They could be married formal
otherwise, live in the same or separate houses, and have
relation known or unknown. The relation could be dissol
pleasure without any formulas. Certain customs had grow
of this absence of marriage laws. Privacy was general; i
not polite to enquire who might be the father of a newly
child, or who was the husband or wife of any one. Thos
stood in the relation of husband or wife wore upon the fi
red thread; so long as that badge was visible the perso
understood to be married. If it disappeared the marriag
at an end.

The village consisted of about fifty cottages, neat and cl
in their green and white, nearly all with well-tilled gardens.
all gathered in their little temple, the men rather disappo
me by the lack of individuality in their dress, but the
exhibiting a variety of pleasing costumes. For a time it
silent meeting. Then the entire company joined in s
"There's a good time coming," and after I had read
passages from the Bible and from Emerson another hym
sung concerning an expected day—

> When the Might with the Right
> And the Truth shall be.

After my discourse, which was upon the Spirit of the A
was announced that there would be in the afternoon a m
for conversation.

The afternoon discussion ranged over the problems of E
tion, Law, Politics, Sex, Trade, Marriage. It exhibited
kind of ability, and also illustrated the principle of individ
to the rare extent of in no wise exciting a dispute or a sharp
Except that all were unorthodox, each had an opinion of

her own; this being so frankly expressed that behind each opened a vista of strange experiences.

Josiah Warren showed me through his printing-office and other institutions of the place. He also gave me one of the little notes used as currency among them. It has at one end an oval engraving of Commerce with a barrel and a box beside her, and a ship near by; at the other end a device of Atlas supporting the sphere; beneath this a watch, and between these the words "Time is Wealth." In the centre is a figure of Justice with scales and sword, also a sister-genius with spear and wreath whose name I do not know, between these being a shield inscribed "Labour for Labour." Above these the following: "Not transferable"; "Limit of issue 200 hours"; "The most disagreeable labour is entitled to the highest compensation"; "Due to—— Five Hours in Professional Services or 80 Pounds of Corn." Then follows a written signature and the engraved word "Physician."

Late in the evening a little company gathered in the porch of the house in which I was staying, where there was informal conversation, and now and then a song. Out there in the moonlight went on an exchange of confidences, however abstract the phrases; beyond the soft tones I could hear the shriek of tempests that wreck lives. Not from happy homes had gathered these Thélèmites with their motto *Fay ce que voudras*.

Some years later, when the plague of War was filling the land, I thought of their retreat as not so much a Thélème as a garden like that outside Florence where Boccaccio pictures his ladies and gentlemen beguiling each other with beautiful tales while the Plague was raging in the city. Modern Times had not been founded with reference to war. Those gentle people had suffered enough of life's struggle, and desired only to be left in peace. But where could peace be found? I never visited Modern Times again, but heard that soon after the war broke out most of those I had seen there sailed from Montauk Point on a small ship and fixed their tents on some peaceful shore in South America.

Some of the most interesting citizens of Cincinnati were Germans. We owed their leaders to the revolutions of 1848, among these August Willich. He became known in the civil war as Major Willich. The late Judge Stallo told me that it was believed by himself and other Germans that Willich bore

in his veins the blood of the royal family of Prussia. He
soldier in the Prussian army until 1846, but having joine
band for the liberation of Germany, he was compelled to
at Wesel. He at once set himself to learn the carpenter's
Willich was eloquent, and the working-men drew him fro
carpenter's shop to become their leader. He committed
Stallo, enough political offences to have cost him his h
dozen times, had he not been a natural son of one of the
family. When the Revolution of Baden broke out he b
the impassioned leader of that revolution, and when it
Willich was saved from execution in a curious way. H
removed secretly from his prison in the dead of night and
ferred to a ship bound for London, under pledge that he
never return to Germany—a considerable amount of money
given to him. From London he went to New York, wh
set up as a carpenter. It was presently discovered, ho
that he was an educated man, and he was given a place
Coast Survey. There Judge Stallo made his acquaintanc
invited Willich to go to Cincinnati and edit the *Republi*
Willich made it a strong and radical paper. When Orsi
executed, Willich, who had known him well, headed a great f
torchlight procession ; and under his leadership a similar p
sion took place, amid many threats, when John Brown of Ha
Ferry was executed. In after years when I saw Gariba
London, I felt as if I had met him before in the form of r
friend Willich.

About a year after entering my ministry in Cincin
published there my first volume (pp. 300, 8vo), the title
"Tracts for To-day." It was inscribed as follows :—

TO MY PARENTS

I dedicate this book, knowing that, whatever they shall fin
which shall recall painful differences of belief, it would griev
far more to think that I had swerved from the lessons of dir
and sincerity which, by word and life, they have ever taught as
all, and which they have a right to claim from me always and
where.

On the day of my settlement at Cincinnati, a friend s
me, "There are about ten millions of dollars in that co

tion." It had long centuries ago ceased to be hard for the rich to enter the "kingdom of heaven" in its 'otherworldly' sense, but unorthodoxy was steadily shifting the aim of religion from heaven to earth. The conventionalised heavenly dove has wings covered with gold, as the psalmist describes one, but the religious spirit dealing with the secular world is rather the dove of Jeremiah, whose "fierceness" astonished the land. All manner of "reforms"—the visionary along with the rational; the revolutionary and the peaceful—nestle under the wings of humanitarian religion; and wealth is shy of it. I inaugurated my work with the words, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," and meant it in a formidable sense. The fugitive slave seized and returned to bondage was Jesus pierced on his cross. I saw beautiful Reason crucified on the cross of Superstition, and human Happiness bearing a crushing cross in the Protestant asceticism which repressed the joyousness of the young. I demanded that woman should be taken down from her cross and given freedom and occupation. I pleaded for the establishment of a hospital for inebriates, and even dealt with the terrible subject of Prostitution. Our city, I declared, would not be even semi-Christian until it built a Foundling Hospital, and also an attractive Home for the cruelly "outcast," well furnished with kind hearts, which should say, "We are not here to condemn thee: come in peace." So did I confront the conservatism and wealth of my church, and they stood by me from first to last.

For a long time I adhered to the sacrament. On one such occasion Emerson was in the church. Had I known or remembered that it was on the point of his unwillingness to administer the "Lord's Supper" that Emerson left the Unitarian ministry (1832), I might have been somewhat abashed at seeing him in the pew of a prominent member. The subject was Jesus giving the bread and wine to Judas. It had been the usage of my predecessors in the pulpit to dismiss the general congregation, communicants only remaining. This, however, was inconsistent with my interpretation of the sacrament as a simple memorial of self-sacrifice in which I wished all, and even children, to unite. But in this discourse I made it also a memorial of the boundless love which animated a great heart and could not exclude even its betrayer.

Emerson waited for me at the door, and asked me to g with him to his room in the Burnet House. There he spoke co cerning my sermon words that gave me great encouragemen He never said a word about the sacrament, but that was the la time I ever administered it.* I found that some of the be people in my congregation could not conscientiously participa in an observance so generally associated with a dogma of sac ficial religion.

One wintry night I was awakened by a knock at my doc It was after midnight, and I inquired from a window who w there. A woman said that in a tenement near by a poor woma was dying, and begged me to come in and see her. She probab thought I was a priest, for when I reached the dying woma she desired a priest. There was a residence of priests near t cathedral, and I despatched a messenger to summon one. A elderly little priest came whom I had never seen, but present discovered to be the archibshop himself, Dr. Purcell. Inste of waking a younger priest, the old prelate had come hims through the cold, and I left him in the miserable room with t dying woman. The archbishop spoke to me in a friendly wa but I supposed he did not know what a heretic I was. Neverth less, after my sermons demanding hospitals for inebriates a foundlings and a home for the outcast were reported in t papers, Dr. Purcell called on me. Wide apart as we were religious belief, we had met beside the death-bed of a dyi pauper, and now we met again by the side of the perishi classes in our city.

He came to confirm, from his long experience in Cincinna all that I had said, especially my assertion that it was not sens ality that led women into vice, but the want of lucrative occu tion left them no alternatives but physical or moral suici

* Emerson was sorry I had omitted a verse from the hymn "Th hidden love of God," and repeated it tenderly :—

'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend.

Archbishop Purcell said that if I could persuade the wealthy men of my church to start a movement for building those hospitals, he would find good women to attend to their inmates, without the slightest desire to make them Catholics. He declared that there was in Cincinnati enough wasted moral energy, represented in the enforced idleness of female hearts and minds, to make our city healthy and happy.

In the course of our conversation the archbishop told me that he was a native of Cork, and when he came to America in early life intended to enter on a mission in Virginia. But he found the country places too thinly populated. About seven miles out of Richmond he saw a solitary man lying on the grass, to whom he put questions, receiving lazy "yes" and "no" responses. Presently he inquired to what churches his neighbours went. "Well, not much of any." "What are their religious views?" "Well, not much of any." "Well, my friend, what are your own opinions on religion?" "My notion is that them as made me will take care of me."

I felt certain of Dr. Purcell's good faith in his proposal about the suggested hospitals; and had not inhuman War presently overwhelmed humane projects, it is probable that he and I, from our opposite poles, would have co-operated in that enterprise with success. As it was, I received an invitation from the Roman Catholics to give a lecture in St. Nicholas Institute, and it was delivered to a large audience. This fraternisation between Romanism and Rationalism did not fail to excite surprise, eliciting comments in pulpit and press, the secret of that strange proceeding being known only to my personal friends.

Although I had become notorious in Unitarian associations for indifference to the denominational propaganda, and was criticised by some leaders for my unsoundness, it was recognised by others that I had reached the heart of thinking people in the general community to an extent unusual with Unitarian societies. Though some ministers were raising me to the dignity of a heretic, I could hardly comply with the demands that came from all sides. I lectured twice to the German "Turners," to the assembled Jewish societies, and to the assembled actors. These functions excited less surprise than the fact that for a month I filled evening appointments in a vacant Methodist Episcopal pulpit

in the suburbs, and preached twice in a Methodist Protesta
church.

In none of these outside ministrations was the slightest r
striction imposed on my utterance. I suppose, indeed, that t
invitations were prompted by curiosity to hear new views mu
alluded to in the city papers. One event excited universal i
terest. The most eminent Presbyterian in our neighbourho
was the Rev. Dr. Henry Smith, president of Lane Seminary,
noted theological (Presbyterian) institution. Dr. Smith was
learned man and earnest preacher. I was invited by his studer
to give a lecture in their literary course, and my care to absta
from theology no doubt pleased the president. After so
conversation he agreed to occupy my pulpit on some Sund
morning and give a statement and explanation of his religic
creed. The occasion was one memorable in the religious histo
of Cincinnati. The audience was large and intelligent, and t
discourse simple, sincere, and deeply interesting. It was review
by me on the following Sunday in a friendly spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

Unitarians and Slavery—Rabbi Wise—The Abbé Miel—Free Lances of the Pulpit—Literary Studies—Evolution—Darwin's work—Emerson in Cincinnati—Edward Everett—My Marriage—Robert Collyer—The Woman Movement—Chess—Paul Morphy.

THERE appeared to me no cloud on the horizon when I found myself in Cincinnati with an anti-slavery congregation. Everywhere were signs of increasing anti-slavery sentiment. The Conference of Western Unitarian Churches (1858) passed a resolution that the cause of the slave was moral and religious, rightly belonging to our pulpits. But two of the societies were in slave States, that of the Rev. Mr. Heywood of Louisville, and that of the veteran Dr. Elliot of St. Louis, men of New England birth. Notwithstanding the moderation of our resolution, we had the sorrow of seeing Dr. Elliot and his strong delegation file solemnly out, never to return.

This action of the conference, reversing a timid resolution of three years before, was a relief to me. It had always been a burden to preach about slavery, and it was now less necessary to deal much with the subject. The incident was widely discussed in the papers, and the *Cincinnati Enquirer* (anti-Republican) described me as an ambitious agitator. I said to my people that inhumanity in man or nation must always prove a demon of unrest. A legend on which twenty-three years later I published a volume then first arose before me as a prophecy: "That fable of the Wandering Jew shall be a dread reality to the heart which knowingly drives from its threshold the Christ who falls there in the form of those who now bear the cross of wrong and oppression, and toil up the weary hills of life to their continual crucifixion."

About that time a little recrudescence of prejudice against Jews occurred in connection with an organisation called the Cincinnati Zouave Guard, against which I protested in the papers; and I even attacked Shakespeare on account of the

figure of Shylock just then personated on our stage. I
be some years before I discovered that the fault was
traditional representation on the stage of Shylock, i
Shakespeare had really vindicated the humanity of the Jew
the supernatural evil ascribed to him in Marlowe's Bar

My defence of the Jews made them my friends, and in
friends they were, many of the families being highly culti
well as wealthy. Their two rabbis were as able and
as any in America. Dr. Isaac M. Wise was a man of gr
sense and energy. He recognised even before I did my
my Christianity, so far from being inimical to his race and
gave support to both. He wished his race and religion
the credit of having produced Jesus. I was invited at
lecture for Jewish societies, and was entertained in th
panies. I speedily discovered that the majority of Rabb
synagogue were not believers in supernaturalism, but
deists. The other Jewish society, that of Dr. Lilient
also liberal, but more cautiously so. These did not h
same desire that I found in Rabbi Wise to impress the
community with a belief in the accord of Judaism with
science and philosophy.*

Among the pilgrims that visited our city one bro
a note from Theodore Parker—the Abbé Miel. I fanci
generations of sweetness must have given that family it
for this Frenchman was sweeter than the honeycomb.
years I discovered that he had been the most eloquen
young French priests; and without surprise, for he
charmed me by his conversation, despite our defective kn
of each other's language, that I tried hard to detain
Cincinnati. His history was a revelation to me. He h
sent over by the hierarchy in France to England to as
revival of Catholicism there. Having published a p
asserting the Nicene Council's declaration of the supre

* The Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati is really the mon
Rabbi Wise and the spirit he diffused in that region. In later ye
tracing out the dual development of Semitic thought from th
Solomon, as given in my book on Solomon, I have been much i
at observing the cropping up in America of the same contrariou
cies—secular on one side and levitical on the other—accompani
many times before, by efforts to reconcile them.

the bishop of Rome, a scholar privately proved to him that it was a perversion of the original. This original existed only in the British Museum, where the Abbé Miel examined it, and found the falsity of the Catholic version. He submitted the fact to the chief authorities of his church in England, and was shocked by their disposition to ignore or to suppress it. In great distress the young priest left the church. After some years he married an Irish lady, and came to America. While trying to obtain for him some position as a teacher in Cincinnati, I employed him to teach me French, but our every hour together was occupied by his instructions in things more important. This dear friend, long a clergyman in Philadelphia (where he died, 1902), says in his book, *Le Pèlerinage d'une Ame :* " Pour la première fois depuis que j'ai quitté Rome, j'ai prononcé dans une église un discours religieux. Cette église naturellement était celle de Mr. Conway ; j'ai pu enfin parler en homme. Autrefois je parlais plus ou moins en fanatique."

How well do I remember that sermon ! I had gone about for several days, searching out all who could understand French, whatever their creed, informing them that I had no reason to suppose that the abbé shared my heresies. Several hundred came together, and rarely have I known such an effect as that produced by the marvellous Frenchman. Speaking without notes, he appeared to lose thought of himself altogether ; his eyes beamed on us, his melodious voice came as if to each of us personally ; with but little gesture and no oratorical trick, and speaking such perfect French that all could follow him, he uplifted the sacred heart in all. Every hearer responded with eyes now radiant with joy, now streaming with tears, and faces all glowing ; and when the enchantment was over, the company lingered to press his hand.

Could Miel have remained in his church he must have gained the fame of Bossuet ; what his creed was I did not know, but I saw in him a soul which lily-like would transmute any soil at its root into whiteness and sweetness. There was a humanised Madonna in his faith whom he engraved on my heart. Monsieur Miel did away with my suspicion of the sincerity of the priesthood, and afterwards wrote for my *Dial* an essay entitled, " Are the Priesthood Sincere ? "

But we could find no place for Miel in Cincinnati. his wife went on their way to California, and I was left vent to my sorrow in publishing in the *Gazette* a reproach the city that allowed its heavenly visitants to depart u nised.

That which at the beginning of the twentieth century me as the most important difference between the religiou tion in America to-day and that of fifty years ago is the of those free lances which then helped to make history. T Parker in Boston, Henry Ward Beecher and Samuel Lo in Brooklyn, Samuel Johnson in Lynn, Octavius Brooks F ham, Chapin and Cheever in New York, Robert Collyer an Swing in Chicago, Furness and Lucretia Mott in Phila Wentworth Higginson at Worcester, Thomas Starr King Francisco—these spoke to the whole land. Except in th pendence they could not be classed together. It appea now that the inspiration and eloquence of those public was largely due to the presence of a great moral issue—j the slave. The steady advance of that cause inspired fa ideas were stronger than armies, and the vision of to-da be the actuality of to-morrow. In the place of those we now find preachers who, albeit scholarly and eloquen become spokesmen of sects, apparently without any h the voice of right reason and justice can affect the c nations.

It is but too probable, also, that the younger ge while eulogising those shining forerunners, feel half co that their pillar of fire has for ever turned to cloud.

My studies became increasingly literary. In po passion was still for Robert Browning. I had impo "Christmas Eve and Easter Day"—then unknown in I had not enough interest in any nature except huma to care much for Wordsworth, and it was only a few Browning's smaller pieces that moved me—some of he (especially "Experience") and "Lady Geraldine's Co But one of her poems ranked with those of her husband' Lost Bower." On Thanksgiving Day, 1857, my sermo "The Lost Bower," and in the evening I met at dinner a lady, Mrs. Bodichon, who told me that she had writte

dear friend Mrs. Browning an account of the sermon to which she had listened. I often quoted Robert Browning, and circulated him among my friends; for he was almost unknown in the West, and I remember that when Spofford recited in our club "The Lost Leader," its authorship had to be told even to that select circle.

The poems of Arthur Hugh Clough were adapted to my state of mind. I had been so moved by his "Bothie of Toberna-Vuolich," which Emerson loaned me, that I got from England his "Ambarvalia" (published in 1849). These little pieces came to me as if privately addressed. Clough rather weakened the spell Tennyson had thrown upon me. I had been sitting with the Lotus Eaters on their yellow sand, had voyaged with Ulysses beyond the sunset, and was held by the vision of the Golden Year (without noticing that candid comrade who breaks the dream, declaring the Golden Year to be now or never). I remember Emerson saying once, "When nature wants an artist she makes Tennyson," and when I questioned whether he was not too artistic, the answer was, "Everything good is artistic." Emerson's word sank into my mind like a seed, and I studied the Laureate more carefully, but afterwards found that Emerson himself had exceptions in his appreciation of Tennyson. In a conversation at which I was present, Lowell spoke of the exquisite things in Tennyson, quoting the suggestion of death in "The casement slowly grows a glimmering square." Emerson said that he found "In Memoriam" mainly "drawing-room grief." For myself, I credited the whole book with the glorious hymn, "Ring out, wild bells!" which for the last twenty years of my ministry in London was sung every Christmas and for the New Year, never failing to move us all with its pathos and hope.

I learned in Cincinnati that Arthur Clough had desired to settle permanently in that city, and had applied for a position as teacher in its principal school. Ah, what would it not have been to me had I found there the man I used to meet in the grove near Divinity Hall, and whose noble head was haloed by his genius! I would now have seen more than a halo; for the intervening four years of "mortal moral strife" had brought me to the end of all theology. And there, where he had preceded me, I found him in his great little book, waiting and on his watch. As

I read the first poem in "Ambarvalia," I felt myself amo
human spirits, and in him that other spirit, "hardly t
subtly questioning" each, recognising among the answe
inmost own.

> Dost thou not know that these things only seem ?-
> I know not, let me dream my dream.
> Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure ?—
> I know not, let me take my pleasure.
> What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought ?—
> I know not, let me think my thought.
> What is the end of strife ?—
> I know not, let me live my life.
> How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move ?—
> I know not, let me love my love.
> Were not things old once new ?—
> I know not, let me do as others do.
> And when the rest were over past,
> I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

From Goethe and Carlyle and the great scientific
came help in partially recovering time lost in studying
languages—in using which for any critical purposes I had
to depend on specialists. I studied very hard to keep
abreast of science. Early in January, 1859, I answered th
Dr. Bushnell's defence of supernaturalism, which rested
alleged evidence of geology that life had not and could no
existed in the first conditions of the earth. In discussi
claim that the appearance of life could be conceived onl
result of divine action, I cited what Agassiz told us of emb
development; and that the metamorphoses of each ani
the egg corresponded with the succession of species in th
of the earth, pointed, I claimed, to the derivation of one
from another. I put the same point as a question to
himself five years before, and he said the theory would l
atheism. My theism being purely experiential I cou
appreciate his answer.

In January, 1859, appeared at Albany, N.Y., No. 5
"Tracts for the Times," a series put forth by the (Uni
Ladies' Religious Publication Society. This was my first
in Demonology, and was entitled, "The Natural History
Devil." While I was writing this in the fall of 1858, I h

advantage of conversing with Emerson on my subject, and he spoke of "arrested and progressive development." He thought that the same principle was applicable to the mental and moral man. He suggested my use of the conversation, without his name, and the subjoined passage was added that same day to my tract :—

The doctrine known as "arrested development" which has had such a tremendous influence in natural history, will also apply here. Every animal is a man in this arrested development. The quadruped develops more and becomes an ape; arrested there for an æon, the development rises to the savage; the next wave of the on-flowing tide of life rises to man—no longer arrested and bound to the earth by his forefeet, as in the wolf, nor only partially released as in the orang-outang, nor held by passion and ignorance as in the savage. The hare-lip which we see in men at times is the arrest of the lip in its development; every lip is at one stage of its embryonic growth a hare-lip. Sometimes the hand is arrested, and remains more like that of an ape. But the animals also have dispositions which enter man to partake his spiritual development—ferocity, passion, meanness, deceit, and so on. Here, too, is "arrested development"; one man does not get beyond the serpent; another finds that he has difficulty in passing the condition of a bear; another is arrested at the hyena. How familiar is the class of calves and donkeys walking on two feet around us! This is the path we all travel, even though at length we beat down the animal beneath our feet; and evil is only the living out among men of their arrested developments.

This statement follows Emerson closely, and it is another illustration of the fact that we who studied him were building our faith on evolution before Darwin came to prove our foundations strictly scientific.* In December, 1859, Darwin's "Origin of Species" was hailed in my sermon :—

Now comes Darwin and establishes the fact that Nature is all miracle, but without the special ones desired; that by perfect laws

* See *ante*, p. 151 *n.* It is notable that in considering the same subject —the Devil—Spinoza had hit upon the principle of "survival of the fittest." In his early treatise, *De Deo et Homine*, he says: "From the perfection of a thing proceeds its power of continuance: the more of the Essential and Divine a thing possesses, the more enduring it is. But how could the devil, having no trace of perfection in him, exist at all?"

the lower species were trained to the next higher and that to t
—until

> Striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form.

This formidable man, speaking from the shelter of the
throne and from under the wings of the English Church itself,
mean to give Dogmatic Christianity its deathblow; he meant
a simple theory of nature. But henceforth all temples not
on the rock of natural science are on the sand where the ang
are setting in.

Soon after the appearance of Darwin's volume E
visited Cincinnati to give a lecture in the regular course
Mercantile Library Association, and I had the delight of
over with him the great discovery of Darwin.

I can now see that neither Emerson nor any of us—t
Darwinite Evolutionists—in our joyful welcome of D
work sufficiently weighed his words concerning the bound
of the time in which nature had wrought. We were stil
Twilight of the Gods, reverently spelt nature with a big
saw our goddess ever at her loom, but weaving with swift s

Myron Benton, a true poet and lover of nature, sen
criticism on the new theory (*Dial*, June, 1860). He fou
Darwin did not explain beauty. He quoted Thoreau: "
puts some kind of pleasure before every fruit; not si
calyx behind it." The highest types of beauty, said
most often combine with forms least able to withstand th
struggle for existence. Myron thought that natural s
would give us nothing but Calibans. But while I was con
this criticism, Emerson visited Cincinnati and gave in my
a lecture on "Beauty," in which it (Beauty) was combin
brute strength in a way that really included human selec
a part of natural selection. One of Emerson's texts fr
mythologists was, "Beauty rides on a Lion." This I inte
in the October *Dial*: "No foliation of shaft or arch ca
them beautiful unless they are strong enough to suppo
they are set to support. Venus must rest upon the lion of
and cannot substitute pallor and hectic fire for the lily
rose. This parable reminds us that our popular Chri
has not fulfilled the law of the higher formation. It mus

where sum up all the preceding formations, and lose none of their contributions, as the animal generations are summed up in the forehead of man."

It was to be twenty-five years before I discovered that the function of Human Selection was to take the place of Natural Selection, and develop the Calibans into beauty, but also that it was possible for man to develop himself and his world downward.

The lecture on Beauty just referred to was one of four given in my church by Emerson. He had come for his annual lecture in the Mercantile Library course, but A. R. Spofford and I persuaded him to give more lectures. We found no difficulty in disposing of tickets enough to pay him well, and we had a festival week never forgotten. On one evening, previously selected for a company at Judge Hoadly's house, Mrs. Hoadly so managed that her entire company went to the lecture and afterwards to her house, with Emerson at their head. Every interval of time he could spare was seized on by leading citizens for luncheons and dinners. One that Emerson especially enjoyed was a dinner given by Charles Stetson, at which former Senator Corwin was present. Emerson amused me by saying of Corwin, "I like his face." Corwin was of distinguished homeliness; his face was brown, his features irregular, and at the time—he was about sixty—lines were appearing around his mouth and eyes. But all this vanished away when he began talking; his wit, the sheet-lightning play of his humour, his incomparable art in telling good stories—his face becoming scenic, and all the features actors—made Thomas Corwin delightful company. Emerson saw the genius in that curious face before the statesman had said anything at all. At the table Corwin almost made Emerson laugh audibly—a rare thing—by saying, "We Westerners are apt to have doubts about the Boston literary man; we want to see the scalps on his wiper!" There was some fine play of repartee round the table, and the two chief guests were reciprocally captivated.

I took Emerson to see the venerable Nicholas Longworth, the historic figure of Cincinnati, whose growth from a small riverside settlement he had witnessed. The old gentleman was pleased with our call, and gave us into the care of his son-in-law Flagg to be guided through his great Catawba wine-cellars. We

were able to follow the evolution of wine. At one point there v
a large stack of champagne set apart, in order, the workmen t
us, that the strength of new bottles might be tested. I ma
some jesting remark about putting new wine in new bottles, b
the foreman said that it was the new bottles they had to wat
"We find out about them when the vines in the vintage begin
flower; then the wine ferments and some bottles break." T
German was quite precise in his statement, and added that
wine would sometimes burst the corks in the spring. "Tha
very German," said Emerson when we left, and I suspected t
the wine of Longworth's cellar would some day have a tra
cendent blossoming. Seven years later I read in "May Day"

> When redbud grapes then flowers unmask,
> And the new born tendrils twine,
> The old wine dormant in the cask
> Feels the bloom on the living vine,
> And bursts the hoops at hint of spring:
> And so, perchance, in Adam's race,
> Of Eden's lower some dream like trace
> Survived the Flight and swam the Flood
> And wakes the wish in vonnest blood
> To tread the forfeit Paradise,
> And feed once more the exile's eyes.

I told Emerson of the gathering of children on Sunday morn
before church time, which had none of the usual Sunday-sch
features, but consisted of an address, singing, and conversat
of teachers with children elevated by their age. I hinted t
it would be a cherished remembrance of the little ones were
to look in on them, and he said it would give him pleasure to
the children. It would be a fine subject for an artist who co
paint Emerson as he stood weaving his spells about those childr
At a time when prosaic reviewers were complaining of Emerso
obscurity these children received ideas as high as any in his boo
He told them about his neighbour Henry Thoreau, his love a
knowledge of nature, his intimate friendship with the flow
and with the birds he sometimes coaxed to his shoulder, and w
the fishes that swam into his hand, taking care to explain
scientific secret made each fairy tale. But alas! I made
notes of the wonderful address, under which all of us sat as li
children, charmed by this sweet hearted master.

How beautiful appeared that Sunday morning to all who had the happiness to be present! Amid all the storms of controversy and war beating around the city, there still shone in our vision the radiant scene; and after the lapse of more than forty years, when I chanced to pass the corner of Fourth and Race streets, I saw beyond the business edifice occupying our old site those children and instructors at Emerson's feet.

Some able men lectured in Cincinnati. I recall a wonderful lecture by Carl Schurz, little known then, on Napoleon III. The Hon. Edward Everett gave us his famous oration on George Washington in February, 1858.

My friend Edward Everett Hale, in his "Memories of a Hundred Years," has given a portraiture of his uncle, Hon. Edward Everett, which is partly a vindication. To some extent this was needed, especially by those who were contemporaries of that famous man. Edward Everett was a highly accomplished gentleman and scholar, who had the misfortune to fall upon an age and crisis when triphammers were more valued than the superfine qualities he possessed. At Cambridge I heard stories concerning his presidency, evidently caricatures, showing that he had left there a reputation of childish timidity. One was that he saw Freshmen playing leap-frog over the iron pillars at an entrance into the grounds. He sent for them and desired them to discontinue that sport, as they might loosen the pillars, and some reckless student might use one "to batter in my door!" In Boston the anti-slavery people regarded him as weak and timid because of his record as a compromiser; and at Washington he had left a bad impression among the Unitarians because while in Congress he had not associated himself with their church, although he had been an eminent Unitarian minister.* There was indeed nothing polemical about Everett; nature had not given him any apparatus for either controversial or reforming work. For his inevitable passiveness in that stormy period he was *malgré lui* petted by reactionists, and had to suffer a share of

* I was told that at a Unitarian gathering in Boston Everett was called on to preside, and said as he arose, "I am always ready to be of service to Unitarianism." "Except at Washington," said Jared Sparks, beside him. And now (1904) Everett's Unitarian nephew and namesake is Chaplain of Congress!

the opprobrium visited on them. I had seen him in I
but first met him in Cincinnati, where he was the guest of V
Greene, uncle of the lady to whom I was betrothed.
impossible not to be attracted by him personally. H
handsome in the ideal way. A fine portrait of him was p
in Cincinnati by my friend Oriel Eaton, but no art coul
render the elegant figure, the countenance so exquisitel
without being effeminate, and the finely modelled feature
his manners in company were simple and unpretending, h
sweet and sympathetic. Mr. Hale denies the truth of t
dition that Everett's eloquence was merely academic. H
brated lecture on George Washington did not impress
academic; it was really a eulogy, based on what was tl
cepted as history, though it would now be regarded as all
but I felt at the time that his art was not enough concea
remember particularly his taking up a glass of water besic
and after sipping it holding it for an instant in his right
and as he spoke of the limpid purity of Washington gi
little wave of his hand by which some of the water fell in
drops to the floor. I could not think it quite by accide
the glass happened to be full of water at the right momen
all that, the oration delivered by that calmly animate
beautiful scholar remains in my memory as an ideal thin
way; and now, when the miserable recriminations of that
are passed, I think of Edward Everett as a flower out
culture of New England whose beauty and fragrance co
be fairly appreciated. But that marvellous oration on
Washington, delivered throughout the great cities,
$62,000, which without any deduction was given over
purchase of Mount Vernon.*

On June 1, 1858, I was married to Ellen Davis Dana, da

* While Edward Everett was giving that lecture he heard of
tion of Washington's letters written to William Pearce, who was
of the Mount Vernon estates while he was President. These let
Everett purchased, intending to edit and publish them; but
was never undertaken. The letters, 127 in number, were pu
from his heirs by James Carson Brevoort, an active founder of t
Island Historical Society (1863), to which he presented the Wa
manuscripts. These agricultural and personal letters were con
my editorial care by that society in 1889, and published the sam

of Charles Davis and Sarah Pond (Lyman) Dana of Cincinnati. Mr. Dana belonged to the Dedham (Massachusetts) branch of the family, his mother being an Oliphant of the same State. Mrs. Dana was a daughter of Joseph Lyman of Northampton, Massachusetts.

It was a beautiful wedding. Two members of our church who had conservatories, Mr. Ernst and Mr. Hofmann, made the pulpit a mass of flowers, and in front of it the young people, under direction of the artist Oriel Eaton, built a bower of white roses, under which we stood. The choir, a fine quartette, the organist being young Edward Dannreuther, now a distinguished composer in London, increased its fame. We were married by the Rev. Dr. Furness, who travelled from Philadelphia to unite us. In the evening we were serenaded by the chief musical society.

A notable event was connected with the visit of Dr. Furness. When I offered him payment he said he would accept nothing for himself, but would give what I offered to a working-man of ability near Philadelphia who for some time had preached for the Methodists. He had become unorthodox, and would preach in the Unitarian pulpit on the Sunday of Furness's absence. The man was Robert Collyer. His appearance in an unorthodox pulpit on that day caused scandal in the Philadelphia Methodist Conference, which had licensed him as a "local preacher." He gave up his licence, and rapidly reached distinction as a Unitarian. When Collyer had become a preacher in Chicago, our friendship was formed in working together to place the Western Unitarian Conference in an anti-slavery attitude. That friendship has continued unbroken. It was always a satisfaction to us that the first honorarium ever given Robert Collyer for a sermon was our marriage fee.

The first copy of my "Tracts for To-day" was presented to my betrothed, and in it I find written: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." The words were more strictly true than most of our friends could imagine. My wife's father, through an unfortunate endorsement of a friend's notes, had lost nearly everything. I had managed to save nearly $2,000, which was deposited with the Life and Trust Company in Cincinnati. The failure of that company began the "crisis" of 1857. I got only ten cents on the dollar. I had to ask an

advance on my salary in order to buy furniture. But m
bride and I regarded the poverty attending our first steps as
sort of joke.*

Our bridal party, including Samuel Longfellow and Rev. F
Furness, went on an excursion down the Ohio (there being
the steamboat a bridal stateroom decorated with Venus, the Grace
and Cupids). At the Mammoth Cave we lost the light of one d
groping in the weird underworld, bride and bridesmaids havi
exchanged their wedding raiment for indescribable bloome
On our return to Cincinnati we fixed ourselves in a small hou
then 114, Hopkins Street, and were conscious only of our riche
We had health and friends and freedom of heart and min
and my salary, $2,000 (nearly twice the value of what th
sum would be now), was sufficient for our indulgence even
hospitality. Lately I sought out that first house of ours, wh
our eldest child, Eustace, was born; grey and alone I witness
to my heart that Love can make a fairyland in humble abod

The year 1858 was altogether beautiful. It was a consta
exhilaration to find every channel of influence open. Ev
hand willing to work was wanted; the journals wanted artic
various societies wanted addresses, and events were continua
occurring which called forth ethical discussion.

The Woman question was bourgeoning out in various shap
A woman was arrested in Cincinnati for being found in m
attire. She came into the police-court with her brother, a
with a clear eye and firm voice declared that she had assum
this dress to get employment. Her brother worked as a comm
hand, she usually as a cabin boy, and she found she could
better work in this dress and also that she was "safer." Wh
sentenced to wear female dress the girl burst into tears and s

* We were amused by reading in some journals that I had marrie
rich lady, a notion derived probably from the wealth of her un
William Greene. But we never received gifts from anyone except
later years, a bequest from my father ($2,000), and a testimonial of £
given by South Place Chapel to my wife. That we had money eno
for comfort, though never wealth, was due to our own labours, and
the friendship of Learner B. Harrison and Judge George Hoadly of C
cinnati, who invested and nursed our savings. The friendship of th
men and of their families is among the treasures not to be estimated
visible benefits.

she could always get work as a boy, but as a girl would perish. Another case excited extreme interest. A young lady applied for a licence to practise law. It was not supposed that the judges would take the application seriously, but they decided that no law excluded women from the bar. We suffered, however, a cruel disappointment. The lady had studied many law books, but did not know the extent of the examination required. Finding that she would have to go through a law school, she abandoned her enterprise.

In dealing with such matters as these, I had happily one at my side on whose counsel to depend. I did not espouse all that was called "Woman's Rights," but did not ridicule the much-confused cause, and in an early sermon said: "When any clear flame comes out of that smoke I will be as ready as anyone to light my torch thereat and bear it before men." The fire beneath that smoke I regarded as the restrictions on female employment and its underpayment. I canvassed the business establishments, and although I found that woman's work was better paid than in the Eastern cities, the women teaching in our high schools were getting an average of from $500 to $700 for the same work that brought the male teachers $1,200 to $1,700. The only fair field for women was the theatres; in each of them, besides the actresses, who were highly paid, a considerable number of girls were employed at $5 a week, who had most of each day free. I demanded the right of women to every occupation and profession.

Despite all my freedom there was a curious survival in me up to my twenty-seventh year of the Methodist dread of card-playing. The only indoor game I knew was chess. There was a flourishing Chess Club in Cincinnati, and I entered into the matches with keen interest. For a time I edited a weekly chess column in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and wrote an article on Chess which Lowell published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whenever in New York I hastened to the Chess Club there, and watched the play of Lichtenstein, Thompson, Perrin, Marache, Fiske (editor of the *Chess Monthly*), and Colonel Mead, president of the club. This was at a time when the wonderful Paul Morphy was exciting the world. In July, 1858, I called on him at the Brevoort House, New York. He was a rather small man, with a beardless face that would have been boyish had it not been for the melancholy

eyes. He was gentlemanly, and spoke in low tones.
long been out of the question to play with him on even
the first-class players generally received the advantag
knight, but being a second-class player I was given a ro
a letter written at the time I mention five games in
was beaten with these odds, but managed (or was permi
draw the sixth. It is added :—

When one plays with Morphy the sensation is as quee
first electric shock, or first love, or chloroform, or any entire
experience. As you sit down at the board opposite him, a
sheepishness steals over you, and you cannot rid yourself o
fable in which a lion's skin plays a part. Then you are sure y
the advantage; you seem to be secure—you get a rook—
ahead two pieces! three!! Gently, as if wafted by a zep
pieces glide about the board; and presently as you are abou
the game a soft voice in your ear kindly insinuates, *Mate*
are speechless. Again and again you try; again and again
sure you must win; again and again your prodigal an
leaves his pieces at your mercy; but his moves are as the
Fate. Then you are charmed all along, so bewitchingly
beheaded: one had rather be run through by Bayard, yo
than spared by a pretender. On the whole, I could only re
the Oriental anecdote of one who was taken to the banks
Euphrates, where by a princely host he was led about the
cent gardens and bowers, then asked if anything could be mo
tiful. "Yes," he replied, "the chess-play of El-Zuli." So
lately sailed down the Hudson, having explored Staten
Hoboken, Fort Hamilton, and all the glorious retreats ab
York, I shall say for ever that one thing is more beautif
them all—the chess-play of Paul Morphy.

This was in July, 1858. I had already received a d
suggestion that it was possible to give too much tim
innocent game, and the hint was reinforced by my ex
with Morphy. I concluded that if, after all the time I ha
to chess, any man could give a rook and beat me eas
ambition in that direction might as well be renounced.
forth I played only in vacations or when at sea.

CHAPTER XX.

Art in Cincinnati—Journalism—A Spiritualist Apostle—Theodore Parker—A Conflict among Unitarian Alumni—Letter from Martineau—The Raid of John Brown—My Condemnation of the Crime, and my Retreat—The "Infidels"—The "Tom Paine" Mythology—Sermon on Paine—Secession from my Church—The Monthly *Dial*—W. D. Howells—My Tale of Excalibur—Frothingham's Articles—Letter of Emerson, and his Contributions to my *Dial*—Notable Papers—The Welcome to Hawthorne.

In later years Cincinnati became celebrated for its art collections. There was an English artist there, Henry Worrall, a man of fine wit, around whom we formed a little "U & I" society. Our artists brought to its weekly evenings quaint sketches and the rest of us literary fancies. I contributed a half-humorous, half-philosophical series, "Dr. Einbohrer and his Pupils," which I have at times thought of printing on account of the pen-and-ink illustrations inserted by Worrall.

There is in the Catholic cathedral at Cincinnati a large picture by Haydon, the subject being the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem seated on an ass. I was told that the picture had reached an American port in a slightly damaged condition, and the importer parted with it at a reduced price. The figures in it, however, were in good condition, and I found some symbolism in it. Among those surrounding Jesus the artist painted a devout disciple with the face of Wordsworth, and a scoffing Sadducee with the face of Voltaire. Voltaire has his chin too high in the air to see Jesus exactly, and Wordsworth bends so low that his worship seems rather to the ass than to the man on it. At that time I retained some ignorant prejudices against

turbed some reactionists beginning to appear in my chu were warned against lowering their homage from a gr to the system that had taken him on its back.

The press of Cincinnati was marked by much ability of the writers on it afterwards gained national repu Whitelaw Reid, Donn Piatt, Murat Halstead. Henry F his brother Samuel were both brilliant writers, and as t political antagonists, at work on rival papers, their duels were entertaining.* Ohio was full of intellectual and vigorous letters poured in on the papers from a The Cincinnati papers circulated more widely than an throughout the West, and I was glad to get my ideas in I did not write for money, and considered it generou editors to print my often paradoxical pieces.

Cincinnati was occasionally visited by the great a spiritualism, Andrew Jackson Davis. There was s phenomenal about this man, who spoke in a strange and delineated the varied continents and mansions o with a precision truly wonderful. It was like the exa the Oriental Scriptures, whose omniscience was repres precise knowledge of the seven hells, nine celestial twenty chiliocosms, six days of creation, etc.

Although Andrew Jackson Davis was no scholar, his made him an unlettered man without natural ability, to prove his eloquence not his, but that of the spirits had, however, evidently received a fair English educat that time Bohn's cheap translations of classics abound I perceived that Davis had got Plato by heart if not s head. I remember listening for a half-hour to Socrate of the ethereal sea at the bottom of which we dwell, and t imposed celestial realm, to which Davis had added a various magnetic high-roads, apparently suggested by t Way.

At Washington there had been too much to abso

* A sharp exchange of affronts occurred between the *C* and the (Sunday) *Enquirer ;* the editorial language being such t watched about the office doors of those papers with expectatio violent encounter. I was privately informed that it was all one Reed's jokes, and that he wrote the insults in both papers !

the conflicts of the earth for much thought concerning spiritual realms, but at Cincinnati there was a small circle of excellent people desirous of converting me. On one occasion there was rapped out a message from someone with whom I had gone to school in Virginia. It appeared impossible that anyone so far away in time and space could know anything about us of that old academy; but on writing to my mother about that schoolmate, I learned that he had gone West, married a spiritualist, and was still living. The raps, however, puzzled me, and it was only in later years that I understood them when listening to the confession of Miss Fox, the earliest spirit-rapper, who with her toe made a sound that I heard across the Academy of Music, New York. When I related this in London, Professor Huxley wrote to the papers that he had long suspected the origin of the raps, and had trained his toes to a power of making them.

When eminent "mediums" visited Cincinnati I sometimes invited them to hold a *séance* in my house with a company of believers and unbelievers. The famous Mr. Foster was with us, and failed in all his experiments. On another occasion Mr. Newton of Boston made our table pitch and whirl about. One leg, at least, of the table was always on the floor, but two days after I was visited by some eminent citizens who demanded if the report were true that a spiritualist had made my table float through the air. The spiritualists present were perfectly sincere in their mistaken impression of what had occurred.

Early in 1859, when I was delivering discourses against supernaturalism that alienated my right wing, Theodore Parker fell ill and went abroad for health. The silence of that voice was a grievous event. Parker had for many years addressed about five thousand people in the Boston Music Hall; he had been denounced by the associated Unitarians, and several ministers had lost their positions by inviting him into their pulpits. The orthodox sects in Boston had become so demoralised by his increasing influence that in 1858 many of them united in a special day of prayer to invoke the divine interference with Parker's reign of terror. Some of these prayer-meetings were disgraceful; the appeal of one gospeller, "O Lord, put a hook in his jaws!" became a byword. While this fanaticism was raging in Boston, Africans were praying for the recovery of

their champion. Although the imprecations in vulgar co
cles excited general laughter, it had depressed Parker t
that after so many years' labour for the culture and c
of Boston he could be the object of widespread odium.
went in July to Boston, I saw Joseph Lyman and severa
adherents of Parker, whose reports concerning his co
were not encouraging. I received an impression that
the great preacher's health had long been feeble, it ha
lowered by these prayerful outrages, and the fanatics migh
that Heaven had answered their petition.

Theodore Parker had regularly attended our annual
of alumni (of Divinity School), and feeling that some
sympathy from his brother alumni might have a happy
on his mind and health, I consulted the Rev. James F
Clarke, who, though of the right wing in theology, loved
and defended liberty. He eagerly responded, and
would second a resolution if I would prepare one
resolution, submitted to Clarke, was in the following term

Resolved, That the association has heard with deep regre
failure, during the past year, of the health of the Rev. T
Parker; and we hereby extend to him our heartfelt sympat
express our earnest hope and prayer for his return, with
strength and heart unabated, to the post of duty which he
long filled with ability and zeal.

I do not think I made any speech at all in moving the
tion, leaving it to Clarke, for many years the reconcilin
to say all that was necessary. His brief speech was b
and touching. Alluding to past controversies, he said th
ever hard had been some things said by Parker, he pe
knew that he cherished the tenderest feelings towards the m
of the association. Here, he said, was an opportunity
a Christian spirit towards him, to bless him, and upon
could kindly sentiments have happier effect.

The pathetic words of great-hearted Clarke might have
a stone, but not one so hard as the relic of Puritan into
lingering even in that scholarly assembly. There ensued
outburst of wrath against "Parkerism." I will not rake
names. A venerable leader, disowning any personal

towards Parker, acknowledging his learning and power, cried—almost shouted—that he could not wish him to resume his work of "pulling down the kingdom of the Lord Jesus." Antagonistic speeches followed, and an effort was made to induce us to withdraw the resolution, on the ground that there was no precedent for expressing sympathy for a suffering associate. Clarke and I respectfully declined to withdraw, my seconder declaring in solemn words that it was not a matter of form, and it was now necessary for us to say either that we did or did not sympathise with the suffering man. This turned the anger upon me, and one minister intimated that I was trying to get from the association an endorsement of my own opinions. To this I replied that although I could not withdraw the resolution, I would cheerfully vote for an altered form which should express personal sympathy without any allusion to Parker's work. This was met by a cry from one opponent, "We don't want it in any shape!" The speeches then became so sharp, though no further word was uttered by Clarke or myself, that an effort was made to exclude the reporters. These, however, were permitted to remain on an assurance from one of our opponents that they "knew well enough what to report and what not to"—a confidence fully justified. The speeches were all softened in the next day's papers, and not a hint given of my having agreed to substitute for my resolution "any kind word."

A direct vote was after all escaped. The advertised hour for the annual address, to be delivered that year by Dr. Bellows of New York, had already been passed by a few minutes, and a motion for adjournment was carried.

Next day I breakfasted at Lowell's house with Edmund Quincy, who said, "So you couldn't get the Unitarians to pray for Parker?" He and others regarded it as due to my want of familiarity with the old Parkerite polemics that, while repudiating miracles, I should have attempted such a miracle as to soften the heart of militant Unitarianism.

The recoil on the denomination was serious. Tidings came of the affectionate reception with which Theodore Parker had been welcomed in London by the Unitarians. Since the death of Channing, James Martineau had been recognised throughout America and Europe as the greatest representative of the Uni-

tarian theology and of the spiritual life beneath it. He
eminent co-worker, the venerable John James Tayler,
found Parker too weak to preach to their people, as t
desired, welcomed him in their homes, invited the best p
meet him, and parted from him with tenderest emotion.
London leaders were familiar with Parker's writings a
all controversies in Boston. I wrote to Martineau, and
an answer evidently meant for publication. In it he sa

Some painful experience has taught me to estimate the
at their right value, and to see that some of the purest, nob
devoutest men of this age have been and are among the exc
cate. What nobler practical life—nay, in spite of all extrav
what nobler inner religion—has our time seen than Theodore P
Dissenting from his Christology, and opposing it—nay, stron
ing the defects of his philosophy—I deeply honoured and lo
and from the first recognised in him one of God's true pro
righteousness. But there never was, and never will be, a
whom the chief priests and the Sanhedrim at large do not
and stone.

This, from the man whose "Endeavours after the C
Life" had become as daily bread in every Unitarian ho
in America, amounted to an adjudication. When it p
became known by his last published letter that the refus
fellow alumni to express any sympathy with him was
thorn in the pillow of a dying man, and when before the y
passed he lay in his grave at Florence, his brave spirit
the Unitarian church in America.

I once asked Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes if he had ev
Theodore Parker. He said, "I am sorry to say, no; one
I concluded to go and listen to him, but I had waited t
it was announced from the platform that Mr. Parker wa
to preach. He left for Europe soon after, and never p
again." This failure of Dr. Holmes to hear Parker was in
contrast with what was told me concerning Thackeray.
that novelist visited Boston he was entertained by a
of the city, who asked him whether there was any pa
person he desired to meet. To the dismay of his host, Th
answered, "Yes, Theodore Parker." Dr. Holmes, as i
by an allusion in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Tab

sympathetic interest in Parker's heresy, but it needed the preacher's death to give him a perspective like that which a distance of three thousand miles had given Thackeray.

Such a perspective was opened for all Unitarian eyes by the death of Parker. From many censorious lips came the homage to Parker's dust which had been denied to his living presence. But Emerson, who could recognise greatness before its canonisation, met with the vast concourse of mourners gathered at the Music Hall, on Sunday, June 17, 1860, and laid on the grave of Theodore Parker an unfading wreath. This was the final confirmation, as if in a supreme court, of the judgment rendered by James Martineau. The intolerance lingering in creedless Unitarianism was put to confusion. A heavy burden rolled from the shoulders of the young generation at the foot of Parker's cross. James Freeman Clarke was elected to the chief office in the Unitarian association, sometimes passing from his official chair to preach to Parker's congregation. In an article on "The Nemesis of Unitarianism," 1860, I was able to point out twenty-five ministers on the ground where fifteen years before Theodore Parker laboured alone.*

I find something in the third year of my ministry in Cincinnati with which to reproach myself. It is with regard to the raid of John Brown in Virginia.

On October 23, 1859, the Sunday after tidings came of the events of October 16–17 at Harper's Ferry, I delivered a discourse, which was published in a Cincinnati paper; and after

* In less than thirty years from the time when the assembled alumni of the Divinity School refused to unite in my prayer for Parker's restoration to health and work, the denomination had come to the heretic's ground. The Parker Memorial Hall and its society, unable to find a leader, wisely concluded that there was no longer any reason for maintaining an attitude of defence where there was no longer any attack. They consulted Parker's old friends and the Unitarian leaders who admired him—such as Edward Everett Hale—with the result that it was determined to make over the Memorial Hall to the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston. It was arranged that the closing service of the 28th Congregational Society should be of historical importance. I was invited to deliver the chief address, and in it gave my personal recollections of the man and the preacher. His friend Mrs. Cheney made a very touching address, and Mr. Hale spoke in his happiest vein. So do dark clouds of the morning sometimes float into light at eventide.

the lapse of forty-five years it appears to me just. I de
the action of John Brown as "worse than a crime—a blu
Referring to his career in Kansas, where he saw his house
and two of his sons murdered, I said:—

The hatred of slavery, hitherto a principle in this old man'
now, as he looked upon the cold, ghastly features of his sla
raged within him; what was before a healthy feeling for
rights became a morbid monomania, which saw in every slav
a border ruffian, in every slave his slain son. How this di
the old man's mind has worked itself out, and with what resu
telegraph has been reporting to us during the week. . . . I
Brown to have been mad as the average view madness; and
God that in this selfish age, when everything ere it be decid
or wrong is first weighed in its relations to bread and butter;
God that in this diluvial period of materialism one man i
who can go crazy for an idea—one who can rave like a h
John in the desert for the path of God to be made straig
declare the axe laid to the root of the tree! . . . I arraign
arch-criminal in this case the United States Governmen
wretched mother who almost makes parricide a virtue. The
States Government has, by its crimes against one race of God's
children, made the very blood in best hearts beat with indi
against its laws. Look you, they would make it patriotic
to grind my brother to powder! Yes, an immortal child
a brother of Christ, may pause at my door, the demon of
may be gnawing at his vitals, his naked back yet quivering wi
marks may call for oil for the wound and shelter from th
and the general government says, "Close your hand, tight
purse-strings, slam your door in his face; the crueller you
more virtuous will I hold you—the more pitiless, the more pat

I further declared that the abolitionists, being non-res
would "denounce the method" of Brown. In this I w
taken. After the sermon Judge Stallo took me to his
and argued earnestly against my view and my extrem
principles. Then came the voices of anti-slavery men
East—even Garrison, equally the apostle of peace and of
applauding Brown with such enthusiasm that his incre
mild rebukes of Brown's method were lost like the sti
voice amid earthquake and tempest. Also Emerson, from
essay on War I was continually drawing, spoke at Con

those "who cry, Madman! when a hero passes," and said that "if John Brown died on the gallows he would make it glorious like a cross." *

Had the State of Virginia shown any magnanimity or even calmness at this invasion by nineteen fanatics, who had not slain a man nor liberated a negro, the evil results of that raid might have been averted. But Governor Wise of Virginia was a misnamed man; by inflated speeches he raised a molehill into a volcano, and threw the State into a panic. It suited the pro-slavery government at Washington to use the raid as an indictment against anti-slavery agitators everywhere, and the canonisation by these of John Brown as a hero and martyr became inevitable.

For six weeks the eyes of the whole country were fixed on the prison of John Brown, from which came reports of his unfailing courage, anecdotes that raised the popular estimate of the man, and tender messages to his family and his friends which moved the hearts of millions. The pathos of the situation drew away attention from John Brown's crime; that the Virginia authorities could carry that old man to the scaffold was ascribed by his sympathisers to the power of slavery to turn hearts to stone. In those weeping Northern homes no allowance was made for the terror which Brown's invasion had struck into Southern homes, where parents sat trembling with their children; and not without reason, for the governor of Virginia and the Northern pro-slavery politicians had for their own purposes created a belief in the South that Brown's invasion was the precursor of negro insurrection and an attack by the whole North; and thus the seeming heartlessness of a really defensive execution raised in the North a storm of passionate resentment which confirmed Southern terrors.

By that Northern storm I was carried off my feet. The calm judgment given in my discourse of October 23 against the

* When Emerson was lecturing in Cincinnati early in 1860, Edmund Dexter, Sr., a wealthy citizen, called, and referring to the reports of his speech at Concord, said, "Surely you cannot approve of that raid of John Brown?" Emerson answered, "If I should tell you why I do not you might not like it any better." Mr. Dexter was more independent than Emerson supposed, and was among the leading citizens who requested the publication of my sermon in vindication of Thomas Paine.

raid was swept away by the enthusiasm and tears of my ant
slavery comrades. John Brown was executed on December
1859, and two days later my sermon exalted him to the rig
hand of God. I did not indeed retract my testimony again
the method of bloodshed except by implication.

I set aside the human wisdom of this movement. I set asi
the question of the abstract rectitude of the method. The statu
of the hero dwarfs such considerations. It was his conviction
duty—that is enough. . . . Where heroism comes, where self-devoti
comes, where the sublime passion for the right comes, there G
comes; there a will unmeasurable by all prudential gauges is execute
and we may as well question the moral propriety of a streak of lig
ning or an earthquake as of that deed.

Three months later appeared James Redpath's volume, "T
Public Life of Captain John Brown." Redpath was a frie
and follower of Brown, but there were revelations in his bo
that made me "hedge" a little. In noticing the book in t
Dial, March, 1860, I wrote:—

This work contains the materials for the true life of the n
Peter the Hermit, who sought to redeem the Holy Places of Humanit
This life must be written from a philosophical standpoint co-ordina
in elevation to Brown's intent, and must not justify to us Gide
and Samuel and the other model barbarians, whom we venerate
a distance of five thousand years, but would imprison for life in a
civilised community. John Brown's method of dealing with slave
was apiece with his false theology and his uncultured mind;
virtue, his fidelity, are what makes the world fit to live in.

It was only long afterwards that little by little came o
facts that convinced me that Brown had secured money for
violent purpose by concealing that purpose, involving thus t
names of eminent men, and also had led some of his small ba
to their death by similar concealment. In my novel "Pine a
Palm" (1887) Captain Brown (*alias* Gideon) figures in a lig
that could not please his admirers, but it is better than I cou
find for him now when, reading his career by the light of subs
quent history, I am convinced that few men ever wrought
much evil.

On either side of the grave of a largely imaginary Bro

wrathful Northerners and panic-stricken Southerners were speedily drawn up into hostile camps, and the only force was disarmed that might have prevented the catastrophe that followed. Up to that time the anti-slavery agitation had marched on the path of peace, and every year had brought further assurance of a high human victory in which South and North would equally triumph. But now we were all Brown's victims—even we anti-slavery men, pledged to the methods of peace. In my sermon already quoted, on Brown's death, I did entreat that we should all "do a manly Christian part in the development of his deed, and in controlling it, lest it pass out of the lawful realm of the Prince of Peace," but the plea was lost under my homage to the insanity of a man who had set the example of lynching slave-holders. Too late I repented. For other anti-slavery men there might be some excuse; at least it appears to me now that there had remained in nearly every Northern breast, however liberal, some unconscious chord which Brown had touched, inherited from the old Puritan spirit and faith in the God of War. I had been brought up in no such faith, but in the belief that evil could be conquered only by regeneration of the evil-doer.

I had, however, been influenced by my youthful optimism to adopt the doctrine of a deity that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." When civil war began to threaten the country, I did, indeed, modify my divinity. With some satisfaction I find in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* a letter signed "A Soldier of the Constitution," written after hearing one of my sermons, which says: "Any man professing to be a Christian minister, who classes Jehovah, the Christian's God, in the same category with Mars and Jupiter and Odin, the barbarous and licentious creations of a heathen imagination, and says, as did Mr. Conway, that our God of Battles is no better than these pagan deities, should be indicted under the statute against blasphemy, if there be one in your state laws."

There was in Cincinnati a small society of so-called "infidels" who gathered every Sunday afternoon in a room on Fourth Street. I attended some of their meetings, taking an obscure corner place. The speakers were partisans, the most prominent of them Englishmen who, with somewhat faulty grammar, had good sense and a certain rude eloquence. I was impressed by the

fact that although these men had no belief in God or immortalit nearly every speech expressed enthusiastic homage for Thom Paine, a fervent apostle of theism. Paine had become to the more than the founder of a deistic church; he was the standar bearer and apostle of religious freedom; to these freethinkers was what George Fox was to the Quakers and John Wesley the Methodists.

In early life I had heard Paine occasionally mentioned preachers with abhorrence, but it was only in Cincinnati th I discovered that those denunciations were of interest to me a student of myths and legends. In listening to the freethinke in their humble hall I became aware of the large mytholo grown and growing around Thomas Paine. Through their e posures of the traditional calumnies of Paine I discovered th in his legend there were traces of the old folk-tales of the Wand ing Jew and of Faust. These clerical fictions also reminded that towers may be measured by the shadows they cast. I cou not help being interested in a writer whom Jehovah was said have chosen for the object of his special wrath. In my u prejudiced investigation I found evidence that Paine was t first to raise the standard of American independence; that was he who had converted to that cause Washington, Frankli John Adams, Jefferson, and other statesmen; that in all t course of the Revolution his services had been unwearied, d interested, and of an importance proclaimed by George Washin ton and by Congress.

The immediate result of these researches was an announc ment that on Paine's birthday, January 29, 1860, the subje of my sermon would be Thomas Paine. The church was crowde I had feared that my pleading for Paine might excite so opposition in my congregation, or at least some remonstran on my imprudence; but instead of that I received next day request to publish my discourse. It was signed by many emine and wealthy citizens, some of whom did not belong to my co gregation; their letter and names were printed as the preface the sermon, which bore the title "Thomas Paine. A Celebration From that time the freethinkers frequented my church, and arranged that there should be each week an evening of discussi with them. I had gained their good will, and Moreau, a leadi

writer of their faith—for it was a fervent faith—dedicated a volume to me as the first who had ever uttered from a pulpit any word favourable to Paine.

My vindication of Paine and its unexpected success was felt by the freethinkers in Cincinnati as a vindication of themselves also, and I felt it my opportunity for grappling with what I considered their errors. My theism was not indeed of the Paine type—I had passed from all dynamic theism to the theism evolved from pantheism by the poets—but I found that in criticising the opinions of these atheists I had undertaken a difficult task. Several of them—I remember the names of Colville, Miller, and Pickles—were shrewd disputants, and steadily drove me to reconsider the basis of my beliefs. I entered upon a severely logical statement of the corollaries of theism. In a course of discourses I had already rejected supernaturalism, to the distress of a third of my congregation, this being the first time that simple theism had invaded any Western pulpit.

That, however, was less disturbing than a sermon on "God," in which I maintained that the creation and government of the universe by an omnipotent and omniscient deity was inconsistent with any free will. I affirmed that the so-called free agency of man was a much over-rated notion. I contended that what theologians called the Will of God was a misconception; an all-wise and morally perfect deity could have no freedom. There can be but one very *best*, and to that he must adhere; the least deviation from it would undeify him.*

* I do not find anything in the Church broil at Cincinnati of sufficient interest to dwell on here. The secessionists who went off on account of my series of sermons on "Miracles," and established the "Church of the Redeemer," were sufficiently numerous for our committee to agree to a division of the church property as a measure of peace. But the "Redeemerites," as they were popularly called, shared in the increasing liberalism of the Unitarian denomination to such an extent that when, in 1875, I returned from England for a few months, I was welcomed in Cincinnati equally by both parties, and had the happiness of delivering the opening discourse at their consolidation in one society. This event was the more noticeable because of a publicly announced invitation given me by the Theodore Parker fraternity in Boston to become their minister. In January, 1901, being on a visit to Cincinnati to give a literary lecture, I

My theological and philosophical heresies reported in t Ohio journals excited discussion far and near. The pape teemed with controversial letters, and a magazine became i evitable. Its first number appeared in January, 1860, beari the title "*The Dial :* a monthly magazine for literature, philosop and religion. M. D. Conway, Editor. *Horas non numero n serenas.* Cincinnati : Office, No. 76 West 3rd Street. 1860."

At the end of my prefatory word it was said : "The *Dial* stan before you, the reader, a legitimation of the Spirit of the Ag which aspires to be free : free in thought, doubt, utterance, lov and knowledge. It is, in our minds, symbolised not so much the sun-clock in the yard as by the floral dial of Linnaeus, whi recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers a the closing of others : it would report the Day of God as record in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing up old superstitions and evils : it would be a Dial measuring ti by growth."

The *Dial* was well received, had a large subscription list—t Jews especially interesting themselves—and received go notices from the Press throughout the State. Ralph Wal Emerson, alluding to the title (that of the magazine edited himself and Margaret Fuller), said he would send me a contrib tion if only because of my memory. I was cheered by lett from Longfellow, Charles Norton, and Frothingham. Amo the notices of the Press one moved me deeply. It was in t *Ohio State Journal*, published at Columbus, and is as follows :

That men should say what they think, outside of Boston, is course astonishing. That they should say what they think, inside Cincinnati, rather relieves the marvellousness of the first astonish It is *not* true that men's minds are expanded in proportion as there a good deal of land to the acre ; or that a generous climate and fer soil grow warm, rich hearts. After half a century's stultificat (we like that newspaper word) the nation is beginning to disco that true hospitality, courage, and generosity have their home the North and not in the South. And we all know that the fro hills of New England have sheltered in their bleakest ravines

was persuaded to preach in the pretty church they had built at Wal Hills. That brief account of my spiritual pilgrimage in the forty ye since I left their pulpit was my last sermon.

spirit of free thought and open speech, after it has been banished from the South, the West, and the mercenary cities of the Middle States. Until now Boston has been the only place in the land where the inalienable right to think what you please has been practised and upheld. If Cincinnati can place herself beside Boston on this serene eminence, she will accomplish a thing nobler than pork, sublimer than Catawba, more magnificent than Pike's Opera House. The *Dial* is an attempt on the part of intellectual Cincinnati to do this, and the attempt is a noble one. We do not ask anybody to endorse the views of M. D. Conway; but we hold up his course as one of brilliant success, in everything that makes success honourable—as that of a man singularly unselfish and devoted to what he believes the truth. He is the editor of the *Dial*, but the *Dial*, while it represents his views, shows the time of day by every intellectual light that shines upon it. It numbers amongst its contributors some of the most distinguished thinkers of New England, and it seeks to bring out all the thinkers of the West.

The magazine is two dollars per year—the editor to be addressed. But let no one who fears plain speech on the most vital subjects subscribe. It is the organ of profound thinkers, merciless logicians, and polished writers.

Something like an old Methodist hallelujah rose to my lips when I read that article. It was not because it praised my magazine; the papers were all doing that; it was because of the revelation that a man who could write like that was out there in Ohio—no farther away than Columbus! I ran with the paper to my wife as if I had found a fortune. And indeed such it proved. It was not long before I was meeting the author, William Dean Howells, face to face, and not long before I was deep in his first book, "Poems of Two Friends" (written jointly with J. J. Piatt). The *Dial* for March, 1860, declared this "the most appetising little book," and also said: "Mr. Howells has intelligence and culture, graced by an almost Heinesque familiarity with high things; and if it were not for a certain fear of himself, we should hope that this work was but a prelude to his sonata. As it is, we are not very sure that it would not be well

of his poetry would have been expressed with more lowlines
As it was I added: "We should not venture to speak thus ha
we not a real confidence in the genius and promise," etc. Neve
theless it happened to be the first greeting of Howell's first bool
and although when I presently got to know the man I was ang
with myself at the inadequacy of the notice, it was made much
by the young author. Never shall I forget the day when
came to see us in Cincinnati. There was about him a sinceri
and simplicity, a repose of manner along with a maturity
strength, surprising in a countenance so young—and I mu
add, beautiful—that I knew perfectly well my new friend had
great career before him.

The cheer of Howells was all the more precious to me becau
it was animated by a pure literary spirit. I found, howev
that he had strong anti-slavery feelings, and at that very ti
was writing a Life of Abraham Lincoln. Howells seemed
have read everything. At least, whenever I mentioned a
writer or work I found he had been searching the same. I we
with him wherever he wished to go in Cincinnati, gladly lay
aside all work to see as much of him as I could during his br
visit. In the evening we went together to the house of M
Nourse, a distinguished teacher, and there Howells first met
young lady who became his wife.

Although Howells was above all the youth of letters and
student, his writing was "blood-tinctured, of a veined humanit
and I need hardly remind those acquainted with anti-slav
history that his widely-copied poem on Margaret Garner,
hunted fugitive, was the most important thing inspired by t
and the like tragic events. As an inspiration of the time
know of no poem equal to it.

Howells contributed four exquisite little poems to my *D*
and in that way, as well as by my use of his little book, our ci
of friends in Cincinnati soon knew what a treasure we had
Columbus.

In the first number of the *Dial* appeared a tale I had writ
in December, 1859, and finished at Christmas. During t
month little was thought of except the execution of John Br
and his men. The tale was in three parts, and entitled "
calibur: a Story for Anglo-American Boys." It purports to

told by an uncle to his nephews and nieces during Christmas time in two successive years, the name of the home, "Kenmore," being a remembrance of the home of Washington's sister (Mrs. Fielding Lewis) in Fredericksburg, Va. On Christmas Eve uncle Paul, entreated for a story, relates that of "Excalibur," the wonderful sword made by a nymph under the sea and coming to Arthur, who alone could draw it from the stone in which it was set. In his hand, because it struck only for justice, it never failed. The dying King Arthur had it hurled into the sea. In the second part uncle Paul relates how, after many centuries, a fisherman found the sword in his net and brought it to Frederick the Great, who wears and wields it when delivering oppressed countries from Austria; and finally sends it to George Washington, engraved with the words: "*From the oldest General in the world to the greatest.*" Part the third is told by uncle Paul a year later, 1859, and relates to John Brown of Harper's Ferry, concluding as follows:—

At last the old man went down into the same neighbourhood where Excalibur had gone. A divine madness seized upon him; as it is written, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad"—but whether such madness be not the wisdom of God, which is foolishness with men, we are not all calm enough now to judge. Soon John Brown bore in his hand the never-failing sword Excalibur! In his hand it conquered a whole nation. Presently twenty-nine other nations came to help the one, and this old man and his sons were taken prisoners, but not till then; such is the power of the sword which strikes for Justice and Liberty.

On the second day of December, 1859, they hanged that old man by the neck until he was dead—for loving his neighbour as himself, for stooping to heal the wounded Jew, for remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them. But as he died he was more victorious than he had ever dreamed of being; he melted a million hearts and poured them into the moulds of Freedom.

Excalibur still waits the hand of its next true King, who will be he that can conquer without it. It has made its wound, piercing

of the Spirit, the Love that never faileth; and who may wield weapon which is not carnal so truly that the strongholds of E shall fall and the kingdom of Purity and Peace be established.

My scepticism was evidently limited to subjects within t scope of my profession. The conventionalised Frederick w accepted without question, and the legend of his sending inscribed sword to George Washington was with equal confider revived and given the stamp of authenticity.

Some years later, when Carlyle told me that the story Frederick's sending a sword to George Washington was an absu fiction, I searched into the matter and found that he was righ and later I found reason to believe that it was through Jo Brown's effort and delay in getting hold of that fabulous swo that he and his men lost their lives. Really sacrificed to a sm superstition about a very insignificant sword—it is now in t State Library at Albany. Brown and his men were regarded "martyrs" in the North, while the panic they caused in t South led the way to the civil war. Such was the disastro result of what appeared a pretty myth.

Soon after my tale appeared I received a round robin thanks for it from the entire Fremont family—parents and childr —which set me dreaming when, early in the war, General Fremo issued his proclamation of emancipation in Missouri, whi President Lincoln cancelled.

The *Dial* of December, 1860, opened with "A Parting Wor and this began: "With this number the publication of t *Dial* ceases. The simple reason for this is that the editor unable to bear the labour it adds to his usual and necessa duties." At the close the epitaph of my magazine is given the word "Resurgam."

The *Dial* at the end of the first year was really slain by t Union war several months in advance of its outbreak. For f months after the election of President Lincoln, while the fart Southern States were seceding, the struggle was between t anti-slavery and the Unionists who proposed pacification of Secessionists by a total surrender of Freedom. We at Cincinn were in the very thick of this conflict of pens and words, and was impossible to continue the literary and philosophical

cussions of the *Dial*. Promising to register only "serene hours," the *Dial* closed up under the persistent storm, and its hope of resurrection also perished.

But in the year that it lasted my magazine merited the praise bestowed on it by Howells and other literary men. Should the time arrive when the West is interested in its intellectual and religious history, the *Dial* will be found a fair mirror of the movements of thought in that period of "extraordinary, generous seeking." An able work by Octavius B. Frothingham ran through nine numbers of the *Dial*—"The Christianity of Christ." This work, which filled 130 pages, is by no means a series of sermons, but an original critical treatise representing the scholarship and genius of New York's brilliant minister.

Emerson contributed "The Sacred Dance" (song of the Spinning Dervish, translated from Von Hammer's Redekünste); twelve quatrains; and an essay on "Domestic Life" (one of his finest).* I also printed an early address of Emerson's, long

* With reference to this article for which I was hoping, and to the death of Theodore Parker, Emerson wrote, June 6, 1860:—

"My dullness and incapacity at work has far exceeded any experience or any fear I had of it. It has left me more time lately to do nothing, in many attempts to arrange and finish old manuscripts for printing, than ever before I think to do what I could best. For the scrap of paper that I was to send you, after visiting Philadelphia—Dr. Furness, when he came here, told me it was not to go. Then I kept it to put into what will not admit anything peaceably, my 'Religion' chapter, which has a very tender stomach on which nothing will lie. They say the ostrich hatches her egg by standing off and looking at it, and that is my present secret of authorship. Not to do quite nothing for you, I long ago rolled up and addressed to you an ancient manuscript lecture called 'Domestic Life,' and long ago, you may be sure, familiar to Lyceums, but never printed except in newspaper reports. But I feared you would feel bound to print it, though I should have justified you if you had not printed a page.

"For the question you now send me, all this is the answer. I have nothing to say of Parker. I know well what a calamity is the loss of his courage and patriotism to the country; but of his mind and genius, few are less accurately informed than I. It is for you and Sanborn and many excellent young men who stood in age and sensibility hearers and judges of all his discourse and action—for you to weigh and report. I have just written to his society, who have asked me to speak with Phillips in the funeral oration, that I will come to hear, not to speak (though I shall not refuse to say a few words in honour). My relations to him are quite

out of print, given on the anniversary of West Indian Emanc pation.

Dr. M. E. Lazarus, a native of North Carolina, who ha enjoyed the friendship of A. Toussenel in Paris, translated for m some interesting passages from that mystic and naturalist; al Balzac's "Ursula" and "A Drama on the Sea-Shore."

There was one article by Dr. Lazarus—"True Principles Emancipation"—which I sometimes revert to even now as wonderful example of individual utopianism. It appeared April, 1860, during the excitement following the execution John Brown and preceding the nomination of Abraham Lincol when everybody had his post in some political regiment—ever body except this "native of North Carolina and Citizen of th World," as his paper was superscribed. The negroes, he declare possess many fine qualities, which are all ignored by th domineering Anglo-Norman. "The prolonged crucifixion a martyr race demands a resurrection more humane tha the liberty of selling oneself by the day, the cut-throat comp titions of labour for wages, the outrages sanctioned b prejudice against colour, careworn indigence, or paralyse pauperism. Such emancipation would be but an exchang of evils for a race whose happiness consists in the obedienc excited by kindness. We all want liberty in general for th pleasure of surrendering it in particular and at discretion, ju as we desire money for the purpose of spending it. It rests wit the Southern Woman to render the whole slave code a dead lett by taking care that the services in every home between whi and black shall be not under commands or menaces, but mutua spontaneous, polite, affectionate the inferior obeying fro charm the will of the superior."

My editorial experiences brought me into contact with number of people possessing something like genius, and fro

accidental, and our differences of method and working such as really r quired and honoured all his catholicism and magnanimity to forgive me.

"So I shall not write you an essay. Nor shall I in this mood, whilst am hunted by printers (who do not nobly forgive as you do), hope f reformation.

"But can you not, will not you come to Boston to speak to this occ sion of eulogies of Parker?"

some of them I expected large results. Myron B. Benton, for instance, wrote exquisite poems in the *Dial*, one of them, "Orchis," surpassingly beautiful. I visited him in his charming home in Duchess County, New York, where he lived a retired life. The sweet and delicate poet (he died near the close of 1902) was an enigma to me; but perhaps he had discovered with Shakespeare "the blessedness of being little."

One day there entered my library a middle-aged man over six feet tall, with a shaggy head, strong features, large all-seeing dark eyes, announced as Orson Murray. He lived out in the country somewhere, and brought me an essay "On Prayer." He supposed I would not publish it, but I did, and it made an explosion like a bomb. Orson was a sort of John Brown whose Harper's Ferry was Orthodoxy, but there was no blunder or miscarriage in this raid on Prayer; and he made a strong point about Brown, for whose rescue so many prayed. If Peter, Paul, and Silas could be delivered from prison in answer to prayer, why not John Brown? "He was a better man than either Peter or Paul. It is not recorded of him that he was ever guilty of betraying his Master or of persecuting his Master's church."

I appended to this article a defence of prayer as being a part of nature like the songs of birds, and to be improved by culture.

More than 200 articles (amounting to 778 pages, 8vo) were published in the *Dial*, of which I wrote 30, besides 70 critical notices of new books.

In July I assisted at a welcome to Hawthorne on his return from Europe. It was at a dinner of the Literary Club in Boston. Of the large number present everyone except the guest of honour had groaned under the pro-slavery administration of President Pierce, elected, as some of us believed, by Hawthorne's biography of him. Yet such is the privilege of genius that instead of the *lèse-majesté* of saying the author of "The Scarlet Letter" had sold himself for a consulate, we had said of the odious President, "After all, he did save Hawthorne from poverty!" At the head of the table sat Agassiz, Hawthorne on his right, Emerson on his left—or perhaps Longfellow—Holmes and Lowell near. Hawthorne's repose was striking beside the vivacity of Agassiz, but he did not sustain his reputation for shyness. I was not near

enough to hear what he said, but remarked his anima
the fine candour of his expression. He appeared little c
when I had seen him seven years before, and in a sense
by his heavy moustache, though this concealed the
sweetness of his mouth. There were no speeches at th
which I remember as the happiest I ever attended in A

CHAPTER XXI.

Abraham Lincoln in Cincinnati—Anti-slavery Men—Emerson Facing a Mob—My Sermon against War—Outbreak of War—Delusions about Fort Sumter—Liberty in Peril—Sumner and Furness—Preachers—Visit to Eagleswood—Meeting my Mother—The Virginia Convention—Wendell Phillips—The Bull Run Rout—Emerson and the Saturday Club—Horace Greeley—Frothingham and Beecher—My Lectures in Ohio—Hon. C. L. Vallandigham.

ONE warm evening in 1859, passing through the market-place in Cincinnati, I found there a crowd listening to a political speech in the open air. The speaker stood in the balcony of a small brick house, some lamps assisting the moonlight. I had not heard of any meeting, and paused on the skirts of the crowd from curiosity, meaning to stay only a few moments. Something about the speaker, however, and some words that reached me, led me to press nearer. I asked the speaker's name, and learned that it was Abraham Lincoln.

Browning's description of the German professor, "three parts sublime to one grotesque," was applicable to this man. The face had a battered and bronzed look, without being hard. His nose was prominent, and buttressed a strong and high forehead; his eyes were high-vaulted and had an expression of sadness; his mouth and chin were too close together, the cheeks hollow. On the whole Lincoln's appearance was not attractive until one heard his voice, which possessed variety of expression, earnestness and shrewdness in every tone. The charm of his manner was that he had no manner; he was simple, direct, humorous. He pleasantly repeated a mannerism of his opponent —"This is what Douglas calls his gur-reat per-rinciple"; but

some in Cincinnati; one might see the slaves at the
Kentuckians swarmed over to our political meetings, a
large contingent was revealed at this Lincoln meeting
murmurs and hisses that followed his declaration, "Sl
wrong!" The John Brown raid had not yet occurre
anger might have been more serious. The speaker v
moment without sign of perturbation, then said: "I f
every man comes into the world with a mouth to be fe
back to be clothed; that each has also two hands; an
that those hands are meant to feed that mouth and t
that back. And I warn you that any institution that
them of that right, and the rights deducible from it, st
the very roots of natural justice, which is also political w
Then he added with solemnity, "Slavery is wrong; and
promise, no political arrangement with slavery, will e
which does not deal with it as wrong."

When in the following year Mr. Lincoln was nomin
the Presidency, and his speeches were collected for cir
as a campaign document, the above sentences were omit
there were included the further and more far-reaching
"The government is expressly charged with the duty of p
'for the general welfare.' We believe that the spread
and perpetuity of the institution of slavery impairs the
welfare."

The words "and perpetuity" were of startling imp
volving not merely the restriction of slavery but its ex
I printed them in capitals in the *Dial*, and cast my
Lincoln. It was the only vote I ever did cast for a Pr
having in Washington had no vote, and in later years no
any of the candidates or in the office.

On his way to Washington for inauguration Lincoln
an ovation in Cincinnati. Evergreen arches spanned the
the banners of German, Italian, and Polish societies
with the stars and stripes; the streets were lettered with
in every language. When the procession ended, and the P
had made his last bow and turned to enter his hotel, it
his eyes were filled with tears. Seven Southern States
ceded, and a majority of the nation already demanded
tion of the South by concessions to slavery. Lincoln

been elected by a majority of the nation; had not three opposing candidates been in the field, he could not have received a majority of the electoral votes. Cincinnati alone gave him an ovation on his way. A plot to assassinate him in Baltimore was escaped only by his passing through that city in disguise, an omen of the humiliation presently undergone by a disguise of the anti-slavery principles ascribed to him. It seemed almost incredible that this first President elected by the new Republican party should in his inaugural have approved a proposed amendment to the Constitution in these terms:—

> No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorise or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labour or service by the laws of said States.

This amendment had passed Congress before Lincoln's inauguration; he said that regarding it as a proposal to make the existing limit on Federal power perpetual he had no objection to it.

And this was the man who had declared in his Cincinnati speech, as above cited, that the "*perpetuity*" of slavery impairs the "general welfare" he had sworn to promote.

Abraham Lincoln had also before nomination put himself on public record in these words: "There is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to them as the white man." It was such utterances as these that bore Lincoln into the White House, caught as they presently were on hearts bleeding with sorrow at the execution of John Brown.

When the Southern States began to secede, the anti-slavery disunionists regarded the amputation as their victory. For myself the idolatry of the Union associated with Webster and Clay, and afterwards with Lincoln, was inconceivable except as

naturally sympathised with Garrison; the Union app
me an altar on which human sacrifices were offered—no
in the millions of negroes, but even more in the peace
mony of the white nation. I hated violence more than
and, much as I disliked President Buchanan, thought I
in declining to coerce the seceding States; his belief tha
no such authority appeared to prevail.* The vast
involved in the Union were beginning to be heard, but
signs of war in 1860 were not against the South; the abo
were assailed as the enemy, and the Republicans began
and swear at them with all the timid oaths of Peter.

It would be an interesting task for some littérateur t
from the American newspapers the dramatic incident
anti-slavery agitation. I remember James Russell Lo
marking with some regret that the popularity of abo
had ended its era of picturesqueness. He remembere
some fine old radicals coming into the grand gatherings i
wearing the battered hats and torn coats which bore w
their encounter with the mob. It was their doctrine t
violence was due to the faithlessness of the churches. Lo
seen handsome and eloquent Stephen Foster standing
battered hat and beginning his speech, "This hat was
for me by the church in Portland!" Parker Pillsbury
platform in a coat whose complete rent down the back l
round to show, an attention he had received from the
some other city. The last mobs, which occurred while
secessions were taking place, were not those of roughs p
their work by rich men, but of a well-dressed class, w
was to silence the meetings in order to pacify the South
of these attempts to suppress freedom of speech, Ralp
Emerson felt it his duty to attend the next meeting and
place at the post of danger. It was in Tremont Temple,
which was invaded by a noisy mob. Wendell Phillips, w
me an account of the meeting, told me that after one
speakers (Garrison was absent) had vainly tried to ma
selves heard, he did his best, but secured only a brief in

* A long suppressed speech of Daniel Webster made in 1
lished in 1903, maintains the right of secession; and Joh
Adams held the same doctrine.

attention. But in turning toward his seat he caught sight of Emerson looking calmly on the wild scene. He went to him and whispered. Emerson advanced; the roughs continued their noise for a time, but he stood with such beaming composure that there was a break in the roar. Emerson began: "Christopher North—you have all heard of Christopher North." There was perfect silence, as if the name paralysed every man. Not one of them had ever heard of Christopher North, but this assumption of their intelligence by the intellectual stranger disarmed them. Emerson told his story of Christopher North—that he once defended his moderation in having only kicked some scoundrels out of the door instead of pitching them out of the window, and went on to show that, under the circumstances, the abolitionists had exercised moderation. The power of mind over matter was happily displayed in the attention with which that mad crowd listened to Emerson, who spoke admirably.

A few threatening notes were sent me in Cincinnati at this time, and on one occasion a dozen roughs, armed with heavy canes, took possession of the front pews, to the exclusion of pew owners. This was on the first anniversary of John Brown's execution. My announced subject was "War," and I suppose the roughs were Kentuckians who expected me to urge a war on the South, for they soon all filed out.

Were it not for the subjoined extract from that discourse I should have said that up to that time (December 2, 1860) coercion of the seceded States was not seriously thought of:—

In nearly every nation of the world there is a fight going on. But not one of them could we call, in Paul's phrase, "a good fight." No doubt the remote cause of some of these wars is a good cause — that most sacred right of the human soul, Liberty. . . . But that cannot be a good fight which desolates hearts and homes; that cannot be in any sense good which takes away from matron and maid the noble youth and glorious man, in form and nature the flower of the world, and restores him a ghastly and bleeding corpse

grieve to see the barbarous attempts of certain journals an
threaten certain portions of our nation with the mere brute
nationality. The Constitution gives them no right to secede,
therefore they shall be held with clamps of force. "If they t
are traitors." Treason is a fictitious crime—a made-up crime
to one nation is often heroism to another. Every man wl
a blow for American Independence was a traitor to Engl
Kossuth is a traitor at home, but a hero here. And so, on
tinent, if it be attempted to set a mere cold national in
question of law and boundaries—against the integrity of h
hearts and humanities, I believe that it will be found that the
people have gone too far to value any parchment above tl
welfare it was made to promote—and will trample under foot
which would make them cut the pound of flesh from a
breast.

Before a gun was fired, two-thirds of the Southern
were opposed to secession, and nearly all at the North
to coercing the seceded States.* But it was evident
seven States that had seceded could not maintain a
empire without the adhesion of the more important slav
Jefferson Davis knew every pro-slavery leader in the St
yet seceded, and saw that the only means of bringing
those States into the Confederacy would be a challeng
Union that could not be evaded. President Lincoln, wh
a Kentuckian in sentiment had no familiarity with sla
no knowledge of the New South with its pro-slavery
endeavoured to move its heart in his pathetic inaugura
from the steps of the Capitol. He said, "In your ha
dissatisfied fellow-citizens, and not in mine, is the mo
issue of civil war. The government will not assail yo
can have no conflict without being yourselves the ag
You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the gov
while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, pro
defend' it." But in thus appealing to a friendliness
not exist, and adding the word "preserve" to his oath
not in the constitutional formula) President Lincoln sig
the Confederates the programme on which they migh

* I was told that when Senator Mason of Virginia heard tha
had elected a convention opposed to secession he remarked, "
tlemen who make revolutions."

They had only to fire on the United States, and a conflict would begin which would compel the hesitating slave States to take sides.

The opportunity was at hand. Fort Sumter, near Charleston, property of the United States but on the territory of South Carolina, was held by a handful of soldiers, who, having refused to surrender the fort, were fired upon by the Confederate commander Beauregard. After a defence of thirty-four hours the terms of Beauregard were accepted, and on Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1861, the Union forces marched out from the burning fort, saluting their tattered flag with fifty guns.*

Not a man on either side had been killed, but never did shot carry more widespread destruction than that which fell on Fort Sumter. That shell sent its fatal fragments into every community. I remember well the evening when the tidings reached Cincinnati. A company of ladies and gentlemen which met every week to study German literature had gathered at the house of Judge Hoadly; someone brought us the terrible news, and we all silently arose and parted, never to meet again for our studies. Other clubs and literary societies also closed. And what occurred in our city occurred everywhere. Students left their colleges, artists their studios; a new era was marked on the land as if on a weird Linnæan dial, with the closing of all fair and sweet flowers of civilisation and the unfolding of blood-red flowers of war.

On the Sunday following the surrender of Sumter and the President's call for seventy-five thousand soldiers, we passed into our church beneath the United States flag—one at each door, and when I ascended to the desk the large assembly rose and sang the "Star-spangled Banner." We were all overcome with emotion, and it was some time before I could utter a word. My sermon, which was on "The Peril and the Hope of the Hour,"

* I am informed by Judge Pryor, now of New York, who was at the time in Charleston, that he was requested to fire the last gun, but declined because his State, Virginia, was not yet out of the Union. At that

the text being, "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun
down upon your wrath," opened as follows:—

How can I answer, fellow citizens, your anxious faces, appeali
eyes, and throbbing hearts, so earnestly calling: Watchman, wh
of the night? The eye that sleeps not alone sees how soon all "st
small voices" may be drowned amid the strong wind and eart
quake and fire of civil war; therefore will I thank God for this qu
morning hour, and in it utter the burden of my heart. Sights a
sounds, strange and sad, fill the air. Some manly forms and nob
young faces we miss in our assembly; alas, how much more a
they missed at your firesides, and in the hearts which clung to ther
Yes, our hearts have followed them; the arms alone were untwine
the hands unclasped of families, lovers, friends—our hearts cann
be chained back from following our brave men, who have left all
defend the imperilled honour and liberty of their country! o
their heads, O God of Justice, we invoke thy benediction; may t
kind arm encircle those from whom the arms of mothers and wiv
are withdrawn; close to thy heart may they be folded; and m
they speedily return crowned with that victory which must come
surely as that Thou art the God of Right over the Wrong, of Freedo
over Slavery!

The discourse was mainly a defence of the President f
defending Fort Sumter, on which the national interest had centre
for months, and which had become a sort of test case of l
attitude towards slavery—the *causa causans* of secession. D
spatches from Washington, apparently authorised, declared th
the President had been compelled by his oath of office to ho
Fort Sumter, and alarmed us about Washington, where the Co
federacy might presently be seated and "dictate the terms
the division which we all knew must come in the end." The
words are quoted from my sermon, and are evidence that t
troops called for by the President were supposed to be for defen
solely. The general dealing with secession was, of course,
was assumed, to be determined by Congress, which alone po
sessed the war power. Although there was some wonder that
such a crisis the President had not summoned Congress at on
instead of for a day so late as July 4, no one dreamed that t
administration meant to assume the right to plunge the nati
into a war of coercion.

The country was misled about Fort Sumter. Had it been known that defence of that worthless fort was not at all felt by the President as his constitutional duty, and was contrary to the advice of the military head of the nation, General Winfield Scott, as well as of leading cabinet ministers, and that the President had determined on the step because, in his words now known, "the country expects it," the response of the nation would have been different. Had it been announced to the country that the worthless and indefensible old fort was to be abandoned there would have been no murmur. The thing feared was "coercion" of the nation by slavery, and the country would not have justified the President in placing Sumter as a chip on its shoulder, and when it was knocked off, staking the fate of millions on a shotgun duel with the Confederacy. There was no halo of martyrdom around the head of Abraham Lincoln to shed glamour on his actions in those days. His attitude was that of a politician who had proposed to render slavery eternal by a constitutional amendment, and was willing to barter for the Union all the anti-slavery enthusiasm which had responded to his summons. He had announced that the only thing he would not compromise away was his opposition to the extension of slavery into territories where it did not exist. The North would not have gone to war on that pet point of his. It marched to the John Brown song to free Uncle Tom from the lash of Legree, and did not watch the President as one capable of going to war on his old issue of "extensionism," and ready to purchase reunion at the price of liberty and justice. "Let us watch," so I urged in that first sermon after the fall of Sumter and call for troops,

Let us watch with eagle eye every compromise offered and every treaty. The American arms can win no victory nor conquer any peace which shall not be the victory of humanity and peace from the wrongs that degrade and afflict humanity. In the Promethean game of Greece those who ran in the races all bore lighted torches, and he won the race who reached the goal first *with his torch still lighted*. If he reached the goal with his torch extinguished he lost the day. It was not, therefore, the swiftest racers who won the prize. Indeed, the swiftest were more apt to have their torches put out by the wind. It is thus with the contest on the American arena. Our true prize cannot be won by getting the better of the South in a

appeal to arms. What if, when we reach the goal, the torch of
entrusted to America to bear in the van of nations be exting
What if, by some dishonourable treaty with this or that Stat
would be a good ally in war, we have pledged ourselves to
enslavers of man, and come to claim the prize with the light
sacred torch lost! Then, indeed, we will have lost the day
to win; we have but postponed the revolution which ca
really end until the throne of Eternal Justice be establi
earth, and all men gather about it as the children of a
Father.

These quotations may appear egotistical, but the wo
not proceed altogether from myself. I was in constant c
tion with the most eminent jurists of our city, such as
Stallo, and Alphonzo Taft, and in correspondence wit
slavery leaders in the East. All of us in those days saw
uprisen North the splendour of a new heaven and a ne
responding. We little feared the war cloud while gazi
rapture on the rainbow that promised a covenant of p
peace to our so long distracted country. It may be t
own personal sufferings from slavery partly inspired the
ness with which every Sunday I upheld my vision of God
himself to Satan. Nearly every Sunday the congregatio
into applause. But when in May the border States, e
Maryland and Kentucky, had their Mephistopheles at
Lincoln's ear tempting him to compromise away ou
Cincinnati showed a strong contingent of "Copperhe
they were called, who began to hiss and threaten when
hearers applauded. On April 28, in view of the ope
Congress on the approaching Fourth of July, taking for
"Thou shalt say No," I warned the people that "Eff
be made there to make America read the Declaration s
eighty-five years before backward, and reconstruct the U
accepting the Southern Barabbas and giving humanit
crucified."

The effect on the Unitarian societies generally of
menaces of war was remarkable. Our old controvers
turned to trifles in a moment. Those who had exchang
words now clasped hands. Miracles? Who cared
about what happened in Palestine when at our door

miracle of a New World in transfiguration! Here was the Advent, the Incarnation, the Angel-song!

I am liable, of course, to project into my early memorie ideas of later years, but before me are sermons delivered printed at that time of glorious visions. We all saw in President's seventy-five thousand soldiers an army marc not to slay, but to heal, to liberate.

During the first few months after Lincoln's inauguratio crisis grew literally awful. The simple faith with which tionists had welcomed the uprising of the North as the dawn of an emancipated America suffered a cruel disenc ment.

The governors of Ohio (Dennison), Kentucky (Magoffin) Tennessee (Harris) met together ostentatiously in frat embrace to demonstrate that slavery was not involved i war. The government at Washington was carrying its tend for slavery to such an extent as to remind the Southerner tinually that the existence of slavery depended on the contin of the Union. "What," said the Secretary of State, " but the obligations of the Constitution can prevent the slavery sentiment of this country from assuming at once the pean type—direct emancipation?" Pro-slavery clerg warned the border States that if they seceded they wou surrounded by free States, and their slaves could not be held. then was the Union for which the flower of American youth perishing—a Union whose rivets were one with rivets o slave's manacle.

At Washington our generals were warned to prevent from entering the Federal lines. The impolicy was begun was persisted in until in two years more fugitive slaves had returned into slavery under our first Republican President under all preceding Presidents put together since the found of the government! I have said "impolicy," for with slaves were excluded the only sources of information conc the "enemy." Three days before the disaster to the Union

My church being closed after the last Sunday in J
two months, I went to Washington. The city was a
my old church a depository of arms. So had "repell
returned as lightning." The congressmen were assembli
I was present at several consultations of leading Republ
the "left." They were suspicious about the delay of th
feeling that in advance of the opening of the national Co
holes-and-corner congress of Southerners and their northe
was going on in the White House. I witnessed the op
Congress on July 4. The President's message excited
trust by its entire silence concerning slavery. His lo
ment against the alleged State right of secession was not
panied by any plea for the Federal right of armed coe
which he had committed the country beyond the power
gress to exercise its supreme authority.

On my way north I stopped a day at the house of Dr.
where I found Senator Sumner. The senator's serenit
the national situation was sufficient for him to chat abo
matters. He told us that in coming through New York
met Horace Greeley, who invited him to come to the ho
morning to early breakfast. "I went up there," said
"a long distance, and Greeley talked and talked over
about politics. At last it occurred to him that I had n
fasted, and he called up the cook, and asked her if th
anything for breakfast. She said that there was some
bread and cold meat. On that I had to breakfast." The
thing was the serious disgust manifested by the senator i
it. It rather increased my respect for Greeley that he s
so absorbed in the state of the country as to forget b
and I probably made that apology for him. (I believe
never drank tea or coffee.) Dr. Furness and myself we
to talk about the national crisis. Sumner told us of com
tions he had just received showing that there was no d
foreign complications. He believed that the anti-slaver
of the North would be fully awakened by the logic of
and said that it was the opinion of two thirds of the me
met that the war could cease only with the termination of
He seemed to have faith in Lincoln, and to regard his
in his first message of any reference to slavery as a po

guise for the sake of the border States—a disguise which v
be thrown off. Dr. Furness and Sumner both trusted a
deal in God. I said that I had heard all my life that God v
end slavery " in His own good time," but had learned from hi
that when reformation was left to God, He brought it about
hell-fire. That, I urged, was just our peril, and it could be av
only by using the natural weapon of liberty—namely, li
itself. I knew slavery and the slaveholders well ; if the
dent and Congress should at once declare every slave in Am
free, every Southerner would have to stay at home and gua
slaves. There could be no war. We could then pay al
owners with the cost of the army for one month. Furnes
Sumner earnestly accepted my doctrine, and Sumner begge
to devote myself to spreading it through the North and W

In New York I listened to a characteristic address giv
Henry Ward Beecher, at the Island of the Two Brothe
the Brooklyn Phalanx. He delighted the soldiers by h
tistically homely eloquence. Expressing his proud reso
to fulfil his constitutional duty in running after fugitive s
he confessed to a liability to be taken suddenly lame on
occasions, his acted lameness being funny. He described
in dealing with a rebellious child, you first tried persuasion
bribery, and finally " a sound spanking," which raised a
in which I could not join. Mrs. Stowe was present, and i
spirits. She was a plain woman, or would have been
could one have seen her without the halo of " Uncle
Cabin."

The ministers who once rebuked our anti-slavery se
were now preaching in the same way. The Rev. Dr. Lo
meeting the Rev. Dr. Bellows, confessed that he could sc
keep from swearing. Dr. Bellows replied that he also h
late been tempted, and had found some relief in reading D
Psalms about his enemies. In Boston (July 7) I heard
Edward Everett Hale, since then become an institution in hi

During my summer vacation I was continually pr
and lecturing on the theme that filled all minds. On m
to Newport, R.I., to preach for my dear friend Charles T.
I travelled with Horace Greeley, who had recently di
political partnership with Seward and Thurlow Weed.
denied earnestly any ill-will toward Seward, but said he
faith in him as a minister. "Seward has, and always mus
a *policy ;* a policy is just what we don't want. We want
ness." He was haunted by fear of a restoration of th
power. "We may wake up some fine morning and f
Democratic party wheeled around and united on some b
ruinous concession for peace." I found that the pain
sponsibility of editing the *Tribune* were telling on hin
He gave me to read an interesting newspaper letter by "
(Whitelaw Reid), and in talking it over he deplored
connection with journalism. "A man had better be
carrier than a journalist." There was an almost infantin
in his eyes as he said this. With the cry of the *Tribune*
time, "Forward to Richmond!" (where the Confederate
ment was to fix its capital on July 20) I could not sym
having still the hope that our armies should only occu
border with camps that should be refuges and asylums fo
so compelling slaveholders to return to their homes.

At Eagleswood, N.J., I addressed the school establish
by Theodore Weld. It was a pioneer institution in man
the first in which young women were found educating the
in the gymnasium, rowing in boats, and making 'reco
swimming and high diving. Under the tuition of Theodo
and his wife (one of the famous Grimké sisters of South C
who there rebelled against slavery), and under the influ
Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring, pecuniary founders of the sc
anti-slavery sentiment had for many years been of a bo
Mrs. Spring, an accomplished lady, had during the John
affair gained permission to nurse the survivors in their
prison. She had also obtained the bodies of young Haz
Stevens, who had longed to be buried in a free land. I wa
their graves at Eagleswood. Mr. Spring had obtained a
of letters and documents found in the establishment o
dealers in Alexandria, Va. It was strange, indeed, to re

these happy girls at Eagleswood this correspondence rel
to the prices and sales of comely girls and boys. I shudd
to think that these things had gone on in my native region wi
my ever suspecting their existence, and found that Nemesis
become the doorkeeper of that Alexandria slave-pen (Ke
& Co.) then (1861) filled with white prisoners.*

I visited Easton, Pa., to meet my mother and sister, the
of Professor March of Lafayette College. They had just ar
from Fredericksburg, Va., after a perilous journey of ten
My mother had taken up such strong opinions against sece
that her continuance in Fredericksburg had become impru
I wrote down at the time some notes of my mother's state
When it was found that, come what might, the conventi
Richmond would vote down any ordinance of secession, a
circular was sent to every prominent Democrat in the
demanding his instant appearance in Richmond; and
these had flooded the city the convention was informed
unless they would at once put Virginia out of the Unio
would be superseded by another convention, even if it mu
done by violence. My mother seemed to think that the ma
voted for secession with pistols at their heads. In this sh
mistaken; the majority did not vote for it at all. At the c
moment, when the final vote was about to be taken, Lin
proclamation came demanding of Virginia a quota of troo
fight Southerners. The anti-secession leaders then lef
convention, some of them in tears, and the minority had i
own way. Had the President delayed that ill-timed pro
tion thirty-six hours, Virginia would have been kept
Union. The convention would have adjourned, and a
could not have been elected. It was physically impo
My mother told me that her brother, Travers Danie
pleaded passionately against secession. Some months
ward an old Democrat asked him what he was doin
replied, "Carrying weapons against my country; it is wh
and your party have for thirty years been bringing n

The speeches made by Wendell Phillips during the y
were the most eloquent ever delivered in America. So
them are found in Redpath's volume of his speeches
and may at this day be read with the deepest interest. I
after hearing Phillips, said, " A poor negro who cannot re
the finest living orator. It is wonderful to see this orn
person, whom one might expect to find in the galleries of
devoting himself to the humble slave. His wit reminde
Charles Lamb. A coloured speaker, Charles Remond,
to George Washington, the slave-holder, called
scoundrel. When Phillips spoke he objected to the
'It isn't graphic, Charles. If you call George Washi
scoundrel, what word have you got left to describe Frank P
Octavius Frothingham told me that the most eloquent s
ever heard was given in New York by Garrison. I have
times heard thrilling speeches by Garrison, the charm
was the self-forgetfulness with which he threw himself
subject.

Garrison gradually became a frank unbeliever in the
creeds, and even wrote a vindication of Thomas Pa
Mrs. Stowe said with truth that there was more of the old
prophet about him than about any other man in Ame

On the evening of Sunday, July 21, 1861, I preache
Unitarian church at New Bedford, Mass. The build
crowded, the papers having said much of my being from
whose capital had become that of the Confederacy the da
While I stood there picturing an American millennium
and peace at hand, thousands of United States soldiers
Bull Run were lining the roads to Washington with th
or the fallen. The New Bedford Quakers were present
number, and grasped my hand because above the armies
the banner of Peace, contending that no drop of blo
be shed if the President proclaimed freedom for eve
Not one man or woman did I meet in New England wh
agree with me in that ; but the President, who assumed
of determining without aid of Congress or court a cons
issue on which statesmen had been divided for generat
on it plunging the nation into war, was scrupulous about
slavery, and on Monday morning the fearful tidings of d

slaughter arrived. The next morning I breakfasted in Bo
at the house of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, with the
W. H. Channing, and found them less hopeful than mys
the effect of defeat on opening Northern eyes. They
justified; some pulpits began to explain the defeat as a pu
ment for beginning an attack on Sunday, and the Pres
responded by proclaiming a day of fasting and prayer!
in the history of the world was a tremendous national expe
more entirely wasted.

I went to Concord, but optimism had fled even fro
home of Emerson. The town was in trepidation for the f
several of its youths who had not been heard from sin
disaster at Manassas. Emerson said, "We need a more sci
knowledge of the nature of a rattlesnake, and may be taug
this defeat; but in view of the odds in the late battle it a
doubtful whether the same multiplication-table is used in
ington that prevails in New England." Thoreau, sadly
health, was the only cheerful man in Concord; he was in a
of exaltation about the moral regeneration of the nation.
with Emerson to Boston for the Saturday Club dinner (Ju
Motley and Channing were present, and a goodly compa
sembled to welcome the guests. But I had reason to rem
the saying of Voltaire, "I hate War; it spoils conversa
Heavy on every mind was the humiliation of the flight of a
of that army which had gone to Washington singing, "
coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand str
There was a cruel disillusion, but for myself it related ra
the administration than to the soldiers, who had been se
under the order of July 17 not so much to fight slavehold
to catch their escaping slaves for them. Emerson sai
the Union is incapable of securing universal freedo
disruption were as the breaking up of a frog pond.
justice is the aim of war one may naturally rather b
than shoot."

It was painful to look around that table in the Parker

It had been whispered around by anti-slavery men, to be inspired by the President, that he was really witl that he could not deal directly with slavery until aft military success had placed him in a position to do so pressure of that kind had been brought on Horace resulting in the *Tribune's* cry, "On to Richmond!" vance was made, the Bull Run disaster followed, and Greeley was made the scapegoat.

Knowing Horace Greeley well, I felt the injustic public fury against him, and, on hearing that his hea broken down under the denunciations, wrote him a l which came the following answer:—

NEW YORK, *Aug.* 17

MY DEAR CONWAY,—I have yours of the 13th. I have ill, and am yet too weak to work, yet am doing so becaus I scarcely slept at all for a week; now the best I can do is t or three hours' uneasy oblivion every night. But I hope I sh The *Tribune did* suffer considerably by the truth told by etc., about the want of purpose and management at Wa and I think would have been ruined had I not resolved t the storm. I did it very badly, for I was all but insane, yet will yet be well with us. You see that everybody is now sa we were right originally with regard to Scott, etc., and Cabinet ought to be reconstituted. My strong objectio attack on the Cabinet was that it would (because of the n fury against the *Tribune*) keep them in when they want t No President could afford to have it said that a newspaper l him to give battle and then turned out his Cabinet becau that battle.

My friend, the hour is very dark; but I have not lost n God. If this people is worthy to fight and win a battle fo and Law, that battle will be won; if they are not, I do no there is any more a place for so weak and poor an instrumen If our baseness requires the humiliation of utter discomfi will be our portion, and the Father of all Good will work ou ends through other and purer agencies. In any case, and the end may be postponed and obscured, *this infernal Reb the doom of slavery.*

And so, asking your prayers that my unworthiness ma hinder or postponed the fulfilment of God's benign purposes, Yours,

HORACE G

In passing through New York again I was the guest of Octavius Frothingham, to whose congregation I preached. He invited two or three leading men to meet me, among them Henry Ward Beecher. We felt it important in the crisis brought on by what seemed the restoration of Pierce and Buchanan in the President elected as a Republican, that as public teachers we should see eye to eye. Beecher was angry enough, but his humour was irrepressible. I remarked to him that it was about time for some American prophet to imitate the ancient prophet and break a big pitcher on Pennsylvania Avenue, proclaiming that so should our guilty nation be broken to pieces. He replied "You would only lose your crockery—unless you hit somebody." They all agreed with my plan of reaching the rebellion by striking at its heart, slavery, but only Frothingham seemed to think it practicable.

I went back to Cincinnati somewhat disheartened. At times travelling with rough and brutal soldiers, it appeared to me horrible that the great and noble cause of freedom should be given over to such hands. My journey to Washington and the East had been a pilgrimage to the houses of the interpreters in search of light to guide me in my own duties as the minister of a great church close to the land of slavery. Alas! the anti-slavery fraternity was shattered. The President's determination to settle the issue by a duel had flushed our band like a flock of wild turkeys, and we could not get together again. In our Virginia woods, the sportsman having flushed a flock used a turkey-bone whistle, whose imitation of their voices led the poor birds within reach of his gun; and now the fife, pretending to play the march of liberty, was leading some of our best abolitionists to espouse a suicidal war!

Well, I must sound my little pipe as well as I could. I brought my own congregation to sympathise with my plan, and that was encouraging, for among my hearers were Alphonzo Taft, Judge Hoadly, William Greene, Judge Stallo, and some eminent business men—among these being Learner B. Harrison, la

ready to pay me for such lectures. This I refused addresses to be useful must be those of a man reared i son of a slaveholder, and entirely unpaid. But as I w the lectures should be entirely gratuitous, I agreed friends at Washington should pay the bills for the ha and this was done through Senator Sumner.

I was astonished at the feebleness of the oppos which my argument for immediate and universal em as a war measure was met. At Xenia, where I began, invited were not given, but when leaving the hall gentleman, pale with excitement, haranguing severa who had been inside; as I stepped out of the door I say, "Every word was false as hell!" At Yellow addressed the students in Antioch College. Forty of men had enlisted in the army, and I believe the femal for the first time felt some inferiority. Among the enliste was a grandson of the famous Alexander Hamilton, very attractive youth, and the college president, Th told me that he was of upright character and studiou

Among my hearers at Dayton was Clement L. Vall Member of Congress, leader of the pro-slavery Demo replied in his Dayton organ. He warned the white that we abolitionists, having brought on the war, trying to bring a horde of negroes into Ohio to take out of their mouths. Of myself personally he wrote

It seems to us that about three months in Fort McH straight uniform, with frequent introductions to the acco institution called the town pump, and without the benefit of *habeas corpus*, would have a tendency to improve the mentally, and, for a while at least, rid the community of

A few months after this criticism appeared, the hom who wrote it was himself in prison, while my father's s being colonised in his neighbourhood without exc opposition among the white labourers.

These were the only hostile incidents I can rem visited every important town in Ohio and some of th and my lecture on the crisis of the nation was well r the local papers. I made the acquaintance of many

people, and was able to report to my friends in Congress tha majority of people in Ohio were in favour of immediate universal emancipation as a war measure.

It was a sad trial to be so much absent from my wife child, but she was as enthusiastic for the cause as mysel was surrounded by relatives and friends. Every Sunday mo I managed to be in my pulpit, and every moment when not lecturing or preaching was devoted to the preparation book on the absorbing subject.

CHAPTER XXII.

"The Rejected Stone"—The President—General Fremont—Letter fr
W. H. Channing—Lecture in Washington—Talk with Presid
Lincoln—Emerson—J. R. Lowell—Seward—Senator Sumne
An Arraignment of War—Wendell Phillips Mobbed in Cincin
—Unitarian Conference—Leaving Cincinnati—Our Old Home
Virginia—Carrying our Slaves to Ohio—Troubles in Baltimor
Laura Bridgman—A Poem by Julia Ward Howe.

At that time of agony I received information from Washing
that the Republic of Haiti had sent a messenger to Washing
to request permission to send there an ambassador, and t
the Secretary of State, after some evasion, had at last answer
"The fact is, Washington cannot receive a black Minister."

Then there arose before me as if in letters of flame:—

*The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of
corner.*

*And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; bu
whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder.*

Then I set myself to write the little book entitled, "
Rejected Stone: or Insurrection vs. Resurrection in Amer
By a Native of Virginia."

From this work, which had a large circulation, but is
naturally forgotten, I quote a few paragraphs:

It is the inestimable gain of our present condition, that we l
come to perceive a weak point in our organic law—a stone left
that a fundamental one. . . .

That stone is, essentially, *Justice*.

The form in which it stands for us is *The African Slave*.

We have already had our experience, and if we do not profit
'tis our own loss. Men who leap from precipices do not impe
law of gravitation. Obey the truth, and it comes a life-givin
beam out of heaven ; disobey, and it comes all the same, but
deadly sun-stroke.

Ages of wrong have, like cold, hard glaciers, graven on this
stone the sacred signs of the laws that cannot be broken ; n
stands in our midst the touchstone of every virtue.

There is a print of nails in his hands, and a hollow wound
side ; and though as a sheep before his shearers he is dumb, a
comes from behind him, saying, " What for this least one of my br
you do or do not, you do or do not unto me."

Although the Boston house (Walker, Wise & Co.) br
out a seemingly militant book in blood-red covers, its
chapter, " The Great Method of Peace," declared War " a
wrong," and that it is because " the victories of Peace r
so much more courage than those of War that they are
won." We have the courage to slay and be slain, but not e
to touch slavery. " Slavery alone renders the present at
of the South possible. It is only because a slave can be
home to till the soil that the white man is able to bear a
the army. Should it be once announced that every slav
in the eye of the country a free man, each Southerner
have to hurry home to be his own home-guard and his own
provisioner. Such a measure would disband the Southern
and pin every rebel to his home."

The response to my book was astonishing. It was rev
by the whole Press, and in every case with earnestness.
protests were comparatively few. I cannot remember wl
any stratagem was intended in withholding my name, bu
it was ineffectual ; the name of the " Virginian " was shou
all sides. I received sympathetic letters from eminent me
women ; Sumner wrote that he had sent the book to the
dent, who told him he was reading it with interest.

It was, I believe, to the President himself that the

their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared freeme
This proclamation from the general who had been the first R
publican candidate for the Presidency was issued August
and sent a thrill of joy throughout the North. The Preside
believed it contrary to an Act of Congress of August 6, wh
warranted only confiscation, but not a determination of the fut
condition of the property seized. General Fremont conten
that if the slaves were confiscated they must either be free
the United States must enslave them. In their corresponde
which was private, Fremont refused to modify his proclamati
as requested, and the burden was thrown on the President.

The effect of Fremont's proclamation in the South-West
instantaneous, and justified all that I had predicted as
result of such a declaration by the President. That proclamat
of freedom was echoed from plantation to plantation all al
the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Red rivers, insomuch that
panic of the sham loyalists was felt at the Capitol, and the
straight blow at our dragon revoked. But even this was
enough; Fremont was in himself a proclamation of liberat
and on October 24 he was removed.

This was a staggering blow. A vast meeting of indignat
presided over by Judge Stallo, was held in Turner Hall, Cincin
which declared that "the cowardly and unworthy means
which the government effected the removal of Fremont just
the people in the worst fears of the designs and qualificatio
the administration." My speech at this meeting brought f
the *New York Herald* (October 28) a demand for my suppres
by the government as a "reverend traitor." The passag
which the *Herald* found treason was:

> The policy of the administration will be swept away, or el
> administration itself, just so soon as the real truth is appreh
> in all its full powers, that it is only the interest of a pitiful 35
> of our people—the number of slave-holders—who, after keepi
> in hot water for eighty-five years, now precipitate us into civil
> and that it is only because of the servility which fears to touc
> impudent claim of that handful to scourge and own men and w
> which makes civil war possible. A decree that the govern
> ignores the relation of slavery ends the war. There is from
> moment no army in the South, but a home-guard.

A company of gentlemen in Boston wished to distribute "The Rejected Stone" among the soldiers, and I gladly relinquished my royalty for that large edition. Shortly after, when I was at Worcester, Mass., a lady came up after my lecture and showed me a copy of the soldier's edition with its cloth cover torn across; she had sent it to her son, and it proved a breastplate against a bullet that would have killed him.

My old church edifice in Washington, used as a storehouse of ammunition at the outbreak of war, became a hospital after the Bull Run disaster. The congregation was by this time entirely converted to anti-slavery opinions, and would have welcomed me back again. But I would have brought them into trouble again by denouncing the administration and its slave-guarding generals. So they called my friend W. H. Channing, who united with his hatred of slavery a faith in military methods which I had not.

I received a letter from Channing, dated at Washington January 13, 1862, in which he said:—

I shall depend upon your preaching for me whenever you come. It will be an excellent opportunity to reknit the old friendly tie between you and the congregation, and to re-establish relationship with your many acquaintances in Washington. . . . Thus far the prospect is good, and continually improving, of reorganising a large and strong society here. The season is at length ripe for such a movement. And *unless the nation is broken up*—which Providence forbid in mercy—next summer's solstice will shine down upon a healthy growth of the Tree of Life, well rooted and crowned with swelling fruit. But all *must* depend on the issue of the war for Freedom. And what is that issue to be? I scarcely dare, any longer, to conjecture. This mysterious nightmare, which chokes the breath and palsies the limbs of the Republic, grows more horribly oppressive to me each hour. Of course, we all keep repeating to ourselves and to one another: "Wait yet a little longer. *When* the Cairo expedition opens the Mississippi, and Buell advances, and Burnside lands on the Rappahannock, etc. etc., *then* we shall see what we shall see.

it is that "gives us pause" and sicklies our thought, and turns av
heroic patriotism. You have struck the white in your "Rejec
Stone." And one asks with awe whether it is not already too l
to save the "United States"? . . . The Secretary of State is sagaci
—but he is over-sanguine and over-subtle. I agree with the la
and increasing body of statesmen who believe that a policy of Em
cipation—and speedy military and naval successes—will alone
peace abroad and restoration of the republic at home. "A F
Union" or "Disintegration" is the only alternative. But it
Atheism not to *hope*. So I close with friendly regards to all in C
cinnati.—Yours in good hope.

Having to visit Washington in January, 1862, I had
happiness of finding myself once more in cordial relations w
my old friends. The anti-slavery feeling in Congress, in
absence of Southern members, and in the city, had grown stro
enough to institute a course of lectures by prominent men fr
all parts of the country on the national crisis. The lectures w
given in the theatre of the Smithsonian Institution. My o
lecture was given on January 17, and was attended by Secret
Chase and other leading statesmen. The title of my lectu
"The Golden Hour," was derived from an old journal wh
contained this pretended advertisement: "*Lost.* Yesterd
somewhere between sunrise and sunset, a Golden Hour, set w
sixty diamond minutes."

The Golden Hour of the nation was that in which for
first time in its history the murderous madness of slavery l
unsealed the constitutional war power to eradicate for ever t
root of all our evils.

Senator Sumner suggested that I should call on the Preside
I had misgivings because of my public animadversions in C
cinnati on his removal of Fremont, but Sumner prepared
way for a call by Channing and myself, the hour of 8 a.m. be
fixed by the President. When we arrived at the White Hous
woman with a little child was waiting in the ante-room.
now and then wept, but said nothing. The President saw
first, and she came out radiant. We conjectured that so
prisoner was that day released. The President received
graciously. Mr. Channing having begun by expressing his be
that the opportunity of the nation to rid itself of slavery l

arrived, Mr. Lincoln asked how he thought they might
themselves of it. Channing suggested emancipation with
pensation for the slaves. The President said he had for
been in favour of that plan. When the President turned to
asked whether we might not look to him as the coming Deli
of the Nation from its one great evil. What would not
man achieve for mankind who should free America from slav
He said, " Perhaps we may be better able to do something in
direction after a while than we are now." I said, " Mr. Presi
do you believe the masses of the American people would ha
as their deliverer if, at the end of this war, the Union shou
surviving and slavery still in it ? " " Yes, if they were t
that slavery was on the downhill." I ventured to say,
fathers compromised with slavery because they thought it c
downhill ; hence war to-day." The President said, " I
the country grows in this direction daily, and I am not wi
hope that something of the desire of you and your friends m
accomplished. Perhaps it may be in the way suggested
thirsty soul in Maine who found he could only get liquor f
druggist ; as his robust appearance forbade the plea of sic
he called for soda, and whispered, ' Couldn't you put a d
the creeter intu it unbeknownst to yourself ? ' " Turning
the President said, " In working in the anti-slavery mov
you may naturally come in contact with a good many peopl
agree with you, and possibly may over-estimate the num
the country who hold such views. But the position in
I am placed brings me into some knowledge of opinions
parts of the country and of many different kinds of people
it appears to me that the great masses of this country care
paratively little about the negro, and are anxious only for m
successes." We had, I think, risen to leave, and had th
him for his friendly reception, when he said, " We shall n
the anti-slavery feeling in the country, and more ; you
home and try to bring the people to your views ; and yo
say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't

During the conversation Mr. Lincoln recurred several tim to Channing's suggestion of pecuniary compensation for eman pated slaves, and expressed profound sympathy with the Sou erners who, by no fault of their own, had become socially a commercially bound up with the institution. As a Virgini with many relatives and friends in the Confederate ranks, responded warmly to his sentiments toward the Southern peo albeit feeling more angry than he seemed to be against the in tution preying on that land like a ghoul.

I felt some regret that my friend Channing's pet idea ab compensated emancipation should have occupied so much the conversation. The President seemed to think that we w mainly concerned for the negro race, whereas the thing of im diate importance was the liberation of our entire country fr the horrors of war and its causes. So far as the great trouble the time was concerned, the negroes were suffering less than soldiers and the sorrowful homes from which they had parted

I left the White House with a feeling of depression. It plain to me that the Union would be preserved at whatever co also that though the President felt that slavery should end, had no notion of any other means of preserving the Union exc military force. The idea that peace could be secured by p claiming freedom seemed to him, I think, a mere religious fa I had no opportunity of repeating the arguments of my lect "The Golden Hour," and determined to recast it with espe reference to our conversation and publish it.

Having to lecture before the Emancipation League in Bost I went on to that city. It was my first visit to Boston si the appearance of "The Rejected Stone," and the literary had prepared for me a great honour. This was a grand din at the Parker House. About thirty were present, among th Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whipple, and a number of Harv professors, James T. Fields being at the head of the table. Th were no speeches except that which I was called on to make, which was a brief statement of my interviews with President and leading men in Washington. I did go into the details of my scheme as prepared for the lec before the Emancipation League; but knowing that Eme was about to give in Boston a lecture on "American Civi

tion," also that he was to lecture at the Smithsonian Institutio on January 31, I submitted to him privately the substance c my new lecture.

He came to my room in the Parker House and we went ove carefully every point.

One paragraph read to him was the following:—

The naturalist Thoreau used to amuse us much by thrusting hi hand into the Concord River, and drawing out at will a fine fish which would lie quietly in his hand; when we thrust in ours, th fish would scamper out of reach. It seemed like a miracle, unt he explained to us that his power to take up the fish depended upo his knowledge of the colour and location of the fish's eggs. Th bream will protect its spawn; and when Thoreau placed his han underneath that, the fish, in order to protect it, would swim imm diately over it, and the fingers had only to close for it to be caugh Slavery is the spawn out of which the armed forces of treason an rebellion in the South have been hatched; and by an inviolab instinct they will rush, at any cost, to protect slavery. You hav only to take slavery in your grasp, then close your fingers aroun the rebellion.

I went on to point out that slavery was the commissariat c the Southern army; it was the slave's toil on the farm tha supplied the soldier's ration; the negro pointed the soldier at u as the soldier pointed his gun at us.

I begged Emerson to mention anything not clear or nc conclusive in my statement, for it was one that had not bee fully set before the country, and if he thought it sound I shoul print it. But if he found it sound I wished to submit to him with all deference, whether he ought not to give expression t it in his approaching lecture. Emerson was great enough t recognise that this demand was made in all humility, and tha events had made me a messenger from the race and realm whos small voice was drowned by the drum. He thought my argu ment sound. "It is forcibly put, but I fear its morality will b

in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1862, with a footnote indica
the addition made after our interview. It was printed betw
an article by myself, "Then and Now in the Old Domini
and one by Lowell.

Lowell was printing a series of papers in the style of
"Biglow Papers," but which showed a sad decline in the ge
that wrote that wonderful work. He now evoked again
"Rev. Homer Wilbur," who compares those wishing to de
slavery at an end, so far as our government was concerne
philotadpoles, who, impatient at the slow growth by which na
leads polliwog to frog, insist on cutting off the polliwog's
After this Homer says, "I would do nothing hastily or vin
ively, nor presume to jog the elbow of Providence. No desp
measures for me till we are sure that all others are hopel
flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo."

It must have been sufficiently painful to Lowell to find
he had described Emerson by implication as a philotadpole
it was more than painful to his anti-slavery friends to find
limping at such a momentous emergency. According to E
son's article printed beside Lowell's, the latter's Latin quot
should have been "*flectere si nequeo Acheronta, Superos mov*
We were already moving Hell; we had for a year been eng
in butchery and in protecting the Satanic cause of the butc
That Lowell could regard all this as appealing to the gods,
to release millions from fetters as a "desperate measure,
appeal to "Hell," indicated the almost hopeless conditi
the public mind. If such a man as Lowell could write in
way, what could be expected of Lincoln? When my second
book, "The Golden Hour," was presently published, I was
pelled to devote two pages to these fallacies (under the
"Homer Nodding"), and headed a chapter with a sen
from the essay of Emerson, "Hitch your wagon to a st
Alluding to an invention of the time for utilizing the tides
motor, he said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and the sen
became a proverb.

The revolution against slavery was strong enough to
our "Sage of Concord" to Washington, where our rulers
hitching the Union to a flag star, especially to Kentucky. Se
Cabinet ministers attended his lecture (January 31, 1862)

it was preaching to Merlins bound in prisons of air by their own irreversible spell.

Emerson told me that while in Washington he was received at the White House. Mr. Lincoln extended his hand cordially and said: "Mr. Emerson, I remember having heard you give a lecture in the West, in which you remarked that every Kentuckian has an air about him which seems to say, 'Here I am; if you don't like me, so much the worse for you!'" The remark, said Emerson, was witty and friendly, and the brief call was pleasant—no controversial points being discussed. Emerson also called by invitation on the Secretary of State. He was not however, favourably impressed by Seward. The conversation began pleasantly, but someone present vexed Seward. "His anger," said Emerson, "had a curious effect on his face; his nose appeared twisted and almost corvine."

While I was in Washington (January, 1862), information given me by Senator Sumner increased my distrust of Seward. In the summer of 1861 Sumner had received from England advice that Secretary Seward was pursuing a singular course toward the British government and its representative at Washington. At the same time Senator Sumner received evidences and assurances of amity on the part of the British Government. Sumner then in Boston, sped to Washington and immediately called on the President, whom he found gloomy because Seward believed a collision with England inevitable. Sumner showed the President his advices proving it a false alarm, and the President, greatly relieved, begged him to hasten to Seward, who, he said, "will be profoundly relieved." Before going to Seward Sumner called upon Lieutenant-General Scott, and on several members of the Cabinet, finding all in a panic about England, of which neither could give any explanation except the declaration of Seward that they were verging upon a war with England. Senator Sumner then visited Seward, who told him of the imminence of war with England. Senator Sumner asked the evidence; the secretary gave none, but became very animated in maintaining the imminence

would show it. The senator then left with this warning *issues of peace and war between England and America do with you, and henceforth every statement put forth from Wa concerning European powers will be carefully watched.*"

The belief of Sumner was that certain Unionists of th slaveholding States had convinced Seward that if a w England should be sprung upon the country the Conf would make common cause with the United States, n friendliness, but as an honourable means of receding from cations not contemplated by those who inaugurated the Rel

I wrote down notes of the interview with Seward in S presence, and was authorised to report the facts withou his name, and did so in the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

On returning to Cincinnati, February, 1862, I fou city demoralised by the war. Hospitals were filled with w men, and ladies trained in refined and cultured homes w nurses familiarised with wounds and agonies. The stree often filled with soldiers, whose brutality added a fea the horrible face of War. The main burden of my ne "The Golden Hour," was against War :—

The sword has two edges ; one is turned toward the u never fails to give him a wound for each inflicted on his an

What does the settlement of this conquest by mere milit imply to the Free States ? They say that our army is not t in its *morale ;* which means, that the young man who was g last year is yet too full of culture and civilisation to butcher h beings after the approved Texan style. He has not forgotten mother and pastor taught him to overcome evil with goo gentleman is still to a melancholy extent predominant in horse and alligator sadly deficient.

This moralisation of the soldier is the demoralisation of t War is the apotheosis of brutality. Looking into the past it as a climax of horrors when a harlot is borne through th of Paris proclaimed the Goddess of Reason ; but to-day, sh war end, the masses would seize the man whose hand reek

* Possibly Seward got his idea from a speech of Wendell January 20, 1861, in which he said, "Let a British fleet with ad the blue and red cover our Atlantic coast, and in ten days Mass and Carolina will stand shoulder to shoulder."

with human blood, and bear him on their shoulders to the W
House.

Should we continue this war long enough, we shall become
Vandals and Hessians the South says we are.

Every great achievement of civilisation is in the way of war,
must be abridged. König of Germany has given it as his op
that distinguished generalship is inconsistent with the existence o
telegraph. In our war both sides are cutting down all teleg
lines which they cannot hold under military censorship.

The freedom of the press has been proved impossible in time of

The trial by jury—the coat of mail which Character has
for ages—is torn away.

The *habeas corpus* writ—" the high-water mark of English libe
—is of arbitrary application.

A short time ago we were all uttering our horror of the p
ring, with its brutalities. Now George Wilkes announces that
frowning down the P. R. has crippled our military energies as a na
and that it must be restored. Logic seconds his motion.

Here is Christianity itself, the civilisation of religion : for its
genial teaching the world gave up the gods of battles—Jah and
with their thunderbolts, Mars with his spear, Odin with his sw
But war bids it recede : " You have heard that it hath been
' Thou shalt love thy enemy,' but I, War, say unto thee, ' Kill
enemy.' "

Thus one by one these crown-jewels of our humanity mus
dimmed or exchanged for paste.

War stands before us to-day a fatal despot, knowing no law
the passion of the moment, prostrating the century before the h
takes the pen and plough from our hand, and gives us a sword ;
types into bullets ; takes away the golden rule, and re-establishe
law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

I was informed by Sumner that the President would
me a foreign consulate if I desired it, which I did not. At
time, believing the war one of emancipation, I had thoug
serving in Virginia as a chaplain, and mentioned this to Ge
Schenck ; but when his offer came, I was filled with horr
the thought of assisting a military invasion of people not for

niary aid to any State that should "adopt gradual abo
slavery." Congress adopted this without reminding the
that only the war power authorised this, and that as a
for repressing the rebellion it had no relevancy. Gradua
pation was at most like firing off a gun a little at a tir
that decree, really for prolongation of war, shocked th
States. They were enraged by seeing Wendell Phillips
in Washington, receiving attentions in the Capitol, and co
with Lincoln. Phillips went from Washington to Ci
where, in attempting to lecture in Pike's Opera House
furiously mobbed. I was in Boston, but arrived soon
cinnati. It was doubtful whether the mob was Kentu
Ohioan. A large jagged stone was hurled, grazing
head, then smaller stones and eggs, some of which hit him
one turned off the light, and Phillips, with some membe
society in boxes near him, was conducted in the darkne
the stage to an exit on a back street. Phillips insisted
his engagement to speak from my pulpit on Sunday, a
to me that his visit was particularly pleasant. The
excited much indignation; the orator was entertained by
citizens; and that was, I believe, the last literal ston
abolitionist.

The Western Unitarian Conference met in May,
Detroit, and I went there for the purpose of offering the
resolution: "That in this conflict the watchword of o
and our church and our government should be, *Mer
South; death to slavery!*" The resolution, unanimously
was supported with enthusiasm, Robert Collyer's spe
especially powerful.

On my return to Cincinnati, I found letters indic
purpose of prominent men in Boston to start in th
journal to advocate immediate emancipation. I w
whether I would edit such a paper, and after much con
my wife and I concluded on acceptance.

My wife was giving to the hospitals all the time
spare from our two children.* The strain on her wa

* Eustace in his third and Emerson in his first year. After
birth, we received the following letter, dated at Concord,
1861:—

I also was beginning to drag my harness. I did not, however, resign my pulpit, but asked for a six months' absence. On June 29, 1662, I gave my parting discourse.

Before leaving for the East we went to pass some weeks with our intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oriel Eaton, at their summer cottage, Yellow Springs. I found there enough repose even to indulge myself in an occasional game of chess, Dr. Philip Meredith, president of the Chess Club, being within a mile of us. One day, however, when we were in the middle of a game, I was sent for in haste by my wife.* A note had arrived from my mother saying that two of my father's slaves had reached Washington, but most of them were wandering helplessly in Stafford within the lines of the Northern army. I started the same evening, and after a wearisome journey of nearly three days on irregular trains crowded with soldiers reached Washington. After some searching I found those I was looking for—Dunmore Gwynn and his wife. They had set up a small candy-shop in Georgetown, taken in washing, and saved sixty dollars.

It had been long since tidings concerning my relatives in

MY DEAR SIR AND MY DEAR LADY,—I have your note, and give you joy of the happy event you announce to me in the birth of your son. Who is rich or happy but the parent of a son? Life is all preface until we have children; then it is deep and solid. You would think me a child again if I should tell you how much joy I have owed, and daily owe, to my children; and you have already known the early chapters of this experience in your own house. My best thanks are due to you both for the great goodwill you show me in thinking of my name for the boy. If there is room for choice still, I hesitate a good deal at allowing a rusty old name, beaten with Heaven knows how much time and fate, to be flung hazardously on this new adventurer in his snow-white robes. I have never encountered such a risk out of my own house, and for the boy's sake, if there be time, must dissuade. But I shall watch the career of this young American with special interest, born as he is under stars and omens so extraordinary, and opening the gates of a new and fairer age. With all hopes and all thanks, and with affectionate sympathies from my wife, Yours ever, R. W. EMERSON.

(My wife declares that name or no name her spoon shall go.)

Virginia had reached me. A small parcel containing an
china cup and saucer and a silver spoon had been sent me fr
Washington at the request of a Union soldier who had saved th
from the wreck of things in Conway House, Falmouth. Th
relics are connected with a curious incident. When the Un
army, under General McDowell, entered Falmouth they fou
the village deserted by the whites. My father was in Fred
icksburg, and my two brothers far away in the Confeder
ranks. The house was left empty and locked up, the ho
servants remaining in their abode in the back yard. Yet, as
Union soldiers were filing past, a shot was fired from eithe
window of Conway House or a corner of its yard, and a sold
wounded. It was never known who fired the shot ; our negr
assured me that the house was locked and watched. The Un
soldiers, alarmed and enraged, battered down the doors, a
finding no one, began vengeance on the furniture. It happer
however, that in my mother's bedroom was hung a portrait
myself, and this caught the eye of a youth who had known
in Washington. He cried to his furious comrades to stop.
servants were called in, and were much relieved when t
found it was to speak of my portrait. Old Eliza cr
"It's Mars' Mone the preacher, as good abolitionist as
of you!"

It was some consolation to me that, though long regarde
the black sheep of the family, my portrait saved Conway H
from destruction, for that was contemplated. The house wa
brick, and the largest in Falmouth ; it was made a hospital,
the seriously wounded soldier was its first inmate. My fa
heard of the incident with distress, and under a flag of t
crossed the Rappahannock to express to the Federal comma
his horror at the deed and give proof that all the member
his family were distant from the spot. He was believed,
granted his request to visit the wounded soldier. With a g
deal of emotion he approached the young man, expressed
horror of the crime, and his distress at seeing him suffer
He exclaimed, said my father in telling me the story, "O
glory in it!" My father would have been glad to make s
kind of practical redress, but it was impossible, and he left
house with feelings of admiration for the sufferer.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

It was in Conway House hospital that Walt Whitman, fo
time, nursed the suffering soldiers.

The negroes who were included in the lines of the Un
armies by their advance had learned that they were not so m
free ; but they had given our government undeserved credit
their belief that all of them who did some service to our soldi
however little—blacking boots, washing clothes, etc.—would
free. None of our negroes had followed Dunmore Gwynn
his wife to Georgetown. I therefore resolved to go to Falmou
if possible, and bring them all away. I consulted my old fri
Secretary Chase, and formed a plan of settling our negroes
Yellow Springs, where I had friends.

Secretary Chase took me to see Secretary of War Stanton
found him hard and narrow-minded. He said they did not w
any more negroes in the District ; and when I said that I wo
merely take them through the District, he said that the milit
situation in Stafford was too critical for him to give me the perm
I then visited President Lincoln and stated the entire case.
sympathised with my purpose, and recognised that I had a r
to look after my father's slaves. He warned me, however, of
personal danger in such a journey. I told him that I had
sidered that matter, and would be cautious ; I also promised
be prudent in not connecting him or the administration with
affair. I simply needed practical suggestions as to the best me
of doing a thing which, for the rest, would really relieve
officers in Virginia and ultimately the District from the car
fifty or sixty coloured people. The President advised me to
on General Wadsworth. I think he must have communica
with this general, for next day when I appealed to Wadsw
in company with W. H. Channing, who had determined to acc
pany me to Falmouth, he did not hesitate to give us the order

Headquarters Military District of Washington,

Washington, D. C.

We were both staying at the house of our friends Mrs. Wal
Johnson and her sister Miss Donaldson, always the anti-slave
saints of the Unitarian Society. We had arranged to start
daybreak the next day. But during the evening I began to f
that my plans were too immature. If, as was probable, c
negroes were in separate localities and far away from Falmou
how could they be reached and collected—how could they
brought up to Washington? General Wadsworth's permit s
nothing about negroes. I had provided myself with money, b
might need the aid of Stafford negroes. But it had been ma
years since I had known the negroes there, and they mig
suspect any white man searching for coloured people.

After I had gone to bed I was seized with an impulse to cons
an old mulatto whom I had known in boyhood, and who n
resided in the farthest suburb of Georgetown. He had help
many a slave to escape, and probably knew the principal negr
between Georgetown and Falmouth. He would be able to g
me their names and some advice about my expedition. I
the distance was five miles, and I was baffled by a terrible stor
I waited long for it to abate, but it only seemed to increase.
determined, however, to go, and, without disturbing anyo
crept out into the darkness at about eleven o'clock. The thun
and lightning were fierce, the rain fell in torrents, the w
rendered an umbrella useless, the streets were flooded. A
approached Georgetown bridge the lights were few, but I kn
every foot of the road leading to my old Methodist circuit. Wh
I had got through Georgetown to the line of negro cabins, a n
difficulty confronted me; they were all dark—it was after m
night—and I could not identify the house sought. At length, ho
ever, I saw a glimmer of light in one little window, and to tha
went. As I approached the door, I heard negro voices within si
ing a hymn. When I knocked, the voices ceased; there was p
fect silence. On another knock a voice demanded, "Who is that
I answered, "A friend! Moncure Conway." There was a v
shout, the door flew open, and there I found all my father's negro

* The house was that of Collin Williams, the same fugitive who
had tried to find in Boston nine years before (see chapter xi.) at the
quest of his wife, who had now joined him in Georgetown. He, in t
had hunted up my address and forwarded my mother's letter.

They had just arrived, most of them in the storm. Thr
a weary way of near sixty miles they had been dragging t
selves and their little ones, their coverlets and boxes.
were crammed into the two ground rooms, the children slee
wherever they could find a place for their weary heads,
several mothers had babes at their breast. The latest co
were wet. The elements had pursued them like blood-hou
they were tossed about by destiny, but still able to raise
song in the night.

Many years had parted me from them, but when I ent
all knew me on the instant. Old Maria, who had nursed me
I was a child, sprang forward and folded me in her arms a
were still an infant. They pressed around me with their chil
and clung to me as to a lifeboat in their storm. Far into the
we sat together; and they listened with glistening eyes as I
them of the region to which I meant to take them, where
should they

feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.

Thus I was saved the danger and expense of going down
Stafford. But for all the gladness of this night, my tro
had scarcely begun. It was yet a question whether negroes
ated like these were free to go North; for every coloured p
taken over them the railroads exacted a bond of $3,000,
security, for fear they might be sued by an owner for takin
his property. And there was still a potential pro-slavery
Confederate mob in Baltimore through which at the ti
journey to Ohio must be made. In Baltimore passengers
west were taken in omnibuses through many streets to an
station. General Wadsworth, military governor of the dis
was ready to see me safely on the road to Baltimore, but
not guarantee me transit through that city. Senator Su
got together several congressmen to consult on the matter,
one of them—Giddings, I think—said the only safe way wa

process by which the title of his slaves to freedom could be p
fected. I was thus, in the eye of the law, a slaveholder!
though I could not obtain authority to convey these negroes
Ohio, Secretary Chase obtained a letter to General Wool, co
mander at Fort McHenry, which would authorise him to gr
me protection if necessary in taking "my father's slave
through Baltimore. This did not brighten the prospect mu
General Wool was a good but infirm old man, not likely to inter
himself in my affair, and the fort was a long distance from
centre of Baltimore, through which we had to pass.

At last we started out from Washington, a concourse of
oured people attending us. The terrors did not fail us when
were set down in the streets of Baltimore with a small worl
baggage and far from the other station. There were no arran
ments to take any but white people from station to station.
sensation we caused was immediate; hundreds of negroes of
ages surrounded us, and became so mixed up with mine, esp
ally the children, that it was hard to distinguish them. Fo
few moments there was danger from these negroes. There
been rumours of Washington slaveholders hurrying their sla
into Maryland to evade the new Act of Emancipation in
District; and my Southern physique being unmistakable,
dusky folk muttered and hissed around me and impeded
efforts. But some signs passed from my "contrabands" w
suddenly transformed the angry crowd into friends; they
presently conveying us with our baggage in wagons, makin
procession across the city. But the procession was too triump
It excited attention in every street, and when we reached
station we had an ugly crowd of whites to confront.

Alas! there was no westward train for three mortal ho
I took the negroes into the regular waiting-room, so compl
had I forgotten the customs of slave States. Of course,
railroad officials drove us angrily out. I asked for *some* ro
they had "no room for niggers." I offered to pay for one,
could not get it. I asked to be permitted to take them in
car, but was told that the gate would not be unlocked for
hours. Meanwhile we were in the street, and the crowd of w
was increasing every moment; and they saw, by the delig
the blacks, that it was an abolition movement. Uglier

uglier they became, glaring at me, and annoying the negroes under my protection until I had to restrain my men from resentment. I implored my people to be patient, and pointed out to the police the threatening aspect of affairs; but these sneeringly said it was my own affair, not theirs. Nevertheless, I took a bit of paper from my pocket, and I declared it would take the negroes through though it should bring the guns of Fort McHenry on the city. This imposing utterance had evident effect on some in the crowd. Yet they persisted in worrying my negroes, and, when I interfered, several called me "a damned abolitionist, who had brought on the war."

At length, much to my relief, the ticket-agent appeared at his window. I saw that, like the other officials, he was angry, but he was a fine-looking Marylander. He turned into flint as I approached; and when I asked the price of tickets, he said sharply "I can't let those negroes go on this road at any price." I knew that he would have to let them go, but knew also that he could make things very uncomfortable for us. I silently presented my military order to the disagreeable and handsome agent, and he began to read it. He had read but two or three words of it when he looked up with astonishment, and said, "The paper says these are your father's slaves." "They are," I replied. "Why, sir, they would bring a good deal of money in Baltimore." "Possibly," I replied. Whereupon (moved probably by supposing that I was making a great sacrifice) he said, "By God you shall have every car on this road if you want it!" Then having sold me the tickets, he gave his ticket-selling to a subordinate, and went out to secure us a car to ourselves; and from that moment the imprecations around us sank, and our way was made smooth.

It was late in the evening when we started, and we were to travel all night. I observed that the negroes would neither talk nor sleep. The mothers had put their children to sleep, but were themselves holding a silent watch. They were yet in a

station which had wrought such a transformation was the divi
line between the slave and the free States. How they knew
cannot divine; it was a small place, but there the shadow
slavery ended. Probably Dunmore Gwynn had learned ab
the frontier from Collin Williams in Georgetown.

My wife and the Eatons at Yellow Springs, daily telegrap
my movements, had with some neighbours prepared for
reception of the negroes. A large old barn was offered by
Grinnell, and an energetic company got into it pallets and furni
enough for immediate comfort. The labour of the negroes
in demand. Dunmore with his sixty dollars and some l
assistance was able to set up a home for himself and his l
family, where they carried on various occupations. Many of
negroes had been house servants, and had better manners t
most of the coloured people in Ohio. The only trouble c
through their exceeding piety. One man had such a pas
for preaching and pious meetings that he failed to give satis
tion on the farm where he was employed, because of the insp
tion that carried him suddenly away from the field to some pra
meeting. He and his family moved over to Dayton. B
shall have to refer to my little colony again.

Having several engagements to lecture in Massachus
and consultations about the projected journal to attend, I
tened to Boston, having taken to my sister at Easton, Pa
young octoroon to whom she was much attached.

In Boston I was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel G. H
I had enjoyed their hospitality before, and a great enjoyme
was. Dr. Howe, one of the most interesting of men, had se
times taken me to visit the celebrated Laura Bridgman, the
dumb, and blind lady whom he had endowed with intellige
The graphic account of Laura and of the miracle wrough
Dr. Howe, given by Charles Dickens ("American Notes"),
not enabled me to realise the full wonder of what had been achi
Julia Ward Howe, who had gained a high rank among poet
her "Passion Flowers," had by her "Battle Hymn of the
public" given lyric expression to the anti-slavery enthus
that entered into the war. Among the stories I told her wa
of a negro who had come within the Union line at Port R
Va., and said to our commander there, Colonel Lee, "Will

please, sir, tell me if I am a free man ? " The commande
dumb. Next day Mrs. Howe handed me the following :—

Tell me, master, am I free ?
  From the prison-land I come,
From a wrecked humanity,
  From the fable of a home,—

From the market where my wife,
  With my baby at her breast,
Faded from my narrow life,
  Rudely bartered and possest.

Masters, ye are fighting long,
  Well your trumpet-blast we know :
Are ye come to right a wrong ?
  Do we call you friend or foe ?

Will ye keep me, for my faith,
  From the hound that scents my track ?
From the riotous, drunken breath,
  From the murder at my back ?

God must come, for whom we pray,
  Knowing His deliverance true ;
Shall our men be left to say,
  He must work it free of you ?

—Links of an unsighted chain
  Bound the spirit of our braves ;
Waiting for the nobler strain,
  Silence told him we were slaves.

The little book of which I have already spoken, " The G
Hour," was published by Ticknor and Fields in August, 18

A club of Republican leaders, formed around one o
best of men and called after his name " The Frank Bird C
had arranged at one of their dinners for the new journal. An
admirable man was George L. Stearns of Medford. From
I received a note of July 31, saying, " I am ready to furnis
means for the present publication of a weekly newspaper
will fearlessly tell the truth about this war."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Residence in Concord—Hon. Martin F. Conway—Garrison and Phill
—Editing the *Commonwealth*—Hymn for a New Advent—Wa
Night in the African Church—Lecture Tour in New York—T
President's Proclamation—Deputation to the President—
Sermon before the Senate—Interview with Lincoln—Dishearte
Leaders—Oliver Wendell Holmes—Nathaniel Hawthorne in Conc
1862–63.

We went at once to reside at Concord, in a house just vacat
by Rev. Mr. Frost. This house, the first we ever owned, w
pretty; it stood in a large garden, well stocked with fruit a
flowers, at its centre a bower of evergreen. As we were movi
in, Robert Collyer came to pass a day or two with us. We h
a cook, but told him that "though we could gladly eat hi
we couldn't sleep him," unless he was content with a pallet.
this he did not object, and was soon helping to gather in t
apples and wheeling our little Emerson on the top of the
helping in every way and turning work into merriment. I
after his one night on the floor, my wife remarked a smile
satisfaction on Collyer's face when another bedstead arrived

We were happy in Concord. I had made the acquaintan
of most people in it during my college days, and my wife w
received cordially. Some of them she already knew; M
Horace Mann she had known at Yellow Springs during her h
band's presidency at Antioch College. Emerson had been w
us several times in Cincinnati, and we had entertained th
Bronson Alcott. Mrs. Mann, who had long had warm friends
for my wife, was living in Concord with her sister, Elizab
Peabody, the other sister being Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

to see more of his wife, and to converse with her about her
the famous Margaret Fuller Ossoli, whose writings were pr
to me. He appeared to be a recluse in the village, his
intimate friend being Frank Sanborn, who has written hi
graphy.

We were rather disappointed at finding the best peo
Concord so conservative in religious ideas. Although Em
never attended it himself, he reserved a pew in the Uni
church for his family. Mrs. Ripley, Miss Elizabeth Hoa
the Thoreaus were rationalists. However, the ladies we
emancipationists, and highly appreciated my two books,
Rejected Stone" and "The Golden Hour." I several
lectured on the crisis in the town hall, and generally carri
sympathy of my audience, though Judge Rockwood Hoa
most prominent Republican leader there, never quite forga
for a criticism on his friend Minister Adams in England.

My new book, "The Golden Hour," did not enjoy the
larity of "The Rejected Stone," for it seemed utopian to ma
that the war was a gigantic catastrophe and mistake, th
arm needed by Liberty being—Liberty. My book had, ho
the success of convincing a considerable number of influ
men. Among these was Horace Greeley, who in the New
Tribune wrote a vigorous editorial affirming its "won
cogency." Among those who responded to it was the
Martin F. Conway, representative of Kansas in Congress.
Conway—no relation of mine—was a native of Maryland
had gone out to Kansas in early youth, and shared the te
trials of its struggles for freedom. On December 12, 186
had delivered in Congress a speech which I consider the
thorough analysis of the slave power ever heard in that
Born in a slave State, he had closely studied the heart of sla
and had learned by experiences in Kansas the fatal necess
imposed on the South to rule or ruin.

Despite all he had gone through, Judge Conway wa

on from Washington to urge upon us his theory of the situati
I took him at once to Emerson, and to us two Judge Conv
explained his views. Emerson was attracted by him, and
tened closely. The statement was substantially as follo
The theory of the administration is that we are not engaged
a war, which could be declared only by Congress, but in s
pressing an insurrection, this being the only purpose for wh
the President was authorised by the Constitution to call
soldiers. But practically it is a war; in blockading South
ports, etc., the administration is dealing as if with an a
belligerent. Nevertheless the original theory that it was
insurrection in certain still existing States survives the fact
belligerency sufficiently to cause the administration to prot
slavery with one hand while fighting its defenders with
other. It has thus become virtually a war of slaveholders agai
slaveholders. This is not only morally intolerable as rega
slavery, but equally as regards the horrors of war, manifes
prolonged by the theory that the seceding States still retain
their former rights—such as the return of their fugitive sla
Even if successful in a military sense, the administration co
only bring us back a union with slavery in it and the old
ments of discord. Judge Conway declared that it was n
certain that North and South would be forever bound toget
either with or without slavery. If it is to be a peaceful Unio
must be by dealing with the seceding States as an alien ene
Had the Confederacy been a foreign power and assailed our fl
our government would instantly have struck at the cause of
attack—slavery. And that is precisely what we have a ri
to do now, to deal with slavery as an alien enemy—a separ
political community. In that case the military struggle mi
cease. The realm of freedom being brought down to the bor
slave States, such slaves as could escape across the line would
so, and the rest be conveyed by their owners to the distant Sou
and as these border States thus became free they would beco
antagonistic to the slave States and reconciled to the free Uni
Thus the Southern line of the United States would be carr
down to the next tier of slave States, upon which the same eff
would be wrought; and the process thus continued until
United States flag would again reach the Gulf. Should

present war cease, the new one would immediately begin; moral forces would take the place of the military; the anti-slavery editor and lecturer would appear instead of the dragoon and musketeer; the centre of abolitionism would be transferred from Boston to Richmond. This would be genuine victory; but our opportunity for winning it may pass, and it certainly will never be gained by the war now waged.

Emerson had listened with much animation to this quiet statement. We would have gathered a public meeting to hear the eloquent congressman, but he could not remain. When I next met Emerson he said, "That man ought to be either answered or followed." No prospect in that dark hour could have been fairer to Emerson than that opened by Judge Conway. For myself, I recognised in Judge Conway's position that in which we all stood until the nation caught fire from the shells bursting on Fort Sumter. Anti-slavery people (even many Quakers) fed the conflagration because they saw God in it consuming the rottenness of the nation and refining what was sound. In that fair dream they had accepted the challenge of slavery; but the dream was followed by this nightmare: the first Republican government had agreed to stake the life of free America on a duel with slave America. The fate of the New World was to be settled by skill with the rifle. It was too late for us to recover the freedom of choice which preceded that outburst of patriotic rage, which proved to be largely the vulgar pluck of the cockpit. I therefore maintained the position advocated in "The Golden Hour," which differed from that of Judge Conway only in assuming all the Southern territory occupied by the United States as the extended realm of freedom. To each of our posts the slaves should be invited, and there should be no further fighting unless in defence of such asylums against attack.

The *Commonwealth* began with September, 1862. Frank B. Sanborn was associated with me in editing it. We were friends at Harvard University, and he was the only student there who held Emerson in a reverence equal to my own. After graduation

was recognised as a sort of organ of the Commonwealth of M
chusetts in its relation to the national crisis. There wa
rivalry nor friction between our paper and the *Liberator*.
paper was edited by Mr. Garrison with great vigour, but he r
nised clearly the advantage of starting the new journal. Sa
and I were often in consultation with him and Wendell Ph

The *Commonwealth* paid attention to literature, and se
young writers made their *débuts* in our paper. Among thes
Louisa Alcott, who had gone to nurse soldiers in a hospit
Washington. The series of her "Hospital Sketches" sh
every variety of ability, and excited much attention.
Ward Howe wrote for us, and her powers as a humourist
revealed in a parody of "Excelsior." When General McC
had become chieftain of the reactionary, who were paradin
in the Northern cities as the coming President, great prepara
were made for the pageant in Boston; but during that da
rain descended steadily, and nothing was seen but several hu
umbrellas passing along Washington Street. Next day
Commonwealth printed Mrs. Howe's parody, "Expluvior!"

Even after the President's preliminary proclamatio
September 22 we had enough to do. The long warning ha
effect of giving the border seceders time to dispose of their s
farther South, and it also gave time for an outcry of their
pathisers that the President meant to excite a massacre of w
in the South. This outcry was echoed in England, where
excellent men, among them Dr. Martineau, denounced
proclamation. This baseless alarm recruited the political
gathering round McClellan. There was danger, too, tha
President might yield to the increasing pressure brought
him to retreat from the proclamation, in which were cl
rendering such retreat possible. As the year 1862 drew to
its close, that pressure became severe, and on the other han
of the anti-slavery side did not fail with pen and voice to
the administration to its pledge.

Between the President's promise of September 22, 1862
the New Year, we were in the exaltation of a new religio
the more potent because indefinable. All the great mind
hearts at Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, however aloof
our agitation formerly, were now aglow with it—even Nat

Hawthorne having concluded that the annihilation of sla
was essential to a future union between North and S
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes warned the South, "There are
against fate that can never be won."

As Christmas time drew near, great meetings were held
I was continually lecturing. I needed a Christmas hymn fo
Commonwealth, but in all the range of Advent poems coul
nothing that contemplated Lincoln's proclamation; so I h
write one myself, and I insert it with all its poverty as
indication of the new-born religion that set a new song o
tongues.

Now let the angel-song break forth!
For night shall nevermore be night:
A quenchless star climbs o'er the earth,
A torch lit up at God's own light.

There where the watching shepherds pressed,
Where Eastern seers bowed them low,
From pole to pole, from east to west,
See the world's tidal pulses flow!

I saw the warrior on the plain
Pause in that light to sheathe his sword;
I saw the slave look up in pain—
Chains melted in the fires it poured.

Thou God, who gavest our night this star,
Whose circling arm excludeth none,
Gather our treasures from afar
To the soul's monarch inly born!

Kindle Thy blessed sign again,
For the New World a Christ's new birth,
When to our cry, Good will to men,
The heavens shall answer, Peace on earth!

A grand jubilee concert in celebration of emancipati
arranged for New Year's Day in Boston Music Hall. Th
Parker's "Fraternity" assembled in that hall, and o
ember 31 I gave them a discourse on "The Unrecognised

where Emerson's fine "Boston Hymn" was to be followed
Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony"—of which Margaret F
once wrote, "In it innumerable spirits seem to demand the c
of their existence." Having to leave Boston early on New Y
Day for Rochester, I passed its vigil in Boston. On that d
dined at Dr. Howe's with Judge Conway—our solitary Cassa
still warning us that we would never get real emancipation
the sword was sheathed and the seceding States regarded a
alien country. I told him that I should approve of his th
when we became certain that we could not get all the States
liberty; but I thought slavery weaker than he supposed, an
its last legs.

On the eve of New Year's Day, 1863, we made up a l
party at the Stephensons' in Boston to attend Watch Nigh
the African church. Young William Lloyd Garrison and his s
Fanny (now Mrs. Villard) were with us. We arrived a
half-past eleven, and though the church was much crowded,
Garrisons were recognised and good places found for us—
only whites present. In opening the meeting the black prea
said, in words whose eloquent shortcomings I cannot reprod
"Brethren and sisters, the President of the United States
promised that, if the Confederates do not lay down their a
he will free all their slaves to-morrow. They have not
down their arms. To-morrow will be the day of liberty to
oppressed. But we all know that evil powers are around
President. While we sit here they are trying to make him b
his word. But we have come this Watch Night to watch
see that he does not break his word. Brethren, the bad influ
near the President to-night is stronger than Copperheads.
old serpent is abroad to-night, with all his emissaries, in g
power. His wrath is great, because he knows his hour is
He will be in this church this evening. As midnight come
we shall hear his rage. But, brethren and sisters, don't
alarmed. Our prayers will prevail. His head will be bru
His back will be broke. He will go raging back to hell, and
Almighty's New Year will make the United States a true
of freedom."

The sensation caused by these words was profound.
were interrupted by frequent cries of "Glory!" and there

tears of joy. But the excitement that followed was indescriba
A few minutes before midnight the congregation were reque
to kneel, which we all did, and prayer succeeded prayer
increasing fervour and amid shouts of rapture. Presentl
loud, prolonged hiss was heard. There were cries, "He's h
he's here!" Then came a volley of hisses; they proceeded f
every part of the house—hisses so entirely like those of
serpents that the strongest nerves were shaken; above them
the preacher's prayer, gradually becoming a wild incantat
and ecstatic ejaculations became so universal that it wa
marvel what voices were left to make the hisses. Finally
strokes of midnight sounded, and immediately the hisses di
ished and gradually died away as if outside the building.
the New Year of jubilee that was to bring freedom to millio
slaves was ushered in by the chorus of all present singing a h
of victory.

The hymn was the old Methodist "Year of Jubilee," w
I had so many years heard sung in Virginia by the negroes
their night was without any star save that burning in their f

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
  The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
  To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
  Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

We all joined hands, standing up, and Fanny Garrison
was beside me) and I sang with ecstasy, until our voices b
with the overpowering emotion.

The noble face of our old pioneer Garrison had always
as a pillar of fire, that no trouble could ever turn to cloud;
this happy spirit was transmitted to his children. Fa
radiant face seemed to bring that of her father—on duty
where that night—into the African church.

moving past them, and my diary says that he "made th
look very small and mean." The Unitarian minister, Rev.
Mayo, came up to me, but I found him "disgustingly Sew
and behind the time," and went off to supper with Gerrit
After a night's journey I reached Rochester at eight next mo
and there read the President's disappointing proclamation
the edict of liberation for more than three millions of slav
enough to add a happy climax to my lecture in the magn
Corinthian Hall, which was crowded.

From Rochester I went on to Syracuse, where I preach
my friend Jamuel J. May and visited the Sedgwicks.
always anti-slavery people were festive about the jubilee ye
my lecture in the public hall was received with sympathy. A
the home of Seward, was not so enthusiastic; but there
goodly number of excellent Quakers at my lecture—among
the anti-slavery saint, Mrs. Wright, and her daughter Ell
the wife of William Lloyd Garrison, the brave devotion o
to peace and justice amid these latter-day wars often rem
me of the faithfulness of their parents.

From Auburn I travelled to Peterborough, and enjoy
hospitality of Gerrit Smith in his baronial mansion. It
picture to see this handsome old gentleman, honesty and ki
stamped on every feature, seated amid his large and be
family. My lecture was given in his own lecture-hall to
audience, largely his work-people, among them a night wat
named Putnam, a sort of laureate to the establishment, wh
was leaving next morning gave me a poem on "Liberty,"
posed at his post during the night. But in the morning
time to write and read to Gerrit Smith an article showin
the necessary object of the war was the abolition of s
some step towards that having at every stage proved
compulsory.

On my journey home I encountered a good many
"Copperheads." One old Democrat, seated near me in t
attracted general attention by swearing at me as one
abolitionists who had "got us into this fix," and talked
military defeats. I asked him if he had not heard of the v
"What victory? Vicksburg?" "No, at Washington."
what was it?" "Three millions of slaves free!" T

fellow jumped up and moved away swearing, amid general laughter.

In those dramatic hisses and that song of victory in the African Watch Night I had heard the ancient burden of Ezekiel against Pharaoh, the great dragon, "I will put a hook in thy jaws," and the burden of Isaiah against "Leviathan, that crooked serpent." Here were renewed the voices of those African slaves now pictured with their chains on the ruined walls of Egypt; and we white visitors who had mingled our tears with those humble negroes had gone home feeling that we had witnessed the final combat between Jesus and Satan in America. And in the proclamation, although partial, a victorious sun appeared about to rise upon the New World of free and equal men. But when our ecstasy had passed, some of us perceived that while freedom had got a paper proclamation, the cannon-ball proclamation had gone to slavery. The anti-slavery generals were in the North; the military posts where slaves might become free were under military generals or governors notoriously hostile to emancipation. The three generals who had proclaimed freedom to the slaves in their departments—Fremont, Phelps, and Hunter—had all been removed, and to the slaves these removals were pro-slavery proclamations which they understood, while this of the New Year they could not read even if it were allowed to reach them.

About the middle of January General Benjamin F. Butler, just superseded in command by General Banks at New Orleans, arrived in Boston. He was a sort of lion, and a grand dinner was given him at the Parker House. I find in my diary that "he made a fine speech, showing that he has always known the justice of the anti-slavery movement and has been a hypocrite till now." This old spoilsman, whose cross-eyes could never see beyond his paunch, had discovered that his political paunch could best be fed by siding with the negroes against their masters in New Orleans. But I distrusted him, and also some of those who

that the Secretary of War (Stanton) desired to preven
proclamation from affecting slaves in the excepted parishe
knew that for such work Banks was the man.

It is curious to observe, in going over my notes of this p
how tentative and hesitant good men had become even in M
chusetts. In the *Commonwealth* office itself there was a
sultation as to whether an article of mine, favourable (t
with reservations) to Judge Conway's motion in Congress,
be published in the paper. It was opposed by the pub
James Stone; Elizur Wright thought it was against the pr
position of the paper; Albert Brown (of Salem) and S
rather favoured its insertion. While we were talking
Conway himself came in just from Washington, and
thought that at that moment his resolution had better not
dorsed by the *Commonwealth* editorially. So my article w
as a communication. Just then a Mr. King came in to sa
the Peabody Institute at South Danvers, where I was en
to lecture that evening, would prefer a literary lecture, as
Peabody, in building the Institute for them, had dem
that politics should be excluded. I told him I had no
with me except one on the crisis of the country. I thi
large audience in that Institute found some pleasure in
the forbidden fruit.

It soon appeared that our combat with slavery, so fa
being ended, had to be renewed. The President had app
as "military governor," in so much of North Carolina
forces occupied, an old politician of that State named S
There had long been a number of North Carolinians oppo
slavery, and pursuant to the President's proclamation
formed an association to promote its peaceful applicat
their State. But the President's representative, Stanley, w
denouncing abolitionists as strenuously as if the Pres
proclamation had been a pro-slavery document, and th
the association so bitterly that they appealed to the
against him, declaring that he was repressing all their eff
give practical effect to the President's edict of freedom.

This and similar facts in the South determined th
slavery people in Boston to send a delegation to the Pre
This delegation consisted of Wendell Phillips, Dr. S. G.

Francis W. Bird, George L. Stearns, J. H. Stephenson, E
Wright, the Hon. Oakes Ames, and myself. We arrive
Washington, January 23, 1863, and stopped at Willard's H
where Phillips, Stephenson, and myself had to occupy one r
On the following evening, Saturday, we repaired to the White H
by appointment. The President, however, called out by
Secretary of War (Stanton), could not see us, but left a reques
us to come the following evening. In the meantime We
Phillips had managed to secure an interview with Mrs. Lin
which had put him in good spirits, for he found her by no m
friendly to our Mephistopheles, Secretary Seward.

It had been arranged that I should preach before the Se
of which W. H. Channing was now the chaplain. The Unita
who six years before had voted my dismissal were now sy
thetic listeners to my discourse in the Senate. For this
opportunity I had prepared with care. I conversed wit
old adherents, with leading congressmen, and also visited
negroes.

It was estimated that nearly two thousand were prese
the Senate Chamber on Sunday morning, January 25. My t
was derived from the words of Jesus to the Samaritan wo
"If thou knewest the gift of God," etc., and entitled
Unrecognised Gift of God to America." A telegram in the
York Herald dubbed it "The Negro, the Saviour of Ameri
This was not an unfair label.

Thirty-seven years later, when witnessing in Paris
Bernhardt's thrilling impersonation of "La Samaritaine
Rostand's great miracle-play, the scene dissolved into that
I had endeavoured to uplift before the Senate. I indulg
old age with an extract :—

What did the woman see in him ? Only a wayworn dust-
Jew asking for a cup of water.

How could she see before her, then and there, what you
see looking through the vista of the ages in which that heart ha

anointed with the chrism of love to seek and save. He is to
down not only this barrier between Jew and Samaritan, but th
countless ages all that divides man from man is to fall before
O woman, be kind to him; give him to drink; receive his ble
for in the vast future there shall be millions who will say: Ah
we could have had the privilege of that Samaritan woman, t
that blessed one a cup of water; to ask of him living water!

And yet I suppose that if any of us who live now could have
present to say this, the Unrecognised One would have said, '
but she is no more heavy-eyed than you will all be in your day
many times in new centuries and new worlds shall I meet y
on the waysides, and you shall never know me, and will refuse
cup of water."

In the evening of that same Sunday we were ushered
the President's business-room, accompanied by Senator W
of Massachusetts. Lincoln entered laughing, and said th
the morning one of his children told him the cat had ki
and as he was entering another told him the dog had pu
the White House was in a prolific state. The hilarity dist
us, but it was pathetic to see the change in the President'
when he resumed his burden. Senator Wilson began introd
us severally, but the President said he knew perfectly wh
were, and requested us to be seated.

The conversation was introduced by Wendell Phillips
with characteristic courtesy expressed our joy at the proc
tion, and asked him how it seemed to be working. The Pres
said he had not expected much from it at first, and so had no
disappointed; he hoped something would come of it a
while. Phillips then alluded to the deadly hostility whic
proclamation had naturally excited in pro-slavery quarters
gently hinted that the Northern people, now generally
slavery, were not satisfied that it was being honestly carri
by the nation's agents and generals in the South. "My
impression, Mr. Phillips," said the President, "is that the
of the country generally are only dissatisfied at our lack of m
successes. Defeat and failure in the field make everything
wrong." His face was clouded, and his next words were
what bitter: "Most of us here present have been long w
in minorities, and may have got into a habit of being dissati

Several of us having deprecated this, the President said, any rate it has been very rare that an opportunity of 'runn this administration has been lost." To this Mr. Phillips ansv in his sweetest voice: "If we see this administration earn working to free the country from slavery and its rebellion, we show you how we can 'run' it into another four years of pov The President's good humour was somewhat restored, an said: "Oh, Mr. Phillips, I have ceased to have any pers feeling or expectation in that matter—I do not say I never any—so abused and borne upon as I have been." "Neverth what I have said is true," replied Phillips, who then went o submit our complaint against Military Governor Stanle North Carolina, urging the necessity of having in such posi men who were heart and soul in favour of his (the Preside declared policy of emancipation. The facts communicated from North Carolina were also submitted. The Presiden not deny them. He only said that Stanley was in Washin when the proclamation of September 22 was issued, and said he "could stand that." "Stand it!" exclaimed o our number. "Might the nation not expect in such a pl man who can not merely stand its President's policy, but re in it?" This vexed the President a little, and he said: " gentlemen, I have got the responsibility of this thing, and keep it." "Yes, Mr. President," interposed Phillips, "bu must be patient with us, for if the ship goes down it do carry down you alone; we are all in it." "Well, gentlem said the President, bowing pleasantly to Phillips, "whom w you put in Stanley's place?" Someone asked if it woul be better to have nobody there than an active opponent o President's avowed policy. Another suggested Fremont, without command, he being the natural representative proclamation of emancipation which he had anticipate Missouri. "I have great respect for General Fremont an abilities," said the President slowly, "but the fact is tha pioneer in any movement is not generally the best man to

the work. It looks as if the first reformer of a thing has to such a hard opposition and gets so battered and bespat that afterwards, when people find they have to accept his re they will accept it more easily from another man."

The humour and philosophy of this remark was appre by us, but someone said Fremont was hardly a pioneer, and tioned the general welcome given by the loyal press to Fren proclamation in Missouri. The President said he did not b that the Northern people as a whole regarded that proclam with favour.

Elizur Wright said he was convinced that the so- "neutral" slave States were helping the rebellion more tha seceding States. He wished to suggest to the President tha government should not look for any action of those Stat the slavery question, but should offer every slaveholder a of three hundred dollars for each of his adult slaves on con that they and their children, if any, should be immediate free; said bonds to be payable when the rebellion was end and peace restored. The President listened closely to Wright, and replied at some length. He said that the propo to deal directly with individual slaveholders came too late; gress had acted, and would not take up the subject again. President said he did not believe that his administration have been supported by the country in a policy of emancip at any earlier stage of the war. He reminded us that he been elected by a minority of the people. "All I can say r that I believe the proclamation has knocked the bottom o slavery, though at no time have I expected any sudden r from it." I remarked to the President that if the cou military events should not be favourable between that tim the election next year, we might see the return of a power would put the bottom in again, and his work be overthr which would not mean merely a restoration of slavery, b disunion, for never again could there be a union with sla There were a few moments of silence, and we arose. Mr. Pl expressed our thanks for the kindly reception accorded calling his attention to statements of which some could b be welcome. The President bowed graciously at this, and he was happy to have met gentlemen known to him by

distinguished services, and glad to listen to their views, add
"I must bear this load which the country has entrusted to
as well as I can, and do my best." He then shook hands
each of us.

In the course of the interview one remark was made by
President which ended my hope for peace. He said, "*Sup*
I should put in the South these anti-slavery generals and gover
what could they do with the slaves that would come to them?"

At that moment the Northern States were suffering for
of labourers, and the draft on their white workmen was stea
increasing. But it was not this and other facts showing
question rudimentary that I felt so discouraging; there wa
it a confession that he was putting forward in the South gen
and governors who would *not* carry out his proclamation in
faith by freeing practically as many as possible of those decl
free. It also indicated that although the proclamation
professedly a military measure he did not mean to use it to se
peace; for it would compel the Southerners to fly to their h
and guard them only if the Union posts were in command of
slavery men. We thus were doomed to go on sacrificing
blood of the best men, Northern and Southern, to say not
of the vast expenditure in money—of which one month's o
could provide a home or a place either at the North or in S
America or in Haiti for every fugitive coming into our l
They were needed everywhere.

The fact that the proclamation had been countersigne
the Secretary of State instead of by the Secretary of War
excited some suspicion that Seward had requested this fun
with an ulterior view to its being ultimately set aside by
Supreme Court as not purely a war measure. President Li
was clearly not using his proclamation as a war measure.
showed a disposition to regard us as simply interested in
negroes, and we could not hold him to the fact that our aim
at slavery as the *causa causans*, the commissariat, the conti

eminent journalists. We had hoped to obtain from the sp
some important expression of opinion, but the speeche
mainly mere optimistic predictions of the great things tha
going to be done. The heavy weight of the gloomy p
was left on our shoulders. In private conversation we disc
that none of these leaders, except the Hon. Martin Conv
Kansas, were willing to utter in the Capitol criticisms
administration they freely made in private. Even S
Sumner, whom Seward was intriguing to deprive of the
manship of foreign affairs, thought it necessary not to en
his influence with the President by public remonstrances
gave them our unanimous impression that such public cri
need not be personally severe on the President, but we
cisely what he needed ; he had virtually acknowledged to
he was influenced by our political antagonists, and advise
go on convincing the country.

Our delegation returned to Boston, to our *Commo*
and our lectures and Bird Club talks, with a conviction t
President, with all his forensic ability and his personal
was not competent to grapple with the tremendous comb
of issues before him.*

I had the happiness of making nearer acquaintanc
Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author I ranked next to E
and Hawthorne in American literature. To have liste
his Lowell lectures on the English Poets was among th

* In 1885 I consulted some of the survivors of our delegation as
remembrances of the interview with Mr. Lincoln. My friend
Wright refreshed my memory as to his part in the conversation.
Bird thought that it was not Senator Wilson, as I still think,
Hon. Oakes Ames, who introduced us to the President. Governor
had given him (Bird) an official introduction to the President, w
some reason he did not deliver. Frank Bird adds in his letter
great defect, in my judgment, in Lincoln's character, was that he
moral forces as having anything to do with the government of thi
'This nation cannot remain half slave and half free' ; that is a
tion in political economy. 'I would save the Union without
if I can, with it if I must' ; that is atheism. Don't praise Lin
what he was not. He had praiseworthy qualities enough witho
writing history. It was the early abolitionists and anti-slavery n
aroused the conscience of the North and set in motion the mora
which abolished slavery and made the Union worth preserving

cherished souvenirs of my first year at Harvard College. B
the chief professor in the Medical School, and at the same t
occupied with literature, he was too heavily tasked for me
avail myself of my opportunities for making his personal
quaintance at that time; but just after my graduation I
invited to a dinner of the Saturday Literary Club in Boston,
was seated beside Holmes. It was at the time when his "E
Venner" was beginning to appear, and he told me the st
was suggested by the fabled fall of man. The hereditary lowe
of a human constitution by the serpent's bite appeared to hi
good theme for a romance. Amédée Achard, in his "La Vipè
evidently suggested by "Elsie Venner," seems to have recogn
this, his afflicted heroine being named Eve. He spoke with
appreciation of Carlyle, especially of the essay on "Charac
istics." Holmes, was however, doubtful about Carlyle's th
that genius is unconscious of its power. He was fraternal
the Unitarians, and the witty speaker at their annual banqu
but all that he wrote, and even the speeches, were pervaded
spirit of scepticism. With profound affection for Emerson
considered many of the transcendentalists sickly. "They th
away the healthy, ruddy-hearted book because they crave so
thing for their 'inner life,'" he said; "their inner lives
perpetual mendicants." Emerson told me that Holmes
satirised the transcendental cant by asking, "And why is
nose placed in front, but that it may attain a fore-smel
the infinite?" But Holmes told me that it was not he
said this.

It was not only in religious matters that Holmes was scept
but in all sociological and political theories. He looked
all such movements with a half-poetic, half-pathological inte
and sometimes humoured "reformers" as he might a pat
but never gave himself to any reform. He did not believe
the anti-slavery agitation could ever eradicate slavery, and
me that when troubles began in Kansas he inclined to

Paris. His scepticism I now think of as of the French ty
I have often been reminded of him in talking with Renan.
he most felicitated himself upon was his leading part in s
the general use of anaesthetics. He told me that when et
discovered he had such reverence for it that he thought i
possess some spiritual virtue, and resolved to experim
himself to find if it had any psychological effect. He p
the ether, and, having placed beside his bed a small tab
pencil and paper to record his impressions on awaken
lay down and applied the ether. Sure enough he pr
found himself just conscious enough to seize the pencil, a
a sentiment of vast thought wrote down something. It
to be these words: "A strong scent of turpentine perva
Whole." But he was not satisfied with that, and made
effort. "This time," he said, "I felt as I wrote that I re
seen the secret of the universe. The words proved
'Put Jesus Christ into a Brahma press and that's
you'll get!'"

He told me of the incredible amount of superstition
good society in Boston revealed to him by his experie
securing the use of anaesthetics in childbirth. "I was de
as a blasphemous infidel defying Almighty God, who had i
on the female descendants of Eve the pains of childbirth.
some fairly intelligent women preferred to suffer witho
relief. It was a battle of years, and I had to give many
at our Cambridge Medical School to induce young physi
deal resolutely with the matter."

Of Nathaniel Hawthorne also I saw something in tho
He had aged considerably since the war began, and this
was complicated with his anxiety concerning the healt
daughter Una. I passed a day or two in the house of M
with him, and remember well the evening when a nu
ladies came in with the hope of seeing him. It was not lo
dinner, but Hawthorne had gone up to his room. I was
by Mrs. Fields to go up and bring him down. I found him
Defoe's ghost stories, and after listening to my reques
entertained me with talk about the stories that I almos
my mission. He asked me to tell him some of the ghos
the negroes in Virginia, and showed much interest in

remembered. Of one he made a note—that of a treme
conflagration towards which a number of negroes ran, but
there only one tiny fire coal. Hawthorne spoke of his disap
ment in not meeting George Eliot. "I mentioned my w
several ladies in London in whose houses I was a guest, but
of them were on visiting terms with her." He ascribed t
her irregular marriage with G. H. Lewes. He sent excu
the ladies for not going downstairs. At breakfast he app
with a meek look, as if expecting reproaches from Mrs. F
but the sunshine characteristic of our charming hostess wa
him into a happy mood, and his talk was unusually fre
easy. Most of it was about England, the country he loved
more than can be gathered from his book, "Our Old H
Fields told me that Hawthorne was so troubled by the res
press-notices of his book in the English papers that he b
him to send him no more of them.

When the excitement of the conversation was ove
Hawthorne had retired to the end of the room, there was
face a look of pain and weariness.

It was pleasant to meet Hawthorne on the street in Co
but I recall no conversation of importance with him, nor
seek any, having long felt that his genius was to be got a
in his pages. He was rather oftener, I believe, at Eme
house than before he went to Europe. He was cheerful with
people, and I remember his being almost merry at a chil
party in our house; especially at a charade on the word "
cendental." Emerson and Alcott were also present to enjo
travesty of a transcendental *séance*, at which Frank Sanbo
troduced a poem:—

The world-soul rusheth
  Into the world's strife;
Hope gusheth
  Anew for life.
    From the sky

Art thou labourer ?
Labour
On !
Art thou Poet ?
Go it
Strong !

One day when there was to be a children's picnic i
woods near Walden Water, of which my wife was one of the
agers, Hawthorne intimated to her that he would like to s
children at play if he could do so without being observed
wife bade him come to a certain spot, and she would co
guide him to such a secret place if one could be found. A t
or perhaps a hollow tree was found, and Hawthorne was th
man who witnessed the dances of the little fairies that day

If I had only known then as much of Hawthorne's f
about the war as I discovered when writing his "Life"
years later, I would have availed myself of my opportu
to make a nearer acquaintance with him. "If," he wr
his friend Horatio Bridge, "we are fighting for the annihi
of slavery, to be sure it may be a wise object, and offer a ta
result, and the only one which is consistent with a future
between North and South." How glad would Sanborn
have been to print that sentence as a motto in our pape
Commonwealth !

Perhaps I may anticipate here a further chapter suffic
to relate the kindness of Hawthorne to my wife in the su
of 1863, when I was in England, and was being much conde
in America for my proposal to the Confederate envoy the
ending the war by Southern emancipation of the slaves.
my wife, left in Concord, was in distress because of thi
demnation by our anti-slavery friends, Hawthorne treate
with marked kindness. When he heard that she was abo
join me in England, she was invited to the Wayside, wh
showed her his foreign photographs and entertained her wi
reminiscences of persons and places there. This was alw
grateful remembrance with us, but adds to the sadness
which to this day I think of the finest imaginative genius
time there in his tower writing the tale of an elixir of
youth, while himself consciously sinking into his grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Foreign Complications—My Excursion to England—Incidents o
Voyage—Mill on Liberty—Welcome in London—Sojourn at A
House—Miss Cobbe—W. M. Evarts—Visit to Cambridge Univ
—Henry Fawcett and Leslie Stephen.

ABOUT this time complications with England were arising;
golden hour for ending at once both the war and slavery
passed. The leaden hour had come; we were compelle
support the war which the President had made our only ho
eradicating slavery, the root of discord. There was da
that this hope might be lost through the diversion of pat
wrath from slavery to a traditional foreign enemy.
Gladstone and Lord John Russell had accepted seriously
instructed protests of our foreign Ministers that "the cond
of slavery in the several States will remain just the same wh
it [the war for the Union] succeed or fail." The Confederat
England were utilising the diplomatic declarations of our go
ment favourable to slavery, confirmed by its actions and b
anti-slavery protests. The anti-slavery leaders in America
in constant correspondence with George Thompson and
friends in England who, like ourselves, had felt sure that sla
would certainly be destroyed by the war.

It was at this juncture that it was proposed to me to
lectures for a few months in England.

In February, 1863, my wife wrote in her diary at Co
now before me: "Wendell Phillips came to me to ask if I w
consent to my husband going to Europe to lecture and pers
the English that the North is right. Reluctantly I conse

every week. I had said my say in America; I had bor
testimony, as the Quakers say, in all the towns of Ohio, ir
important town of New England, and in the chief cities c
York, in Philadelphia and surrounding places, and in Washi
I had written innumerable articles and letters in pape
magazines, and my two books on the crisis were in wide c
tion. It appeared, therefore, a fair time for me to go for
months to represent the moral and political situation as
by American anti-slavery people. Emerson did not lil
going, but gave me letters of introduction to Carlyle and
I carried a letter from George W. Curtis to Browning, and
from William Lloyd Garrison to the anti-slavery leaders
and Mrs. George Stearns sent by me a life-sized bust of
Brown for Victor Hugo.

In my diary on the steamship *City of Washington*
the following paragraphs:—

April 21.—I repair to the library a good deal, and for th
time make good acquaintance with Victor Hugo, to whom I am
ing a bust of John Brown. The execution of John Brown w
in suspense when Victor Hugo declared that it would be "Wash
slaying Spartacus"; and when it occurred Victor Hugo dre
his pencil a sort of fog through which was barely visible a
with a dim human form hanging from it: beneath the pictu
written simply the word *Ecce!* *

I have brought along John Stuart Mill's new book on L
published in Boston the day I left. It is the book of wo
truisms, of startling commonplaces. In reading it one feels tha
a book should be in the course of college study everywhere, so
atic are the laws it states; and yet there is scarcely a State o
that would not be revolutionised by a practical adoption of its
ples. Mr. Mill's views of social and individual liberty are in the
tion of those stated by Wilhelm von Humboldt in his "Sphe
Duties of Government." "The grand, leading principle" (says
boldt), "towards which every argument unfolded in these
directly converges, is the absolute and essential importance of
development in its richest diversity." He also says that "the
man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable c
of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires,
highest and most harmonious development of his powers to

* Now in the Victor Hugo Museum, Paris, opened in 1903.

plete and consistent whole." Mr. Mill, taking this high p
lays his corner stone of society—to wit: "That the only purp
which power can be rightly exercised over any member of a c
community against his will, is to prevent harm to others. H
good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant," to in
with his independence. With regard to Mormonism, he ma
that society has no right to interfere with polygamy so long a
understood that the women and men are voluntary parties
system.

In London there had been formed an active league of s
thisers with the Union cause in America, the leading sp
which was Peter Alfred Taylor, Member of Parliame
Leicester. This society received me with open arms, an
after my arrival Mr. and Mrs. Taylor invited me to make A
House my headquarters while lecturing.

In the interval before my lectures could begin came
Day. It seemed my only opportunity for witnessing the
event for which Parliament adjourns. I never had any i
in racing, but was eager to see the English masses. I reach
place soon after nine, and found the scene amusing; b
eleven I had "done" all the side-shows and gypsies, etc
did not care to wait another hour to see the Derby. (
walk to the station for London, a mile away, I met a lon
cession of wagons laden with people on their way to th
ground. They hailed me, chaffed me, and shouted with la
I was actually too "green" to understand their mer
until I reached the station; it was locked up and silent. A
gone to the Derby. Next day I read in a paper that amu
was caused by one solitary individual who just before the
was seen making a bee-line for London.

While I was staying in Aubrey House a number of la
high position gathered there and formed an association
circulation of leaflets and essays relating to the strug
America. Among these ladies were Madame Ventu

portant work on "Intuitive Morals," and she had long
associated in the minds of American liberals with The
Parker. She was a lady of Irish family, and in her face
were the fresh colour and the expression of sensibility and
natured humour characteristic of the well-bred Irish
Although more rationalistic than Dr. James Martineau was
she was his warm friend, and I always believe enlarged his
ology; for she was a woman not only of general culture
thoroughly instructed in the problems of theology. A
beginning of May she brought me the manuscript of her pam
"The Red Flag in John Bull's Eyes." The Red Flag was
up of all the cries about "negro insurrection," "rapine," "h
of St. Domingo," etc., with which Confederate sympathisers
seeking to enrage John Bull. Miss Cobbe had not only st
all the history of the negro in the West Indies, but car
collected all the facts concerning the conduct of the slaves d
our war; with power and accuracy her pamphlet tore th
flag to tatters.

The efforts made by the Confederates in England a
time were desperate. They derived help from several L
journals, which printed every American item that might in
English pride. They even took up the insults of George F
Train as utterances of a representative American.

I was promptly raised to the dignity of an "emissary."
meeting in Exeter Hall, May, 1863, Tom Hughes was lis
to, but when I was introduced as a slaveholder's son a treme
confusion filled the house, and it was several minutes be
could get a quiet audience.

About this time W. M. Evarts arrived in London to
with the law officers concerning captured mails, etc. I me
at a breakfast given by Lord Houghton to Lord and Lady Du
all being warm supporters of the anti-slavery side in Ame

On the invitation of Edward Dicey and friends of his at
bridge, I attended Commemoration there. Mr. Evarts had
invited by the same gentleman, and we were guests of
Fawcett and Leslie Stephen, who had a suite of rooms in T
Hall. Our two hosts were already known beyond the lim
their university as men who would make their mark o
country. It was, I believe, principally Fawcett and

Stephen whose independence had given Trinity Hall a reputation for radicalism. At one of the dinners there to which our hosts had invited some brilliant young men, various stories, artistically adorned, were told about the two men. One of these related that an old Tory squire had brought his son to enter college, and preferred Trinity Hall, where his ancestors had been educated. But on arrival he had heard sad rumours that Trinity Hall had become a nest of radicals. Learning that its chief residents were Fawcett and Leslie Stephen, of whom he had never heard, the squire repaired to their rooms with his son, and was politely received. When he had told them of his desire to enter his son at Trinity Hall, and of the dreadful radicalism said to be prevalent there, the two scholars managed to reach an understanding. Then Fawcett gravely informed the inquirer that it was true that some of them had at one time been rather infected with extreme opinions, but now, he added, "we have greatly moderated our views, and shall be contented simply with disestablishment of the Church and abolition of the Throne." The story was of course followed by a description of the squire's rush out of the building, dragging his son.

The impression made upon me by Fawcett is ineffaceable. The pathetic sentiment excited by seeing that noble head with its beautiful blond hair and the handsome countenance, whose every feature was so quick with intelligence, save alas! the sightless eyes, presently vanished before his cheerfulness and a play of thought which forbade pity. He comprehended our situation in America, even its details, with a completeness that surprised Evarts as well as myself. The mischance by which the accidental discharge of his father's gun, when they were out shooting, had extinguished both eyes, and the courage with which he had assured his parents in their agony that the blindness should make no difference in his career, have often been related, but my friendly relations with him while he was in Parliament and to the end of his life, enabled me to remark a more complete fulfilment of that promise than was at first imaginable. In fact

he gave some of the experiences of blindness in his own ca
said that the mental pictures produced by descriptions g
read to him were so vivid and realistic that he had man
referred to them as things he had seen, until he had aft
found that they occurred after he was blind. The
the simplicity with which it was delivered by his sweet a
voice, and the responsive smiles on those young faces, rep
scene that remains in my memory as one of sublimity.

CHAPTER XXV.

First Interviews with the Carlyles—Carlyle's Ridicule of Ballot-boxing—His Appearance—Introducing Americans to Carelly—Samuel Longfellow—Carlyle's Progress—Ideas of Religion—Limitations—His Great Heart.

In a modest old house, apart from the great whirl of fashion, resided Carlyle, the man to whose wonderful genius more than to any other is to be attributed the intellectual and spiritual activity of his generation. The building he inhabited was significant to him. "Look at these bricks," he said; "not one of them is a lie. Let a brick be once honestly burnt, and the cement good, and your wall will stand till the trump of Doom blows it down! These bricks are as sharp as the day they were put up, and the mortar is now limestone. The houses all around us crumble, the bricks in them were made to crumble after sixty years—that being the extent of most of the leases. They are of a piece with the general rottenness and falsehood of the time."

A strange thrill passed over me when I first stood face to face with these grand features. Emerson had introduced me (the letter is printed in their Correspondence), and he met me, pipe in mouth, cordially. For a few moments I was left with Mrs. Carlyle, who was too thin and pale to preserve traces of beauty, but had a look of refinement and dignity. Among the solemn portraits on the wall were two modern miniatures of beautiful ladies nude to the waist. "You may be surprised," she said, "at seeing such portraits in a grave house like this. They were found in the tent of a Russian officer during the Crimean war, and presented to Carlyle." Cheerful, kindly, witty, and

so on; what Carlyle is when one of those knots is being
must be left to the imagination." Carlyle was a pic
meekness when his wife said this.

An American politician holding some post on the Co
came in just as we were at nine o'clock tea, and soon got
into a stormy denunciation of "ballot-boxing." But the
can was ignorant, and while Carlyle was firing cannon on a
I silently observed him. Tall, and almost slender, with a
head, bent forward from slightly stooping shoulders,
magnificent brow overhanging a tender blue eye that so
flashed, a short beard and moustache, a ruddy colour
overspreading the whole face with flushes, a voice tha
gently but could rise to a tornado which usually burst in
that ended in a fit of coughing, nervous movements o
and shoulders telling of overstudy, an undertone of gri
in his laughter—these characteristics together wove
in notable contrast with that of Emerson. In his
I recalled the sublimity mingled of beauty and awe w
pressed me in the Mammoth Cave.

He was interested to know all I could tell him about E
and brought out a photograph he had recently obtained,
to know if he looked just like that now. I was able
him a much better one. All that he said about Emerson i
the strongest personal attachment.

My second interview with him was during a walk
had invited me to take with him. On the appointed
of the afternoon I arrived, and was shown into the roo
top of the house where he was writing his history of F
There were about a thousand books, every one as he
bearing upon the history he was writing, the regular libra
downstairs. On the walls were a score of pictures, a
portraits of Frederick or engravings related to his life.
found it," he said, "of the utmost importance to surroun
with the images and illustrations of the man whose hist
writing."

When we started on our walk he began at once upon
the ballot-box, and negro emancipation. He was an
Anthony Trollope's report to him of a phrase he hea
Emerson in a lecture: "This American eagle, of which

so much, is a good deal of a peacock." There was more in
he thought, than in most books about America. "A lie
never be uttered in this world but those who utter it will be
for it what they deserve. Nothing I have ever witnessed so
me with astonishment and sorrow as the present conditio
things in America. I see it all as fire rained out of the heav
I said I quite agreed, but should probably differ from him
the evil the fire was raining on. He said, "Ah, I was onc
emancipator, too, and used to spout whole chapters of Martyn
I came to see that I was following a delusion." Just the
passed along Church Lane, where Swift used to live, and Ca
began to talk about him with much feeling. He declared Sw
man of the finest force of every kind, and spoke bitterly o
way in which he had been swamped under "the pressure o
evil time," then added with a sigh, "but his case is not th
one alone."

It was impossible not to love this man, however mu
might deplore his opinions about slavery, so entirely wa
speaking what he regarded as truth, and so guileless wa
whole expression. The humility that is characteristic of all
genius was very striking in Carlyle. In his talk the per
reference was rarely made unless it was to mention, as in
above remark, some error into which he had fallen.

Although brought up with a holy horror of profanit
found a certain satisfaction in Carlyle's occasional "damna
Emerson once said in a lecture, "The oath should be a so
superlative; sham damns disgust." Indeed, I once h
Emerson, in speaking of a disguised interviewer who printed
exaggerated what he said about Swinburne, say, "It was
of the damnable things." In Carlyle's utterance there w
kind of authenticity in his "damnable," or in the less freq
"damned." The invocation "damn" he never used, his br
never being affixed to persons, but to evil systems and fals

It was impossible with this frank, outspoken man no
enter at once upon the great social problems of the hour; th

coming out of the heart of nature. All was going wrong
ballot-boxings, our negro emancipations, our cries for liber
showed nothing but that the nations were given over to be
lie and be damned. Possibly, indeed, the only way to Pa
lay thus through hell; but what the people were seekin
they would never obtain. Not New Jerusalem but
Gehenna they would find it.

"Ballot-boxing! Why, we have tried that *vox pop*
England. There was a certain Russell here who manag
get hold of some land which properly belonged to others
supposed to have no end of sovereigns; was at once ac
got easily into Parliament. Presently it turns out that
no money at all. He comes out and confesses that none
land he has is his own—that he has forged a will to get it.
when the matter is looked into it is found again that the
genuine, that he did not forge it at all, but confessed hi
scoundrel in order to make some money, and save some lan

"Then there was Hudson, who cut up a vast deal o
land with railroads—which ran here and everywhere, w
they were wanted or not. The people got around him—
that Hudson was the fountain of living waters. Every
came with his subscription, gave his five pounds or hi
pounds to Hudson. I remember well how he used to strut
with flaps like fins on his dress. Bishops preached abou
countesses flirted with him, he was borne to Parliame
acclamation—he had three million pounds. One day it
turned to ashes—this man balloted for. The other day we
that his wife was buying old clothes, and didn't know wh
next loaf was to come from.

"Wherever your ballot-box comes in it will bring bro
Russells and Hudsons. As soon as your ballot-box is c
out springs the most whippable rascal that can be found
know well that in America, for years, you have had your m
men in the White House.

"But so they all go—pell-mell. There is no real kin
will be sought for; though I *do* know some men who are l
loyal men in their workshops, discerning the laws of th
verse and obeying them. Ah, a king is a rare gift!"

But how little can anyone report the charm of C

conversation ! of the wealth showered on the visitor intent on getting near the man's heart ! I soon perceived that the vehemence of Carlyle in discussing public affairs was due to the torture he suffered in seeing the errors and agonies of mankind. I resolved not to put him on that rack, and although when we met some mention of events in America was inevitable, and I might be wounded, the boulders were left behind and I passed, as it were, into beautiful walks and swards, with which Carlyle restored and delighted the soul he had just troubled. Nothing was too small for his study and interest. He would pass in a moment from talk about Frederick or Bonaparte to tell the story of some poor little lady unknown to fame, so sweetly that the mist gathered to one's eyes. At every moment I was impressed by the truth of John Sterling's characterisation of Carlyle in "The Onyx Ring," where as Collins he figures along with Goethe (Walsingham). I had read the story in my youth, and although in later years I do not accept the censorious estimates of Goethe, John Sterling's Carlyle has appeared to me as profound as Carlyle's Sterling.

Emerson told me that when he was in England (1848) some young men had asked him to introduce them to Carlyle, and he had said, "Why do you wish to have vitriol thrown upon you ?" I was prepared by this for sharpness and severity, but I found tenderness and sympathy. Personally, that is to say; but I had discovered the vitriol, too—the man's relentless confrontation of optimistic visions and "reforms" with an insight that pierced their bias. One after another the believers in one or another national or humanitarian ideal had ceased to visit him, finding his ideas too depressing.

One evening, when Froude and I had gone together to Carlyle's, and had listened to a particularly vigorous arraignment of the movements supposed to be progressive, we walked away in silence. Then I remarked, "All that is a dreary enough outlook." Froude answered, "Yes, and the worst of what he

thoroughly rooted in my personally digested studies a
vicions as I had supposed.

Occasionally American writers in London asked me t
duce them to Carlyle. Always cautious about introduc
was particularly so with regard to Carlyle, and invariably
these visitors that if they desired useful visits they h
leave the initiative of talk entirely with Carlyle. Nothin
be gained by raising before him any red rag of Rad
David A. Wasson, John Burroughs, and some others
took to Carlyle's house, observed my advice, and had su
visits. My friend Samuel Longfellow, who came over th
his nephew Ernest (son of the poet), was cordially r
Carlyle had pleasant feelings towards the poet Longfell
there was an unworldliness and modesty about our
Samuel which availed to shield him from the usual st
with which Carlyle met the optimistic American. Fo
Carlyle had said something against universal suffrage, S
conscience overbore my warning, and he made some m
for democracy. Carlyle after a moment's silence said s
and in a meditative tone, "Then in Jerusalem you wou
given Jesus and Judas the same vote?" Samuel's u
ability to answer was amusing. Charles G. Leland,
took there, also grappled with Carlyle, and got the worst

The paradoxical position taken up by Carlyle on that
impressed a great many more Americans than ever vent
admit their misgivings in public. Carlyle told me that a
unintended offence to Americans in speaking of their mil
"bores," he had been visited by a considerable number
influential men who entirely sympathised with his feeling
popular suffrage. "I have nothing but the kindest feel
wards the Americans. Personally, I have indeed the best
for gratitude to them; there was something maternal
way in which my works were taken up there in a time wh
were neglected in this country. The first money I ever
for any book of mine was brought into my house from
So far as this democratic tendency is concerned, I have
envied America; we in this country are in the same train
same track; we are linked on just behind the America
partment; they will be smashed first, but we just after t

dashing against the law of the universe that wisdom in gov
ment cannot be obtained from the collective ignorance and
of swarms of men. If that delusion is ever recovered from, i
probably be soonest in America. But, alas! the dreadful
going on there renders all calculations vain."

Once when his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, was present
two and Mrs. Carlyle being the only listeners, Carlyle ref
to slavery. "I have no dislike of the negroes. By wise
kindly treatment they might have been made into a happy
contented labouring population. I do not wish for them
condition which I would not under like circumstances wis
myself. No man can have anything better than the prote
and guidance of one wiser and better than himself, who would
him and clothe him and heal him if he were sick, and get o
him the exact kind of work that he is competent to ach
Many a man is driven by a cruel mastery of circumstance
want to do whatever will yield him a crust of bread, and o
never master what they have ability to achieve in these
of emancipation. There is my brother John sitting there
world will never get out of him the best that is in him."
the rest of us began to laugh, the doctor being amused and g
a gesture of assent. Mrs. Carlyle said, "And what about
Thomas Carlyle?" "Ah, well," the answer came with a
"Thomas Carlyle tried in every way possible to him to get
practical work for which he believed he had some compete
was baffled at every attempt; and he has been compelled to t
on the only path open to him."

Thomas Appleton, brother of the poet Longfellow's
told me that one evening when he was conversing with Ca
he mentioned some favourite writer of his, and Carlyle calle
said writer a "phrase-monger." "I was vexed," said App
"and retorted on him by saying, 'Well, Mr. Carlyle, wha
the best of us but phrase-mongers?' 'Very true, sir—very
said Carlyle, breaking into a laugh. And the evening pass

made sacrifices for it." Carlyle, who always took his
reproof meekly, turned to me and said softly, "You w
patient with me. All the worth you have put into your
will be returned to you personally; but the America for
you are hoping you will never see; and never see the
and blacks in the South dwelling together as equals in pea

How often in these last years have I reason to rem
that prophecy!

Carlyle I have found curiously misunderstood in Er
and America, even by his admirers. He is supposed to
worshipper of force, and of military leaders. But it was be
the European masses resorted to violence in 1848 that h
all faith in the people; it was because Louis Napoleon re
power by massacre that Carlyle proclaimed him a "swind
he opposed every war waged during his time.

The thing that especially amazed me about Carlyle w
extent of his intellectual pilgrimage. From the spring o
until shortly before his death in 1881 I saw him often. I
that eighteen years after my thirty-first birthday I had s
scientific problems under great scientific men and revise
religious and political philosophy; I had entered new pha
thought and belief; but there was never one in which C
had not been there before me. He had studied closely
philosophy, generalisation, and theology. He knew
direction where an impenetrable wall would be found, and
deep and byway of speculation.

Another erroneous impression about Carlyle is that h
stationary in his ideas. But Carlyle, even within my me
grew in a way rare among literary men in advanced yea
remarked this especially in regard to the discovery of Evo
In 1864 he manifested a certain wrath against the great gene
tion of Darwin. I find notes of a talk in which he said th
theory of the development of one species from another w
that used to be very much discussed in the time of old Er
Darwin. He remembered a discussion among the stude
their debating society in Edinburgh in which the questio
whether man was descended from a cabbage or a clam
debate, of course, brought the whole matter into ridicul
he thought it was decided in favour of the clam. *Omnia e*

"It all appeared to me a damned irreverent kind of specula
by men unable to look into the great deeps of human na
What do these men know about the mysteries not only o
universe, but of the mind and the nerves of man?" I
told by one who was present at a dinner given in the hou
Professor Masson in Edinburgh after Carlyle's installation as
rector, that Carlyle, finding himself among scientific evolutio
became very much excited and cried out, "You tell me
despite all the mysteries of man's nature, just because his
or something else is shaped so-and-so, it shows that he
modified ape!" And then he so raged that the company
fit to change the subject. That was in 1866. A few years
I heard him talking of the subject, and he had got so far
speak of it without wrath, saying with a laugh, "If my
genitor was an ape I will thank you, Mr. Huxley, to be
enough not to mention it!" About the year 1879 I was ta
with him about the worship of Force with which his name
associated. "But what conception of Force have most peop
said Carlyle. "Only some mere brutal and blind elements,
the real Force proceeds in silent and quiet ways, seeming s
but really irresistible." "That," said I, "appears not u
that force of natural selection of which Darwin has written
which some small variant in the direction of a larger and
species starting in some hardly perceptible differentiation g
ally grows into a new race." "And why," he answered, "s
not that be the real history of nature?" "I believe it is
it is not such a pleasing thing to me as I thought it when Em
preached it and Charles Darwin announced his theory.
are we to make of the agonies and horrors of nature? Or
of the deformities and miseries of human nature? The
logical theory is that all these things are to be redressed
compensated in a future world. Do you believe that all
swarming criminal, debased, drunken people are to live for ev
"Let us hope not!" cried Carlyle, with a laugh. "It

superlative ugliness of so many people crowded together.'
met Sir Leslie Stephen, who walked with us. On our w
encountered a repulsive beggar, who asked for money, and (
began to fumble in his pocket. One of us gave a coin
beggar, and Stephen said he would no doubt spend it
nearest gin-shop. "Very likely," said Carlyle; "no do
will be a momentary comfort to the poor fellow."

One Christmas afternoon I called to offer greetings to C
He said, "Ah, yes; I had forgotten; but just now passi
public-house at the corner, I remarked that the crowd was
and drunker than usual, and then I remembered that it w
birthday of their Redeemer." He then went on to speal
solemn feeling about religion, saying finally, with anim
"There is but one real religion—*passionate love of the*
passionate abhorrence of the reverse. Its aim is simply to g
best man in power and the worst man chained!"

There were, from my point of view, limitations in C
"Care is taken that the trees do not grow up into he
says Goethe. Even in Emerson I was compelled to admit l
tions as life went on; he could not recognise the exquisite
of France, and some Sabbatarian sentiment survived in
Robert Ingersoll, with whom I was conversing about our
Americans, spoke with especial enthusiasm of Emerson, but
by saying, "After all, there was a baked-bean side even to
son!" The humour of this bit of symbolism is hardly appre
outside of New England, where the Sabbatarian dish survi
pristine moral importance. In the same way there was a su
in Carlyle of the old Scottish antipathy to Roman Catho
He said one day that he had intended to go that morning
anti-vivisection meeting, but on hearing that Cardinal M
was to be there he threw down his hat. "The room do
exist which can hold Manning and me!"

Some other limitations of Carlyle, as I conceive ther
elsewhere mentioned, the most serious perhaps being h

could not resist the lovely lady whom he had long known. As to the portraits, he was indifferent for a time, but at length, when he looked at one picture and saw among the chaos of pigments his own countenance looking up at him, he began to be interested. So William Allingham told me, and we both felt that the interest had unfortunately come too late. Carlyle would have taken a less gloomy view of the world if he had only realised that art was the real creator at work to produce the fairer world.

Ah, what a heart was in him! When our child Emerson died, Carlyle, who rarely made calls, travelled across the seven or more miles to visit us in our sorrow. His sympathetic talk, his narrative concerning his mother, and her grief at the loss of a child, his appeal that we should bear up under our distress and find consolation in what remained to us, were to us the voice of the great love that while dealing with the history of empires marked the sparrow's fall. Carlyle told me that my article in *Fraser* (August, 1864) on "The Transcendentalists of Concord" had produced an excellent impression. I had sent the manuscript to him without mentioning any magazine; and he had sent it to Froude. He told me that I had evidently much to say about America that would be useful to English readers, and that Froude desired further contributions.

CHAPTER XXVI.

English Authors and the American War—Ruskin on War—Engli publicans—John M. Forbes in London—The Confederate gandists, John R. Thompson and Mr. Fairn, in Londor Confederate Envoy Mason—A Communication of Lincoln to —Opinions of Browning—My Correspondence with Maso First Speeches in London—Meeting at the London Taver John Bright's Speech—Effect in England of my Mason Corre ence—A Mob in Manchester—T. B. Potter, M.P.—My Letter London *Times*—Misleading Reports in America—Criticis Wendell Phillips—Interview with Minister Adams—Chris P. Cranch in Paris—Visit to W. D. Howells in Venic Charms of Venice—Austrian Rule.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a lecture on "The Am Weaning," 1864, spoke with sharpness of the silence of E literary men towards the American struggle. Had I be Englishman I could have made a reply. President Lincol proposed at his inauguration to change the Constitution so render slavery eternally secure; his Secretary of State had instructed his Minister in London that the status of no indi would be altered by the war; the Proclamation of Emanci excluded from freedom a fourth of the slaves, all within our it was followed by the systematic military prevention of from escaping. Why, then, should Englishmen feel any i in a murderous struggle to preserve a Union which Am anti-slavery men had for years tried to dissolve? Why Englishmen be concerned about a province seceding fro Union any more than Americans would be should Ireland from Great Britain? As a matter of fact, two-thirds

any benefit—Ruskin, Anthony Froude, Herbert Spencer, a
few others. Charles Kingsley, the only literary man who wa
espoused the Southern cause, may have thought he was o
side of Carlyle, whom he worshipped but rarely saw ; but Ca
while opposed to emancipation, respected the desire of the A
cans to preserve their Union. Tennyson, whom Dr. H
named in his lecture, did not share Carlyle's views about sla
and his silence was due to the American denunciations of Eng
Tennyson had received hundreds of extracts from Ame
papers, in not one of which was any friendly word. But fo
tone, which, as I wrote to the *Commonwealth*, " he feels
insulting and significant of a dominant puerility in Ame
Tennyson would probably have manifested his sympathy
the North. Some eminent men, whose thinking on Ame
matters was done by the London *Times*, were really alarm
such diatribes against England.

Although Ruskin was said by Tom Hughes to be " ca
of Carlyle's bow and spear," I should say rather that h
captivated by the grand figure of the man. Ruskin
war above everything, and proposed that whenever a war
out every woman should drape herself in deepest mourning
the return of peace. His friendship with Charles Norto
warm, and he had duly credited the United States with Em
and several other writers ; but he could not sympathise w
war for territorial integrity of his own or any country, no
one for emancipation. He was so burdened with the deg
condition of the labourers and peasants of Europe that h
sidered the negroes little worse off; but he did not, like Ca
idealise slavery, nor could Ruskin admire any hero of the s

The agitation in England in favour of the North had
mainly carried on by leaders of the Aborigines' Protection So
who were fervid, but their tone assumed that all slave-h
were like the heavy villain in " Uncle Tom's Cabin," and re

the purpose of Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation to I
incitement of negro insurrection and massacres, was justifi
President Lincoln's arming of negroes, and by the enthu
with which the anti-slavery men were canonising John I
for his effort to excite negro insurrection. Our armies
marching South to the "song" glorifying a would-be lync
white Southerners.

As a Southerner I knew that a negro insurrection wa
possible. There had gone on for generations in that race
vival of the submissive; the last of the Nat Turners had
been evolved out of existence; the negroes were incapa
military organisation among themselves; they were gentl
hoped for freedom only in Heaven, their road to which
mapped in the Bible, which said, "Servants, obey your mas
All this the Confederate President knew as well as I did, a
proclamation about negro insurrection was no doubt mea
effect on humane people in Europe. That it did not have
effect was due to the bizarre spectacle of armies marching
John Brown song and thrusting escaping slaves back into bo

It remains to be said that the Union cause was in A
without any figure that struck the imagination. The tr
death of Lincoln threw a halo around him, but up to that ti
had excited little admiration in Europe. To the English
the two striking figures in the North were the humble p
Garrison, awakening the conscience of his country, and th
tocratic barrister, Wendell Phillips, devoting his life to the
of the black man.

On my arrival in London I found there John M. Forb
Boston, a man long known to me, as to so many others,
sound judgment as well as his lovable nature. "I am
he wrote to me, April 27, "to hear of your arrival, as we n
the help our friends can give us to keep out of mischief, an
varied information about slavery will be most available."
fortunate enough to see a good deal of him. We passed s
evenings at the house of Fanny Kemble, where American
were talked over with reference to the Confederate intrig
England. Mr. Forbes believed that a chief difficulty lay
feeble interest taken by leading Englishmen—even Mr. Glads
in an evil so remote as slavery. I myself felt keenly the

concerning our conflict on the part of several leading literary r
Our cause had largely fallen into the hands of disser
preachers, Newman Hall being especially prominent, and it
mainly in their chapels that our meetings were held. All thr
May I had a feeling that I was teaching only the already tau
also that there was an accent of the conventicle in our confere
that limited their influence.

The Southerners quite misunderstood Carlyle. One eve
Mrs. Carlyle mentioned that after Carlyle had written his " L
Day Pamphlet " on the negro question, suppressed in the Nort
edition of the pamphlets but published in the South, he rece
from eminent Southerners letters suggesting that England sh
restore slavery in her West Indian possessions, in which cas
slave States would unite with them, and a great British en
be formed in the New World. Mrs. Carlyle mentioned no na
and I asked no questions. Carlyle spoke of the scheme as
one he could have no sympathy with at all, but said to his
mildly, " It might have been as well not to trouble Mr. Co
with that ; I can conceive that it might become his dut
report it to America." It did startle me that eminent So
erners, some ten years before the war, should have wishe
throw their States and slavery under the protection of
British flag, but they must have known little of Carlyle to sup
he had any wish to see Great Britain expanding. Abhorrin
condition of the mass of labourers around him, Carlyle idea
the condition of the negroes in the Southern States ;
was all.

In my conversation with Carlyle and other literary m
found that an active propaganda in the interest of the S
was carried on by an apparently unofficial Confederate, Joh
Thompson, who was sometimes accompanied by a Mr. Fairn
Carlyle thought had some negro blood. Thompson was for r
years editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond
I had occasionally met him, and several of my early produc

both aristocratic and literary society in England, all of w
should have regarded as well merited by so accomplished
ginian but for the fact that he was carrying with him a pro-s
influence injurious to the anti-slavery cause. In his inte
(posthumous) journal of English experience recently pub
he mentions having seen me in a corridor of the House of Co
but I did not see him. Carlyle told me that Thompson first
on him with an autograph letter from General Stonewall J
recommending the bearer, as I understood, to Carlyle pers
though Carlyle never knew Stonewall Jackson. I never
him allude to any Confederate leader with admiration. The
was intimate with the Carlyles. Carlyle poured out stat
of Thompson and Fairn, and I sometimes wondered a
meeting them. However, there was now a Virginian at e
not only of Carlyle, but of some other literary men whose
about America distressed me.

The Confederate envoy in England, John M. Mason
met in Virginia (see chapter vii.). I took pains to avoid
London; he was well acquainted with my public life, an
naturally regard me as a traitor to Virginia. But Ma
skilful in his sphere, and I attributed to him the assiduou
the fatal documents tending to prove that slavery was
real issue, and that the abolitionists were a small group of
following a delusion. What was a Proclamation of En
tion when four months after it (May 11) Wendell Phillips—
of a notorious pro-slavery man (Halleck) made comma
chief, anti-slavery generals all removed, and Congress
to abolish slavery where within their reach—declared t
clamation "the idlest national work, childish work"?

While the administration was thus withholding with
hand what it had given with its left, President Lincoln
the importance of making some demonstration in Englan
slavery. Early in May, 1863, John Bright received from
Sumner the subjoined letter dated April 27:—

Two days ago the President sent for me to come to him
When I arrived he said that he had been thinking of a n
which we had often spoken—the way in which English opini
be directed; and that he had drawn up a resolution embo

ideas which he should hope to see adopted by public meetings in England.

I enclose the resolution, in his autograph, as he gave it to me. He thought it might serve to suggest the point which he regarded as important.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MANUSCRIPT.

Whereas, While *heretofore* States and Nations have tolerated *Slavery*, *recently*, for the first [time] in the world, an attempt has been made to construct a new Nation, upon the basis of, and with the primary and fundamental object to maintain, enlarge, and perpetuate human slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That no such embryo State should ever be recognised by, or admitted into, the family of Christian and civilised nations, and that all Christian and civilised men everywhere should, by all lawful means, resist to the utmost such recognition or admission.*

John Bright could not use such a document as that; it would have been ridiculed in any Unionist meeting in England, as implying that the object of the war was merely to keep slavery within its existing territorial bounds.

One day I was conversing with Robert Browning in his library, and alluded to "Shooting Niagara," the new utterance of Carlyle against the Union cause in America. Browning described Carlyle's brief fling as "a grin through a horse-collar," but said that the coercive measures of the North had never yet been justified in England by any assurance that its aim was to emancipate the slaves and re-establish the Union on a basis of universal freedom. Browning thought that the English writers were confused about the whole issue, and that some honest thinking men believed that emancipation would be fully and happily completed only by severance of the South. I asserted that the anti-slavery leaders in America were notoriously opposed to war, and would never have supported—would not now support—a war for any other purpose than to uproot the institution which had not only held four millions of blacks in bondage and

discord from its foundation, and finally plunged it into an al
blood. I explained the powerful pressure on the administ
to preserve some root of the evil that bred strife. Triun
the South would preserve all the roots, and probably ma
United States an empire of slavery and perpetuate civi
The English writers of reputation could do us no goo
exalting a Union which as yet maintained the oppression
ing at its heart, but they could do us and humanity
service by assuming the conflict to be one between freedo
slavery, and by writings so emphasising its connection
the world-wide struggle for liberty that it would amou
a demand on our government to uplift before mank
stainless banner. We wanted no victory for a Union
slavery in it.

Browning thought that it would do good if the anti-s
Americans should declare before the world that they h
desire to subjugate the South except for the liberation
slave and the nation from the long oppression. After
further talk I told him I would challenge the Confederate
in England on that point. I think I then and there wrot
pencil and showed him the substance of the letter, which
was as follows :—

AUBREY HOUSE, NOTTING HILL, LONDO

June 10, 18

HON. J. M. MASON, Com'r, etc.—

SIR,—I have authority to make the following proposit
behalf of the leading anti-slavery men of America, who hav
me to this country :—

If the States calling themselves "The Confederate St
America" will consent to emancipate the negro slaves in those
such emancipation to be guaranteed by a liberal European
mission, the emancipation to be inaugurated at once, and suc
to be allowed for its completion as the commission shall a
to be necessary and just, and such emancipation once made
irrevocable, then the abolitionists and anti-slavery leaders
Northern States shall immediately oppose the further pros
of the war on the part of the United States government, and
they hold the balance of power, will certainly cause the war t
by the immediate withdrawal of every kind of support from i

I know that the ultimate decision upon so grave a proposition may require some time; but meanwhile I beg to be informed at your early convenience whether you will personally lend your influence in favour of a restoration of peace and the independence of the South upon the simple basis of the emancipation of the slaves.

Any guarantee of my responsibility and my right to make this offer shall be forthcoming.

I am, sir, yours, etc., M. D. CONWAY.

Mason's reply was as follows:—

24, UPPER SEYMOUR STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE,

June 11, 1863.

SIR,—I have your note of yesterday. The proposition it contains is certainly worthy of the gravest consideration, provided it is made under a proper responsibility,—yet you must be aware, that whilst you know fully the representative position I occupy, I have not the like assurance as regards yourself.

If you think proper, therefore, to communicate to me who those are, on whose behalf and authority you make the proposition referred to, with the evidence of your "right to make this offer," I will at once give you my reply,—the character of which, however, must depend on what I may learn of your authority in the premises.

I am, sir, your obdt. serv., J. M. MASON.

I remarked that Mason's writing on his envelope my first name, which I had not signed, indicated his knowledge of the renegade Virginian he was writing to. My reply was as follows:—

AUBREY HOUSE, NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W.

June 14, 1863.

SIR,—Your note of the 11th has been received. I could easily give you the evidence that I represent the views of the leading abolitionists of America; but with regard to the special offer which I

Then came the following:—

24, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Sq

June 17, 186

Sir,—I have received your note of yesterday.

You need not write to America to "obtain the evidence" of right to treat on the matter it imports. Our correspondence with this reply—it was your pleasure to commence it—it is to terminate it.

I desired to know who they were, who were responsible for mission to England, as you present it; and who were to confir treaty you proposed to make, for arresting the war in Americ the basis of a separation of the States, with, or without, the sa of their government. But such information is of the less value as I find from an advertisement in the journals of the day tha have brought to England letters of sufficient credit from thos sent you to invite a public meeting in London, under the sa of a Member of Parliament who was to preside, to hear an a from you on the subject of your mission, with the promise of address from him.

This correspondence shall go to the public, and will find its v the country—a class of the citizens of which you claim to rep It will, perhaps, interest the government, and the *soi-disant* men" there to know, under the sanction of your name, that the ing anti-slavery men in America" are prepared to negotiate wi authorities of the Confederate States for a restoration of and the independence of the South, on a pledge that "the abolit and anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall imme oppose the further prosecution of the war on the part of the States government; and since they hold the balance of powe certainly cause the war to cease by the immediate withdrawal of kind of support from it."

As some reward, however, for this interesting disclosure inquiry whether the Confederate States will consent to emanci on the terms stated, shall not go wholly unanswered. You n assured, then, and perhaps it may be of value to your consti to assure them, that the Northern States will never be in re to put this question to the South, nor will the Southern Stat be in a position requiring them to give an answer.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. M. Ma

The correspondence appeared in the London *Times* of June
preceded by the following note, dated June 17 :—

SIR,—As part of the political history of the times the corresp
ence transmitted herewith may have sufficient significance to
for its publication. I submit it to you accordingly for a plac
your columns.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your ob't servant.

J. M. MASO

Although Mason was criticised as having dealt a foul st
in publishing my letters, I could not complain of this.
knew that I would in some way use against his cause what
he could say in answer, and equally his silence if he returne
reply. I might not indeed have printed his letter, but I sh
have shown it to Browning and to any others I found hee
the declarations of Mr. Spence of Liverpool and others that
Confederacy contemplated emancipation.

The Emancipation Society was active, and convened a mee
for me on May 7, in Finsbury Chapel, at which Hon. Rev. Ba
W. Noel presided.

On the following evening, May 7, a meeting was hel
Islington to receive Rev. Sella Martin, described as a fugi
slave, and I was invited to speak. Martin made a staten
concerning the prejudice against coloured people prevailin
the Northern States so sweeping that it involved the abolition
I felt bound to say that when I first saw Mr. Martin he was a
anti-slavery meeting in Boston seated between Garrison
Phillips, and I felt certain that the abolitionists had no prejuc
against colour. My speeches at the two meetings just menti
caused the Emancipation Society to arrange a scheme for
addressing meetings in various parts of the country. P
Taylor, M.P., and his wife were much interested in this,
invited a company of eminent gentlemen to meet me at di
at Aubrey House, among them John Bright, Richard Cob

of slavery, and he had not, I think, hitherto made any comp
statement on the situation in America. He prepared
great pains the speech with which he introduced me at
London Tavern on the evening of June 16. He especially n
a breach in the stronghold of the Confederate sympathiser
England by pointing out the precarious situation of the co
interest, which had rested on slavery. His own personal inte
and those of the people he represented could now be rest
only by the complete abolition of the treacherous system in
Southern States, which indeed had led him some years befor
suggest the cultivation of cotton in India. Slavery abolis
European emigration, hitherto confined to the North, woul
to the South. Thus the business interests of England coinc
with its highest sentiment and morality. I have mentioned
one point of Bright's speech, which occupied an hour, and
delivered with an eloquence that stirred the large and distingui
audience.

Before I spoke at this meeting an extract from a lette
George Thompson from Garrison was read by John Bright,
some sketch of my life given.*

The London Tavern meeting was reported and commente
in every paper, and the Confederate envoy, Mason, awok
June 17 to a certainty that my proposition, as yet unansw
was authorised, and also that in the moral combat I must
the advantage in an anti-slavery country. Mason, unable

* BOSTON, April 10, 18

"You are such an attentive reader of the *Liberator* and *Standard* the name and services of the bearer of this, Mr. Moncure D. Con author of "The Golden Hour" and "The Rejected Stone," etc., mu familiar to you, so that he will need no special introduction. Allied by and relationship to the first families of Virginia, the son of a prom slaveholder, brought up in the midst of slavery and all its perni influences, classically educated, he has for several years past bee brave, outspoken, fervid advocate of the anti-slavery cause, bringi it all of Southern fire, resolution, energy, and persistency; and, c quently, has made himself an exile from his native home and com wealth for an indefinite period, though as true to the honour, s wealth, and progress of Virginia, 'as to the pole.' You will know to appreciate such a moral hero, and he will rejoice to make your per acquaintance."

foreknew to impawn the tenure of slavery, the immediate jewel of the Southern soul, had no alternative but to strike at what might possibly be my vulnerable point. My second letter suggested a means of bringing me into disgrace with the official agents of the United States, and the American abolitionists into collision with the administration. In this way he was not only to punish me as a Virginian renegade, but if my anti-slavery friends in America should ratify my proposal, the government would repudiate them and implicitly admit that it was not fighting for emancipation.

My second letter to Mason was a virtual admission that I had made a mistake in writing the first. The Anti-slavery Society generally, in particular its great chieftain Garrison, had for so many years been advocates of non-resistance principles, and had so unanimously opposed suppressing secession by bloodshed—until war had actually broken out—they had so constantly directed all their efforts simply to control and influence the horrible cyclone to the one end of extirpating its fatal source for ever; that it had never occurred to me that now, if that source were at once removed, any of them would countenance bloodshed for the sake of political and economic interests. Of course my letter to Mason was strategical, and had I not known that my proposal could not possibly be accepted, it would not have been made before correspondence with anti-slavery leaders in America.

The unexpected publication of the correspondence by Mason, with my virtual admission that my general authority did not extend to any particular act of that kind, embarrassed my English friends a good deal. The Emancipation Society felt it necessary to publish a declaration that they were unaware of any such correspondence when they summoned the meeting at the London Tavern. The Manchester committee, which had engaged me to give an address in Free Trade Hall, and similar committees in other cities where appointments were scheduled, were troubled. Nevertheless, Mason's side of the situation

FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE, SHEFFIEI

June 25, 1863.

SIR,—This committee have had under consideration your l of the 17th instant in reply to Mr. Conway, and published by y the *Times*.

Wholly disapproving of the improper conduct of Mr. Con the committee confine their remarks to the last paragraph of letter. You are aware that nothing could be more hideous, hat and loathsome to honest and true Englishmen than your auda avowal of your determination to maintain slavery, and your de prediction that you will succeed. Yet you are unmolested, unsca untouched. The committee call upon you to contrast your treat in England, where slavery cannot breathe, to the treatment which w be given to an Englishman amongst the slave-holding and s loving rebels whose emissary you are, were he to make a public de ation amongst them in the opposite sense to yours. He woul treated as would be a rat which should make its appearance in streets of London, or as a venomous reptile which had given n of its presence by scattering its venom round. You are not so trea although you are loathed and detested, yet England endures even presence in her midst.—Your obedient servant,

ISAAC IRONSIDE (Chairman)

When the correspondence appeared I was on my way t engagements in the provinces. In my absence consultat were held between Peter Taylor, John Bright, and Samuel L —Mr. Bright's brother-in-law, editor of the *Morning Star*— the result that on the 19th June this paper had a leader tur the tables upon Mason. Among the telling points I quote or two.

Mr. Mason is evidently unconscious of, or unconcerned at, possibility that honest, simple-minded Mr. Conway may have baiting a trap for *him*—and that the threatened penalty of expo to obloquy at home may be very complacently suffered by one w real object was to draw from Mr. Mason a refusal, expressed or imp to stop the horrors of war by an act in which the United States no more interest than humanity at large. Whether or not that Mr. Conway's object, it is the effect of Mr. Mason's letter, and as it should be prized by the English friends of Union and Emancipa

* A number of such declarations were sent me, but none of were made with my knowledge or at my suggestion.

It is the fashion here to deny that the war is being prosecuted the North for the abolition of slavery, and to assert that the So would use its independence to confer freedom upon its bondsm To the English public, therefore, it may be useful to have a dis proof that, to men of considerable influence in the North, emancipa would be a sure ground of peace, and that the Confederate represe tive spurns the idea of purchasing political independence by r quishing property in human beings. This humanitarian aspec the American conflict is that which commands the largest shar attention in Europe. Strong as are the sympathies of all true Libe in this country and on the Continent, with the Union, yet stro because both wider and deeper, are the feelings excited by a co for the personal liberty of four millions of men and women. In face of Mr. Conway's offer and Mr. Mason's reply, it is impossib pretend that the South cares for independence except as a mea perpetuating slavery.

Similar articles appeared throughout the country. The action in my favour among my friends and in the Emancipa Society was immediate. Their struggle against the Sout sympathisers was on the eve of its crisis in the House of Comm where Roebuck was to introduce on June 29 his motion recognition of the Confederacy. There was fear that his mo might be carried, and my rash step was partly inspired by danger. Its effect was at once visible not only in jou friendly to us throughout the country, but in the wrath o Confederate organs generally, and especially in the altered of the *Saturday Review*.*

* "His (Mason's) employers also would be right in refusing negotiations on their own internal affairs, but there would be no occ for stipulations or promises if they commenced by their own authorit great work of raising and gradually liberating the negro race. The task has been accomplished in every country in Europe, in the abse the exceptional facilities which are afforded by the unquestioned aut of the white Americans, and by the ineffaceable distinctions which r political rivalry impossible to the freedman. The Confederates m well assured that the sympathy which has been earned by their wi

Censure from my friends was swiftly silenced by the inve
of Mason's friends. Their anger was displayed by the
dressed mob which I encountered at Manchester. My ad
was to be delivered on Sunday afternoon, June 21, in Free T
Hall, the largest in England, which was crowded. Mr. Pe
their member of Parliament, presided, and all the prea
were on the platform. Before proceeding to my lecture, I
care to exonerate the chairman and Mr. Bright and the Eman
tion Society from any connection with my correspondence
Mason. I had not proceeded far in my address when about
hundred men began a deliberate attack on the platform.
platform was five or six feet above the floor, and the assai
attempted to climb up. Some were pushed back by the prea
but others succeeded and grappled with them. Meanwh
large number rushed forward for defence, and after a tw
minutes' scrimmage the English Confederates were overpow
and removed from the hall.

It was a large mob—which had got into all the front se
but it was not dangerous. It "meant business," but this
not to harm us physically—it was to take possession of the
and platform and pass resolutions supporting Roebuck's m
for recognition of the Confederacy. They drew no arms,
had trusted to their numbers; but newspaper comments o
Mason correspondence had drawn such an enormous aud
that they were vastly outnumbered. During the entire *m*
stood quietly at the desk, not one hand laid on me, and whe
last mobsman disappeared, continued without omitting a
of my carefully prepared lecture—which was next day in cir
tion as a pamphlet (printed without my knowledge).

Thus I hardly merited the honour accorded me of h
been mobbed in Free Trade Hall. The row was an advertise
for me, and also illustrated the spirit of the Confederates,
in trying to seize the chair imitated in their small way the att
on the executive chair at Washington.

somewhat enigmatic piece of braggadocio, but conveying, we take
connection with the whole tone of the letter, Mr. Mason's conviction
however agreeable to the Confederates the prospect of peace a
dependence *with* slavery may be, war, or even subjugation, wou
preferable to casting away this corner-stone of their great edifice.

At Manchester I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Potter. He was a large gentleman with a happy optimistic countenance such as I have rarely seen. His long service to every "progressive" cause, his generosity with his wealth in all such movements, and his excellent judgment, on which the old Corn Law orators—Cobden, Bright, W. J. Fox—had always depended, as now the emancipationists—made him a historical personage. The last time I saw this venerable member of Parliament was when he managed to attend, despite his great age, an annual dinner of the Cobden Club at Greenwich, on which occasion the special homage of the assembly was paid to him, Mrs. Fisher Unwin, Cobden's daughter, and several other ladies descended from the old reformers, being around him.

After my Sunday afternoon lecture in Manchester, I left the same evening for London, and found my friends at Aubrey House cheerful at the turn the Mason incident had taken. Miss Sarah Remond, sister of the eloquent coloured American, Charles Lenox Remond, had for some years been adopted as Mrs. Taylor's companion, and could not fail to be pleased that I had set emancipation as the one vital aim in the war.

I addressed, June 22, the following letter to the *Times*, which was at once published :—

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Absence from London has prevented my giving such careful attention to the correspondence between Mr. Mason and myself as was necessary to make the explanation which the public on both sides of the ocean will naturally expect of me.

In the correspondence, as it stands, there are three parties involved —namely, the abolitionists of America, myself, and Mr. Mason with his confederates.

As to the first, it was to pounce upon them and compromise them with their government that Mr. Mason rushed into print so eagerly that, though only a little way from London, I did not receive his

they would no longer sustain it; "but that, with regard to the sp
offer," I must write out and get a special authority. This left i
an open question whether the anti-slavery men were "prepar
negotiate with the Confederate authorities." He springs his
before they are in it. They are not compromised at all. The
indeed, stand committed to an unwillingness to prosecute this te
war for any less important aim than the complete wiping out of
country's crime and shame, but it has all along been their av
position that they are, to quote Wendell Phillips, "willing to a
anything, union or disunion, on the basis of emancipation."

Then, of the abolitionists, I alone am implicated by this
spondence. And here I am ready to confess that my inexperien
diplomatic and political affairs has led me to make a proposition
form of which is objectionable. Recognising Mr. Mason only
unofficial though representative Southerner whose views would
test of the disposition of the rebels on the subject of slavery
anxious to afford that test to certain very eminent literary m
England, who acknowledged that the reply to such a propo
would decide their feelings with regard to the issue, I inferred h
and improperly that the right to declare the object of the aboliti
in the war justified me in sending the proposition to Mr. Mason
sonally. As this, "my first correspondence with the enemy,"
undertaken only in the interest of my country, and was virtu
demand for the surrender of the enemy's capital, I shall hope
the apparent disloyalty of it, of which I was unconscious, will be
doned by the country I meant to serve.

But Mr. Mason and his confederates are implicated in this m
in a way to which I desire to call the attention of those gent
to satisfy whose minds I wrote the proposition, and of all
who think that the South is fighting for any worthier indepen
than impunity in permanently robbing another race of its indepen

In order to compromise the abolitionists, Mr. Mason co
that I had authority to make the offer of independence for emancip
He acknowledges, on the strength of Mr. Garrison's letter of
that I had that authorisation to which, when shown him, h
promised a reply. So the English public know now, with a cle
which my own blundering way of evoking such a confession d
merit, what the reply of the South is to a proposition offerin
"freedom," as she calls it, on the condition of her according the
to the millions whom she oppresses. Whether I had the ri
make the offer or not, it is answered. The believer in the golde
has only to ask himself what would be his interest in the succ

the Northern arms if his own wife and children were to-day u
the lash on a Southern plantation, now that we have Mr. Mas
assurance that every gateway except that of war is closed.—I am,

Meanwhile the effect of this Mason affair in America was
so favourable as in England. The leading anti-slavery pe
repudiated my action with a vehemence which I never underst
until many years later I discovered that their explosion occu
before the correspondence arrived. The first announcemen
New York was in a brief summary of "News from Europe," in
Tribune of June 30:—

A correspondence between Mr. Mason and Mr. Conway is publis
Mr. Conway claiming to be authorised to offer in the name of
abolitionists and leaders of the anti-slavery parties an active co-o
tion for an immediate cessation of hostilities, if the South would
mence at once the work of emancipation. Mr. Mason asked fo
credentials of Mr. Conway, and Mr. Conway informed him tha
would send for them to America. Mr. Mason declared, how
that the South would never be able to enter seriously into su
negotiation.

What the summary given in Boston was, I know only
letter written by Mr. Garrison to the *Tribune* dated June
which shows that not only were all my cautious provisions
placing the emancipation under the guarantee of "a li
European commission, etc.," omitted, but the anti-sla
leaders were pledged to withdraw "supplies" from the
This substitution of the military term "supplies" for "supp
looks like ingenuity on the part of the summarist. In
Garrison's letter to the *Tribune*, which I did not see at the time
first reason for repudiating my proposal was "that no reliance
be placed upon the word of those who stand before the w
black with perfidy and treason, and in the most dreadful s
as *hostes humani generis*." I should of course never have drea
of suggesting, even in a proposal I knew would be refused, tru

I think that his intentions were as honest as the midday s
clear. (Hear, hear, and applause). I think that his devotio
the great cause of human liberty is as single-hearted as when he
his father's seventy slaves, every one of their holders a rebel but
self, and led them with such devoted and self-sacrificing earnes
to freedom on the northern banks of the Ohio. (Loud applaus
know at the same time that he does not represent in that offe
single man on this side of the Atlantic. I do not say I belie
but I say—my own knowledge joined to his—I know it. N
wish to say further that I entirely agree with the essence of that
The Union without liberty is to-day tenfold more accursed th
was any time the last quarter of a century. Union without li
I spit upon. . . . But if the sun were forbidden ever again to
and I could have sunrise again by asking Mason, I would re
in the dark for ever rather than speak to the author of the Fu
Slave Bill.

This inconsequent declaration about Mason, who wa
more guilty of the said bill than the congressmen who pass
and the Northern President (Fillmore) who signed it, was
important in itself; Phillips would have embraced Mason
he thereby have ended oppression for others; but his rh
was significant. Although he agreed, as he said, with the es
of my letter, and although only one voice (the *Anti-Sl*
Standard, New York) said that the war should be cont
even were slavery not involved, it became plain to me tha
old peace principles of abolitionism had largely vanished.

In England the Mason incident was closed so far as conc
myself by the defeat of Roebuck's bill, to which Mason's arr
reply to me was said to have contributed, and by the odium
which he soon after finally left England. But those event
not reach America, and it was some time before any sign
reaction there favourable to me appeared. The London p
reported from their American correspondents only rage a
me. I felt sure that a different feeling would prevail in
whose esteem I most valued; I was prepared to suffer ob
for the sake of unmasking Mason; but my terrible anxiet
for my wife. Though her mother and brother George were
her at Concord, it was inevitable that all this anger should
her keen distress. I had, of course, written to her by every
and suggested that if she and our intimate friends thought

my stay in England should be prolonged, she had better join in London. My departure had long been fixed for early S tember, but I concluded that it must be postponed until I time for full correspondence with my wife.

And now my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Howells, c into my gloom as angels. Howells, then consul at Venice, written to me on March 24, enclosing some verses for the *Comm wealth*. We had not exchanged letters for a long time, and had no knowledge of my intention to visit Europe; but he w in the letter, which was forwarded to me from Boston, t sweet words :—

To tell you the truth, you and Mrs. Conway are two people w we should very much like to see in Venice. The spring is comin after the "slow, sweet" fashion of spring in southern lands; Adriatic is warming up with the view of being bathed in; the su bringing out all that is brightest and loveliest in the city and embroi ing the islands and the *terra firma* with flowers. Four weeks ag gathered daisies on the Lido; and now the almond-trees are h with bloom and bees. Besides all this, we live in the old Palazzo Fa (where Marino Faliero, according to all the gondoliers, was b and we have a piano and a balcony on the Grand Canal, and the r delightful little breakfasts in Venice. You *will* come, won't yo

The *we* is not used editorially here. Of course you know I am married, and to whom. Though I've never heard directly f you, I used to hear a great deal about you, in letters from Cincin You have an additional merit in my eyes because you met El there.

In a letter to my wife of May 8, I copied Howells's note, wrote: "At this beautiful place (Aubrey House) with its q park—in which I cannot imagine that I am near a city of t millions—in which I can hear the cuckoos and nighting singing, I find that sweet rest that I was so much in nee when I left home, and I only need you at my side and Eus and Emerson on the green grass to make me perfectly hap

ship unbroken these forty-four years I have found happiness
can never know the heavenly message brought to me in
sad hour by the missive which had winged its way so far a
land and sea! For it was to me a token soon to be fulfilled
subsiding of my little deluge and the return of estranged h

An exchange of letters proved that these friends were
pared to receive me at any moment, and I soon started s
ward. I left London on June 26. Among my wife's pap
find a letter written from Boulogne which says:—

I had a long interview yesterday with Mr. Adams, the Am
Minister in London. He says that the first letter was certai
mistake; but that after that I did the very best thing I could
that he regards my course as most honourable. He says no
and possibly some good, has been done in England by it; and he
no evil will result in America. He has no doubt that a note t
Lincoln or Mr. Seward, declaring that the letter was written wi
proper reflection and was well meant, would cause me to sta
well as I could desire with them. Adams was very kind to me in
Just what next step in the matter should be I do not know;
will take none as yet. I begin to look forward to a brief rest at V
which I much need. If I could just now retire entirely from the
I would like it much. How I envy the simple and happy pe
I watched for hours to-day sunning themselves along the sh
playing in the water, so free from care, and I so full of it! . .
Taylors have been so kind and cheering to me. This morning
them. Just before I left I received a letter from the Duke and D
of Argyll (he is in the present Ministry), saying that they were de
of making my acquaintance, and asking me to breakfast with
Saturday. I declined, being determined not to postpone my v
Venice. . . . You had best stay with my sister at Easton u
return; unless you determine that I had best not return—in
case you must come over here. The ocean voyage on a Cunard
not be bad. At any rate, we must meet soon.

In Paris I learned that the "Conway-Mason corresponde
had been translated there, and that the animadversions a
the Confederacy excited by it, notably an article in the *Jo
des Débats*, had been the severest blow yet dealt to the
federate intrigues in France. I think I received some reassu
of this kind from Christopher Pearse Cranch, the American
and artist, residing in Paris, who knew my relations wit

Cranch family in Washington and Cincinnati, and in whose ho
I had a cordial reception. In Turin I called on our Minis
George P. Marsh, who spoke of the affair in the same sense
spirit as Minister Adams. Such encouragements, however,
not lay the vision of that dear one so far away with her two li
children passing alone through the first heavy trial of her mar
life—a trial inflicted by me.

The cordial welcome received in the beautiful home of
friends in Venice, and all their reassuring words about my trou
could not quite restore me. Acute erysipelas broke out, f
set in, and the official Austrian physician could not do much
a case of mere worry. But after five or six days a cure
effected by a letter from my wife announcing that they were
well ; that she had sold our house at a fair price, also our furnit
and would sail from Boston for Liverpool on the ship *Ara*
August 19.

In Venice I found my Avalon. Those friends healed
wounds of heart and mind. In their charming old Casa Falie
the house is described in Howells's "Venetian Life"—we
to sit on the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal, eating
lotus in that city where it seemed always afternoon. Yet
beautiful were the mornings! I do not remember one
brought rain. Often Howells and I rose at dawn, took coffe
the great Piazza while watching the morning tints painting
Mark's, and had our ramble through some by-way of the dr
land before returning to breakfast. Then while the consul
in his office, never serving his country more profitably to it
when his literary task was undisturbed by official business,
Howells was my guide to the pictures and churches they l
best. After dinner we sat in some big café in the Piazza
serving the promenaders and the costumes of many regi
returning early, however, for Howells was writing a novelet
poetic form, and read us in the evening what he had written du
the day.

How well I remember our Sunday morning voyage to Chiog
and Howells's charming talk of its poet, Goldoni! I ind
myself with quoting here the following incident:—

As we passed up the shady side of their wide street, we c
upon a plump little blond boy, lying asleep on the stones, witl
head upon his arm; and as no one was near, the artist of our p
stopped to sketch the sleeper. Atmospheric knowledge of the
spread rapidly, and in a few minutes we were the centre of a ge
assembly of the people of Chioggia, who discussed us, and the ar
treatment of her subject, in open congress. They handed round
airy chaff as usual, but were very orderly and respectful neverth
—one father of the place quelling every tendency to tumult by kic
his next neighbour, who passed on the penalty till, by this simple
ingenious process, the guilty cause of the trouble was infallibly rea
and kicked at last. I placed a number of soldi in the boy's hand
the visible sensation of the crowd, and then we moved away
left him, heading, as we went, a procession of Chiozzotti, who c
not make up their minds to relinquish us till we took refuge in a chu
When we came out the procession had disappeared, but all arc
the church door, and picturesquely scattered upon the pavemer
every direction, lay boys asleep, with their heads upon their a
As we passed laughing through the midst of these slumberers,
rose and followed us with cries of "*Mi titi zu! Mi titi zu!*" (
me down! Take me down!) They ran ahead, and fell asleep a
in our path, and round every corner we came upon a sleeping b
and, indeed, we never got out of that atmosphere of slumber til
returned to the steamer for Venice, when Chioggia shook off
drowsy stupor, and began to tempt us to throw soldi into the w
to be dived for by her awakened children.

The artist was Mrs. Howells herself; I stood holding
umbrella to shield her from the sun, while Howells did his
to keep some small space around her and prevent the eager b
from interrupting the work by their impatience to see it
remember well the buxom and comely mother, who had b
informed that her child was on the pavement with a cr
around him, pushing her way frantically to the spot, and
transition of her face from fear to joy when she arrived jus
Howells was filling the sleeping boy's hands with soldi.

But Howells made in his book a little sketch of me,
while I was in my sweet dream in Venice. "Upon my wo

he writes, "I have sat beside wandering editors in their gondolas and witnessed the expulsion of the newspaper from their nature, while, lulled by the fascination of the place, they were powerless to take their own journals from their pockets, and instead of politics talked some bewildered nonsense about coming back with their families next summer."

I was the model for that little picture. But my friend did not venture to tell how far the spell carried me. I actually took those two friends about house-hunting, and priced three or four charming homes to which I would bring my little family. I sat me down in balcony and gondola and said, I will return no more—or only long enough to meet Arabia the Blest at Liverpool; where I would say, Come, my wife, I have prepared for you a sweet retreat from all this strife for which you and I were not made, and where we will forget our troubles and humiliations!

In my life many beautiful visions in the distance have proved hard and jagged realities when reached. In my eighteenth year in Warrenton there rose over my law-books dreams and visions of Venice, and I laid there the scene of my story, "Confessions of a Composer." But my dreams were poor compared with the reality of Venice. No doubt this was largely due to my having at my side a poet. Howells and I used to visit certain of the beautiful things repeatedly. They were like personal friends. There was in particular a very ancient stone statue in the corner of a garden which inspired us both to write about it. The old St. Christopher with the Child on his shoulder—its little hand bearing up the world, as indeed the children do—has in his face no pain, but serene patience. A solitary vine had climbed over from behind the garden wall on which the statue stands, and twined and intertwined all about the Saint and the Child, binding them together with manifold ties.

When I went on my last afternoon to bid farewell to St. Christopher, it appeared to me a sort of symbol of Venice under Austrian rule. The city seemed turned to stone by the presence

anxious to do than to make us in Venice happy and conter
Our theatres are closed, but we have closed them; the governm
would make any outlay to have us amused. It has three tin
week the best band in the world to perform in the Piazza
Marco. But the Italians will not walk there, and have give
their evening promenade since 1848. Each of us has abou
much personal freedom as he could use. But it is nation
in us, it is nature struggling by her own laws of affinity; w
in a deadly conflict (which will soon burst out) with Austr
animals are with those born to prey on them. We are gravit
to the government of Victor Emmanuel, on the principle
moves a magnet to a loadstone."

"When," said Goethe, "I heard grand mass in Veni
wished myself either a child or a devotee." I was glad to
myself more a child than a devotee of this new time, w
devotions had passed away from the ancient and artistic sym
and the living vines climbing about them, to find a stony ma
dom in the mere fact of being under a flag not Italian. A
our countries are under the practical dominion of institu
come from other races; our churches, Sabbaths, constitut
marriage laws, etc., infinitely more important to our happ
than any flag, are derived from alien races. Practical En
men have too much appreciation of realities to desire revol
against the German family on their throne, but gave pil
money to incite Italians against Austria and France.

One day a beautiful Italian countess breakfasted with
the Casa Faliero. She spoke very good English, and when we
on the balcony talked eloquently about the wrongs of Ve
She lit a large cigar, but even that did not console her; her
flowed down on the cigar, but I repressed my smile.

When I left Venice in August I bore with me a letter
Mrs. Howells to my wife—it is before me now, as sweet a
as woman ever wrote—picturing the enchantment of V
and crying, "Do come, do come!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Arrival of my Family in England—Interview with Minister Adar
Sermons at South Place Chapel—Beecher in London—Rev. F
Maurice—Maurice's Novel, "Eustace Conway"—Madox Bro
Picture of Maurice and Carlyle—America in the Pantomim
Professor Newman and his Catholic Brother—Letters and T
of Professor Newman—Dr. Newman in his Oratory—Eliza
Garrett Studying Medicine—Mrs. Fawcett—Legal Disabilitie
Women.

BUT London as well as Venice had affectionate hearts. Aul
House and its exquisite garden was also a dreamland, especi
when I found there letters from America assuring me that
"momentary annoyance"—so Phillips called it—at my Ma
correspondence had passed away, and that my letters to
Commonwealth were valued. My wife had proudly offered
close my connection with that paper, but editor Sanborn and
rest insisted on its continuance.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Malleson, being absent from Lond
desired me to bring my family to occupy their house until t
return. These friends were connected with South Place Cha
from which I received an invitation to give there some
courses. The week preceding the arrival of my family
passed in the north of Ireland in response to an invitation fr
the Neills of Belfast. I had met Miss Dora Neill (now M
Dulany of California) when we were both visiting Theod
Weld's school at Eagleswood, N.J. She and her sister, M
Sherwood, took me on an excursion which included the Gia
Causeway, and I became well posted in Irish customs and in

Soon after reaching London I received a note from the Uni
States Minister requesting me to call on him. I find the follow
note: "Wednesday, Sept. 23: Went to call upon Minis
Adams, 5, Upper Portland Place, in obedience to a note receiv
yesterday from him. He told me that he had received a n
from Secretary Seward concerning my Mason correspondence
in which he (Mr. S.) said that he had shown my letter, and
from Mr. Adams concerning it, to the President; and that
President said that as I had acted so frankly and honourably
the matter after it was done, he should not feel disposed
pursue the matter further.

My letter referred to had been written by the advice
Mr. Adams as I was starting for Venice, and enclosed to my w
I kept no copy of it, but remember that while it confesse
mistake and said it was meant to unmask an enemy of
country, it was free from compliments. It was left to my w
to send it or not, as her judgment might direct.

The Malleson were active in every "progressive" moveme
Mrs. Frank Malleson, *née* Whitehead, founded the London Coll
for Working-Women and also the *Woman's Journal*. I prepa
for her periodical an extended account of Antioch College
Ohio, and lectured from time to time at her college.

On September 17 we found rooms at 16, Lansdowne Terr
Regent's Park. When my library came I found that the custo
at Liverpool had seized the American edition of Carlyle's "Ger
Romance," beloved volumes bought in youth. Carlyle w
them a request, and the books were restored. But where
were my visions of Venice? The preacher had revived in
My first discourse in South Place, September 13, had elic
from the small congregation a response which determined
future.

William Johnstone Fox, M.P., who for forty years had m
the South Place pulpit famous, had for some years been in

Now we have a comparatively empty chapel; and it woul
strange, indeed, in this age of free inquiry, and in this free ch
of ours, if it were not so, seeing that for the last five years we
had scarcely any other source of religion opened to us but rec
of the past as contained in the Bible. The daily heroisms of
own time, the martyrdoms of old, the great spirits of all coun
and of all climes, have ceased to be called in to our assistance;
from our pulpit the rocks and the heavens no longer sing their g
hymn of devotion and praise.

On this report a meeting was summoned, and it would
closed the chapel but for the suggestion of P. A. Taylor, M
that I should be heard. My first sermon showed them th
was the reverse of a reactionist, and my second was attende
some old radicals who had rarely appeared in the chapel s
Fox's time. But I did not preach as a candidate for the pu
I was still receiving letters from America, where my best frien
Phillips, Sanborn, Stearns, Bird—were consulting as to wh
they should demand my return. I therefore gave no de
replies to suggestions of a permanent settlement at South P
As the weeks went on, however, it became plain that I coul
enter with zeal into the struggle in America. The Preside
campaign had divided the anti-slavery people—one part follo
Phillips in his effort to elect Fremont, the other following Gar
in his adherence to Lincoln—and the situation was embro
As Phillips had written in my defence, and as I had expresse
distrust of Lincoln, my return to America would be a signal
revival of denunciation of my Mason correspondence for
purpose of attacking Fremont. And it would have dam
him, because I could not again have apologised for my pro
to concede secession in exchange for emancipation by the S
Although the only hope for even a distant benefit to the
had seemed to travel with the Northern arms, the war be
increasingly abhorrent to me. It was monstrous that the Sou
negro should be forced into a conflict wherein he was the

In America I should stand almost alone. Even Emerson had come to respect war, and accepted from the President appointment as a Visitor to West Point (1863). My friend Judge Conway had lost his seat in Congress on account of his pleadings for peace; he had met my wife, and sent word to me that the rage for war had become universal, and that I was well out of it. My wife had the same feeling, and had so sympathised with the spirit of my Mason letters that she hesitated for some time before sending my apologetic letter to Seward. I had been drafted for military service, but though I was exempt because my right eye was too dim to sight a gun, my wife knew that I would sooner be shot than shoot anybody, even by a purchased substitute, and little as we could afford it, she simply paid the three hundred dollars required.

It was personally pleasant to greet Henry Ward Beecher in London in October, 1863. At the meeting in Exeter Hall the crowd was thrilled by his eloquence and convulsed by his humour. But so far as our cause was concerned, Beecher did less good than a Southerner (American) who replied. The foolish fellow demanded a hearing, but manifested such a spiteful spirit that the Rev. Newman Hall called attention to the example shown of the debasing influence of slavery, its contrast with the large and humane spirit of the defender of freedom. Beecher's tribute to the abolitionists was fine, but his casuistic apologies for the administration's tenderness towards slavery were feeble, and were received with silence. He compared the immunity of the American States to the ancient privileges of the City of London, on which Parliament and the Crown cannot encroach. The notion that London City contained any privilege that would not be set aside instantly if it affected the nation injuriously was absurd. His use of *tu quoque* retorts was beneath the serious character of the occasion. That England in her past history had done things similar to those charged against America was a commonplace of the people before him, and in any case was no justification. Beecher did not raise us from hopes to certainties that slavery would end. He appeared more anxious to make out a case for the President than for emancipation, the one thing that for his audience made the war defensible.

At the breakfast given Beecher he said that on M

Liverpool his voice was lost. Being due at Exeter Hall Tuesday, he bandaged his throat and prayed God to return l voice. When he reached London his voice was in good conditic There was an unpleasant air about this anecdote; I had nev known Beecher unctuous before; and one might wonder why Providence so considerate about Beecher's throat might n rescue men perishing on battlefields.

I always thought it a mistake in Beecher to permit t publication of his speeches and sermons. In the preface to volume of his sermons he says, "I never saw a sermon of mine print but I burned to improve it." On which the *Saturd Review* remarked that it might have been the best way to i prove it. Beecher could write well, but his sermons lose in pr much of the fire and poetic elevation that so moved his listen that close criticism was impossible.

I saw a good deal of Beecher in London, but felt that was by no means the splendid thunderer that he was at t beginning of the war. He had adapted his mind to mere milita force put forth for a mere Union, even if with slavery survivin and if Beecher could be carried away by this feeling, what m be the case with others? Correspondence with old friends Sandy Spring, Md., showed that even the Quakers, their patria Roger Brooke gone silent, were forgetting their peace principl Recognising the war as God's agency for ending slavery, th were for a time indignant with me for proposing to Mason th the war should be ended by Southern emancipation. How mer academic are the most radical peace principles when a flag mands blood!

Among the anti-slavery veterans who met Beecher at brea fast was George Thompson, who had interested himself in n own mission. He was still vigorous and erect. What a splen career the handsome orator with his sonorous voice would ha had in America if he had come over there to spread the n evangel of slavery! I remember the wrath that filled us Virginia at the coming of this "incendiary" foreigner, and h the mobs that terminated his mission were applauded. Geo Thompson was a grand man and a real orator.

open and all places of amusement closed. I went to hear F. D. Maurice in his Vere Street chapel, finding a seat in the pew of my friend Thomas Hughes. The pure face and earnest eyes of the man, the lofty brow and the halo of white hair, rose above the formulas of the service like a serene moon emerging from clouds. The service was more agreeable than that of the dissenters, but some feeling—if not faith—that it is a real "service," accomplishing something—mingles with the literary appreciations one hears of it—apart, of course, from the music. Vere Street chapel was plain, the high places of the Established Church being given to men more fully harnessed than Maurice. He was the son of a Unitarian minister, and intended for the Unitarian ministry; although separated from that denomination doctrinally, its spirit adhered of taking care for the human brother, even if the gift be left before the altar. He had parted from Unitarianism because the doctrine of Incarnation appeared to him the solution of all religious problems. As Christmas would naturally be devoted to his favourite theme, I hoped to hear for once a profound view of that subject. But a shadow had fallen on us all that morning; Thackeray had died suddenly the day before. Maurice managed to repress his emotion in alluding to his friend, and was soon rapt in his vision. The sermon was charming, but I derived from it no clear idea of his theology. Perhaps this was because the man himself and the illumination of his countenance kept drawing away my attention from the point he was making. The only ornament in the chapel—a dove with outstretched wings carved on the ceiling—symbolised the spirit of the preacher. His thought at one time floated away in a blue mist, but now and again hovered near with words of wisdom.

I always listened to Maurice with pleasure, and personally knew him well; I occasionally lectured in the Working-men's College which he founded. In conversation Maurice was always interesting, but I longed to hear a laugh fr

in the heavens to be cheering. I saw at Newcastle-on-Ty in the house of Mr. Leathart, a wonderful painting by a wonde artist—Ford Madox Brown. It was entitled "Work." picture represents builders busy on the street; several fashiona ladies are picking their way past the bricks and mortar; Mau looks on with some sadness in his face; Carlyle, never so ha as when he saw work going on, is laughing heartily. The c trasted attitudes represent the artist's design, which, as he told was to bring together the working-man's friend and the prop of work. The artist also gave me an amusing account of endeavour to paint Carlyle. Maurice consented to sit, Carlyle refused, and could barely be persuaded to accompany artist to South Kensington and stand against a rail while photographer took the full length figure needed. Carlyle m a sort of grimace, and said plaintively "Can I go now?" So thing like that grimace appeared in the photograph, and Ma Brown found in it a valuable suggestion for a portrayal of characteristic laughter.

I mentioned to Carlyle the pleasure given me by Ma Brown's picture, and it led him into a talk about religio England of which I wrote down some notes. He ridiculed Thirty-nine Articles, but said the English Church was " apotheosis of decency," which was no characteristic of the venticle. He had not for many years entered either churc chapel, but, when visiting some friends in the country, was suaded to go to a dissenting chapel. "The preacher's pray he said, "filled me with consternation. O Lord, thou hast pl of treacle up there; send a stream of it down to us! This about the amount of it. He did not seem in the least to k that what such as he needed was rather a stream of brimsto Speaking of Maurice, he described him as one of the pious-mi men in England. "Maurice once wrote a novel called 'Eus Conway'; he would like it suppressed; it is a key to him young man gets into mental doubts; a priest sprinkles moons over him, and then all is clear! Alas! that is what happene poor Sterling a little time. He got bravely through it; when he did it became painfully evident to us that he was fine and thin to live among us here."

whose title he could give me no explanation. (My son, then his sixth year, was named after my uncle, Judge Eustace Conwa of Virginia.) Carlyle said it had been a good many years sin he read it, and I found that his memory of it was erroneous. Th sceptical youth does not undergo the moonshine-sprinkling an return to the bosom of the church, but goes on through all th phases of heresy with tragical results.

Anthony Froude told me that at one time Maurice conducte a Bible Class of ladies and gentlemen. On one occasion th narrative of Jacob and Esau was considered, and Maurice inter preted the two as types—Jacob symbolising the spiritual, Esau the natural, man. After this impressive statement had ended Maurice said before dismissing the company: "As for the fraud practised by Jacob on his brother, it only illustrates what has been observed in all ages, namely, the liability of the spiritual man to be a sneak."

As Christmastide, 1863, came on we saw some old-fashioned pantomimes. At Astley's the opening scene showed two Cheapside shops; over the larger one was the sign "A. B. Lincoln & Co., Hardware-men and General Dealers"; on the next: "J. Davis & Co., Cotton Brokers." On the door of the former were notices that paper was wanted, and that greenbacks might be had in any quantity. A placard announced: "This shop is one and the same as that next door." On the shop of J. Davis & Co., a placard said, "No connection with the concern next door." In the window was a large Confederate flag inscribed: "Two rams wanted immediately." Another was: "A few horses, sheep, women, children, and other cattle for sale." The two Presidents dressed as prize-fighters fought until they both got into a box; which box the Columbine danced about, and the Harlequin struck, when it flew open, revealing the heads and tails of two Kilkenny cats, their other portions having disappeared.

A very queer feature of the theatrical season was a ballet at Her Majesty's theatre called "White and Black."

her Aspirations." Here, as I was fearing my intellectual rec from dogmas, was a spiritual pasture fresher than that I dreac leaving, and not hedged by dogmatic thorns.

When I arrived in London I sought Newman at once. was not difficult to form happy relations with him, for his he was in the cause of the slave. He was twenty-seven years senior, but full of vigour. My personal troubles in connect with slavery gained me his cordial welcome; but when he a discovered the religious path I had travelled, and the help brou me by his book on the Soul, there was something paternal in way Newman took me to his heart. Happily I was able to be some service to him. He was emeritus professor of Latin in University of London, without salary, but had laid up about thousand pounds, for the larger part of which I secured, thro the aid of my friend Henry G. Denny of Boston, a profita investment.

Newman lived in a simple way. His wife—they had children—was an invalid, and never went into "society." remember pleasant conversations with her. She remaine "Plymouth Sister," but was friendly with me because of interest in the slave, and she had accommodated herself to degree of heresy represented by her husband. It was beaut to remark his tenderness and tact with her. "I always member," he said to me, "that it was the man of her own relig that she married; and I who went off into a new faith." was, however, lonely in his strong religious ideas, and sp almost bitterly of his inability to hold any real conversation w his Catholic brother. "I have had to give up calling on hi he said. "Whenever I went, the conversation was limited to or two words about the health of this or that relative, and a gether so constrained that it became painful."

One thing that Newman told me was a surprise: his fat was a freethinker. My correspondence with Newman would a volume; his letters are of historical value, and it is among hopes to write a monograph concerning him. For the wo does not know what a grand man he was. He was so unambiti so conscientiously free from the rhetorical devices that catch

and contributor to the Press, and meant to be used by
they often were, though rarely quoted in print. I subjoi
extracts: —

I am sure you are right in deprecating "hymns, prayers,
prayers," as a regimen. At best it must be premature to
and must teach hypocrisy. My grandmother used to make
to her the Psalms of the day, as a thing of course (my mother
ordinarily had them read by one of us children): that was
ginning and end of my family religion, besides saying a shor
or hymn night and morning. (I remember how I used t
what Christ's *blood* had to do with us.) Sunday was a day
so much external restraint as public opinion absolutely dema
learned at last, as I came to be about seventeen, that my fa
an entire freethinker, as much as I am now. It shocked m
because he never taught me anything, allowed me to pick up
from anyone around me, and then scolded me because I e
beliefs which he knew must condemn him. I think this n
be honest with children is a terrible evil. I have lost years of
and wandered wide and done such unwise, conceited things,
countered risks for soul and body, all of which might have been
by his frank teaching. But I suspect he thought it would
worldly prospects; in consequence I certainly did *not* go
to improve my worldly prospects, but counted myself dea
world, and despised academic reputation, possible advan
and in all the professions except medicine found something
my conscience.

From other letters of Newman I quote two interestin
ences to the Cardinal: —

My brother, Dr. Newman, set himself with his back t
thought in 1823 probably: in that year he adopted Baptismal
ation and Apostolic Succession. In 1823 he tried to induce m
present of a picture of the Virgin to set it up in my room
an undergraduate just entering good rooms, but I promptly
picture back, and felt much secret indignation. In 1825 I
him a virtual Catholic, holding Purgatory, minus the Pope.

in the heart of many an Evangelical whom you call bigoted, as you would have called me then.

Of Coleridge and Carlyle we were then alike ignorant at Oxford, except of Coleridge's poetry.

My brother's very acute mind was evidently that of a barrister, not of a philosopher or searcher for truth. But his dash and generosity gave him wonderful power with young men. His scorn of worldliness and meanness, his contempt of the race for promotion in the Church, his claim that each shall lay down his interest on the altar of the Church (especially for beautiful church edifices), was all new to dons of Oxford at that time. But not to see that a sacerdotal system was that of Paganism and Judaism, and the very reverse of what Jesus taught, was in those days to me an inexplicable blindness in a learned and acute young clergyman. I always thought it his calamity, that by the premature death of Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford and Regius Professor of Divinity, my brother gained so very immature an influence in Oxford.

It was an education in the religious conditions amid which I was working to enjoy the intimate friendship of Francis Newman. No American could follow the vicissitudes of our struggle with more poignant anxiety. He subscribed for the *Commonwealth*, the *Liberator*, and the *Anti-Slavery Standard;* he talked with me about the intimate discussions and differences among our abolitionists as if he were one of the Frank Bird Club; he often spoke in the emancipation leagues and wrote in friendly papers. When the Confederate ambassador Mason's publication of my correspondence with him brought on me reproaches from my colleagues in America, he exhorted me to leave my case in the hands of my friends. My admission of mistake in pledging anybody but myself ended the matter. With reference to the attack of one American censor abolitionist, Newman wrote: "He was 'unpatriotic' enough for many years to be willing to allow all the slave States to secede *and sustain* slavery (which I do not learn he now scolds himself for), while he regards you as 'unpatriotic' in having been willing to take the chance of their seceding if they *would promise to abolish slavery*. You two were equally 'unpatriotic' (taking you at the worst); while *he* would have resigned the blacks to slavery, but *you* would have rescued

said that the "hardening of Pharaoh's heart" had been p
to his imagination all through the war. After the assassina
Lincoln he wrote with horror of the tragedy, but said
Hebrew prophet would have described Jehovah as sendi
evil spirit to entice Wilkes Booth to his deed." The m
and apprehensions at that time reaching England were
President Johnson would extend the fury he was manif
towards the supposed conspirators against Lincoln and S
to the leaders of the Confederacy. On this Newman sai
the burning indignation in America is a finite force; it
wanted to extirpate the Southern aristocracy, and none
be wasted on Jefferson Davis or other worthless individu

Francis Newman never went into any so-called "Re
without a thorough and original investigation. I was in
to him for the correction of several errors prevalent in Am
for instance, the fiction that England had paid the West
slaveholders twenty millions "compensation" for their lib
slaves. The money was a loan some time after the emancip
and could not have passed the House as payment, but its
was never demanded. Newman remembered all the c
stances in that case, and in Canning's origination o
"Monroe doctrine," and referred me to all the documents

His work in connection with the University of Londo
brought him into intimacy with Lord Lyttelton, the M
who had charge of educational affairs. He told me of a
given by Lyttelton to the professors. Some were conv
about the best plan for educating the young princes, but Lyt
said, "We don't want our princes to be educated. They
know European languages and general literature, but n
serious things you gentlemen mean by education." Lyt
gave him an account of his going to Windsor with Peel a
Duke of Wellington to obtain the signature of George
the Catholic Emancipation Act. The King's resolution to
out against it was known, and threatened a crisis. Whe
three Ministers laid the act before him the King was excite
cried, "But my oath! my oath! I have sworn to——
pray your Majesty to forgive me for interrupting you,
Wellington. "That some measure of this kind will becom

in time is probable, and it would be distressing to have your Majesty take up an irrevocable position that might eventually prove embarrassing." The King was silent, and the three left. When they had driven a mile they were overtaken by a royal messenger with a request for their return. The King silently signed the Act of Parliament.

As the brothers Newman are associated in my mind in a quasi-phenomenal way, I produce here my notes of a visit to the oratory of Dr. Newman, when he was becoming aged.

Being on a visit in Birmingham, I went two miles before seven on a morning of sleet and rain to attend mass, through a desire to look upon the face of Father Newman. My wife and another lady went with me, though we expected that the aged Father might, on such a bitter morning, leave the celebration to a subordinate. In the dim Gothic chapel of the oratory there was but one person, a young woman, kneeling alone. Presently other women, apparently four domestics, entered. The most eloquent, learned Catholic in the Anglo-Saxon world had for his audience that morning five believers, one member of the English Church, and two freethinkers. The altar at which he officiated was in a corner, and he came slowly down a stairway behind it. There was only one candle, that being lit to enable him to read. On the upper wall above his head was a large crucifix, and beneath it—on a level with his face—a picture of Veronica about to place the handkerchief on the face of Jesus. Far away in his corner, his silvery head bent, his voice murmuring on in a monotonous feminine tone, Father Newman seemed an almost incredible figure in enterprising and especially Unitarian Birmingham. It was indeed a painful visit to the ladies. Our friend fell on her knees with her back turned to the altar, saying she was unable to endure the emotion caused by the sight. My wife said she felt shame that a man of intellect could go through such performances. For myself I had studied the man.

Father Newman was a man of strange visage. His forehead appeared very low, perhaps from the way his unparted hair fell over it; the top of his head seemed flattened; the mouth bore an expression of pain; the large chin jutted out; the nose was prominent, like that of Wellington. When the features were foreshortened in the front view and the luminous eyes bent

resembled that of an aged woman; another turn, bri
half side-face, an open eye, an upraised head, and the e
one that needed a Raphael to portray. There was at
part of the wall a picture of St. Francis in ecstasy. J
looking at that my eyes turned to Father Newman, wh
was haloed by the candle beyond it, and he seemed to
successor of all the saints who lived in days when saints
real.

But it required an effort of the historical imagin
place Father Newman in his proper environment. Bur
echoed her invocations with early steam whistles. The
an awakening city stole in with the morning light.
o'clock the aged man gathered in his arms his paraph
and with faltering tread on the stairway passed out
mysterious labours.

As we were returning from the oratory I asked my
the ladies with me how this could be explained. Here is
brilliant man in the English Church; all Oxford is crow
hear him; his path is straight to the throne of Canterbu
morning he knocks at the door of an obscure little Catholi
in Oxford and asks admission as an humble member,
friends and relatives, and takes his place among the
domestics and workmen. "That does not appear to me
ful," said our devout friend; "One glimpse of the eter
is enough to turn to nothingness all that this world can

I regretted that I could find no opportunity of hear
Newman preach. Some Unitarians who went to hear
the oratory on an Easter Sunday told me that the serm
such as might be addressed to children. It amounted
asking his hearers if they would not be much surprised if
whose funeral they had attended were to meet them, a
well. After saying in various ways that they would b
surprised, he related the story of the resurrection in the
of the Testament, and so ended.

Cardinal Newman's name is cherished among uno
religionists because of his "Lead, Kindly Light" — a
hymn in Unitarian churches. On January 18, 1879, N
wrote to an inquirer that he did not remember his meanin

closing lines, and that a writer was not bound "to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited." But that semi-agnostic hymn of about his thirtieth year is Newman's niche in the world's imagination.

Martineau lamented that his friend F. W. Newman did not appreciate the interest of his Catholic brother's career or even the picturesqueness of his personality. He ascribed it to a deficiency of imagination. My own belief is that it was not that, but precisely the same cause that prevented Martineau from seeing anything picturesque or impressive in the collaboration of his sister Harriet with Atkinson in the experiments and speculations which he (Martineau) called "Mesmeric Atheism." In both cases the personal feeling was too painful for a right perspective; it was a page held too close to the eyes to be read. My own long intimacy with Francis Newman, and our correspondence during a generation on all social and religious issues, led me to the perception that between the brothers there was a moral resemblance so close that one might be regarded as a sort of inversion of the other.

In my long experience, which has been in various countries, I have never known a man more absorbed in moral and benevolent work than Professor Newman. The self-devotion that his brother gave to a church, Francis gave to humanity. Without belief in any reward after death, he espoused the unpopular reforms of his time with an almost ascetic zeal. He never entered a theatre, abhorred wine and tobacco, had no club, played no games, avoided fashionable dinners, though his presence and manners would have made him welcome in the finest society. These apparent "sacrifices"—made not for future reward nor even to please God—were not real sacrifices at all. With a natural fondness for sport, he had so taken the suffering of the oppressed world into his heart that the so-called gaieties of life oppressed him. Like King David, who refused water from the well of Bethlehem because men had risked their lives in obtaining it, the artificial "pleasures" of life had appeared to him blood-stained, and his thirst for them died. He once told me of something he heard from his brother in defence of persecution; at that moment I was afraid to broach to himself two subjects of

opposition to the medical supervision of prostitution to t
of intolerance. My phase of Neo-Catharanism to w
own theism temporarily led me—seemed to him to atte
responsibility so grievously that he was cool to me un
through with it; but I was then afraid to tell him that m
was by giving up belief in a dynamic deity. I once tr
him—as our long friendship permitted—for underval
flowers and the ornamental side of life. But he said,
within me such a fund of amusement that I cannot be
the dullest day or with the dullest surrounding. If shut
wretched inn or station room on a wet summer's da
have but a bit of paper and pencil, I am quite happy
mathematical problem, if nothing more important is at
occupy me."

And those two brothers, John Henry and Francis
Newman, were the sons of an old follower of Thomas P

Professor Newman was deeply interested in all
related to women, and gave me a note of introduction to
lady of education and means endeavouring to become a p
This was Miss Garrett, afterwards widely known as Dr. E
Garrett Anderson. Having failed in every attempt to
of the medical colleges or the hospitals, but finding that
could not prevent her from entering the profession if
attended a certain number of lectures, she was fulfilling
conditions. Travelling for some miles into the thickes
the city to Lock Hospital, I found her occupying a roo
old gate—anciently the porter's lodge—Miss Garrett ca
door herself, and was apparently the only occupant of t
She was about twenty-one, pretty, with clear and kin
eyes—a person one would expect to see whirling in a
Belgravia. But here she was far away in poor and bowl
chapel; in her hand not a dainty fan but a dissecti
and on her table—horror!—a severed human arm.

As she told me the story of her effort to obtain
knowledge, she was a more poetic figure than Marian
moated grange. Happily the instructors in the hospital
so too; although it was as inconsistent with professiona
tions as with Miss Garrett's self-respect to instruct grad

they took pains with her teaching. Sitting there alone, she listened to medical lectures and paid her fees—in fact, had established a medical college, of which she was the only student. This was all done without any air of martyrdom or of pride. She entered on her medical practice in London without encountering hostility from medical men, mingled in the best society, and proved to the sceptical that a lady could be at once a successful practitioner and a happy wife and mother.

Several ladies of the Garrett family contributed to the enlargement of woman's sphere in London in practical ways. A sister of Elizabeth Garrett became the wife of Professor Fawcett, M.P., and was an able exponent of the legal and ethical aspects of such matters. Mrs. Fawcett generally headed delegations of women to the government. A younger sister, Agnes, and her cousin Rhoda Garrett, joined together to become house decorators. They were attractive young ladies. They told me their adventures in trying to obtain training in their art. They went to the chief firm in London, whose manager was inclined to make fun of their proposal to become apprentices. Finding them skilful as designers, he said that if they were not women he could give them positions as subordinate directors in certain kinds of work. "But, he said, "young women couldn't get along with workmen. How could you swear at them? And think of nice ladies running up ladders!" One of them said, "As for swearing at the workmen, they would not need that if it were ladies who made requests; and, as for the ladders, bring one here and see whether we can climb it or not!" The manager found some work for them, and in a year or two they opened their own establishment in Gower Street, and rose to success on the tide of enthusiasm for house decoration.

At the beginning of the twentieth century it is difficult to imagine the situation of women in 1864. At that time two American ladies—Miss Sewall of Boston and Miss Helen Morton of Plymouth—had found admission to the Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris; but Englishmen awakened slowly to the fact that their whole duty to woman was not fulfilled in having a queen. The late Lord Coleridge used to come to the gatherings of women, and I remember his demonstration of the intolerable mediævalism surviving in English laws relating to women. Since then the

advance in the position of woman appears to me almost the on
progress made in civilisation. And although during most
those years I clamoured with women for their political enfranchis
ment, I believe that it was largely due to their helpless dependen
on the absolutism of men that the outrageous laws were remove
—through very shame.

END OF VOLUME I.